

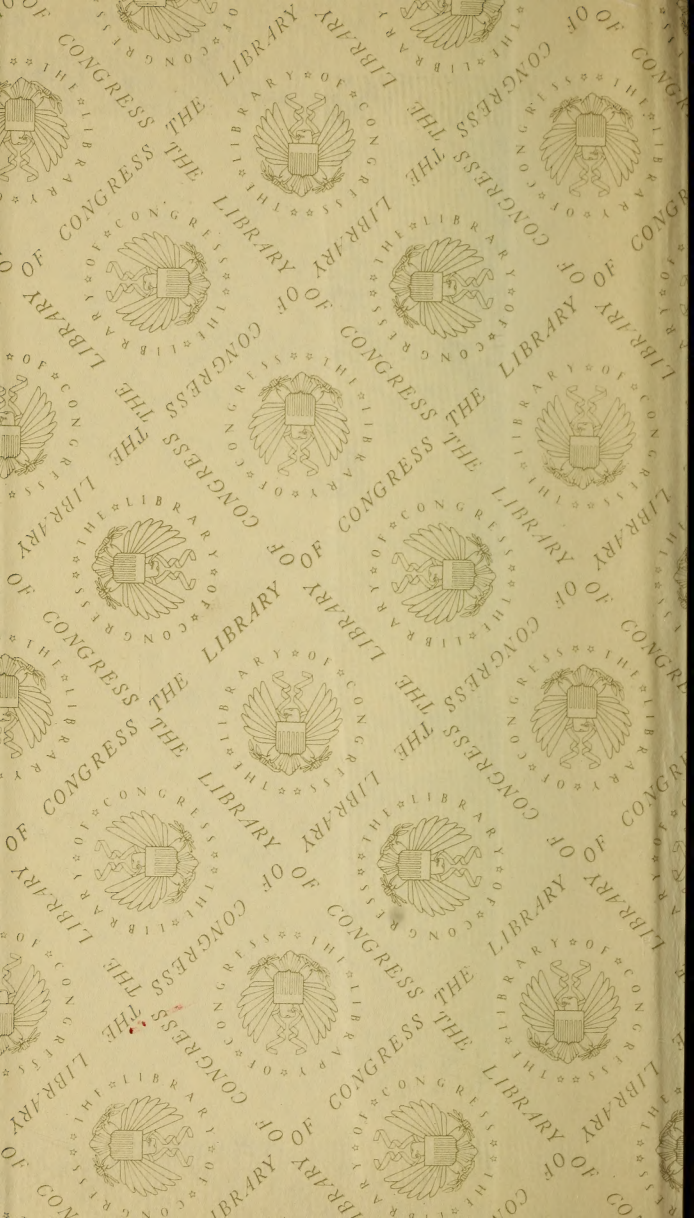
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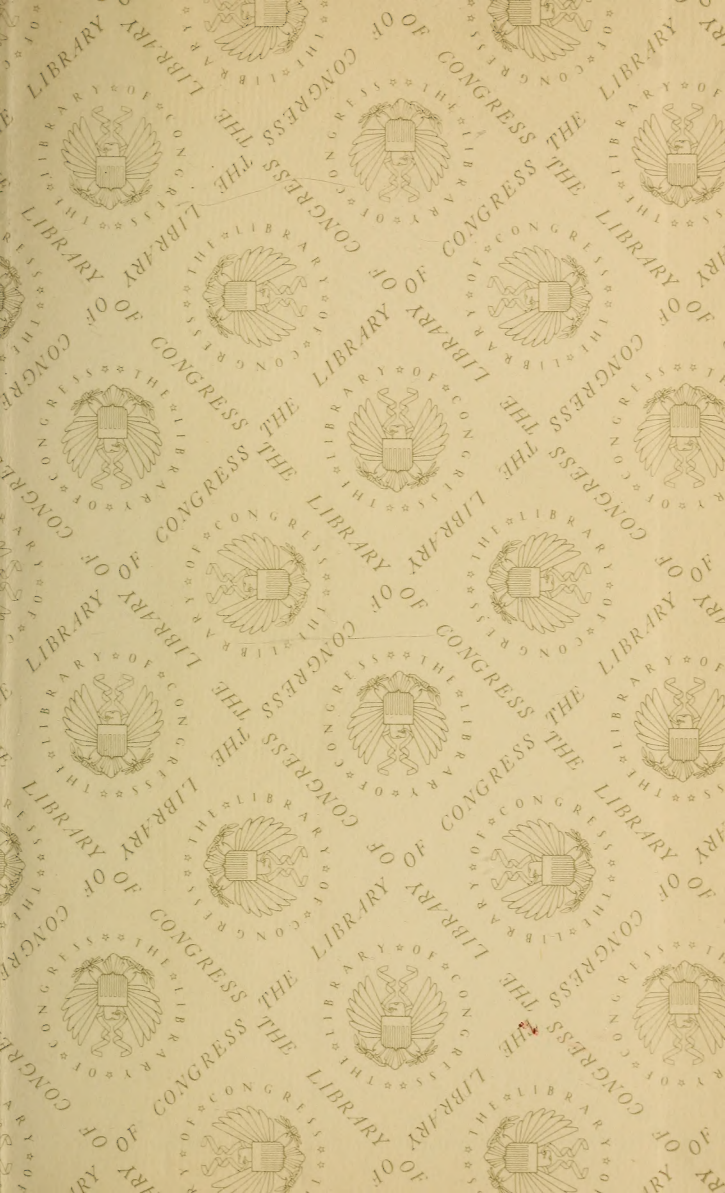
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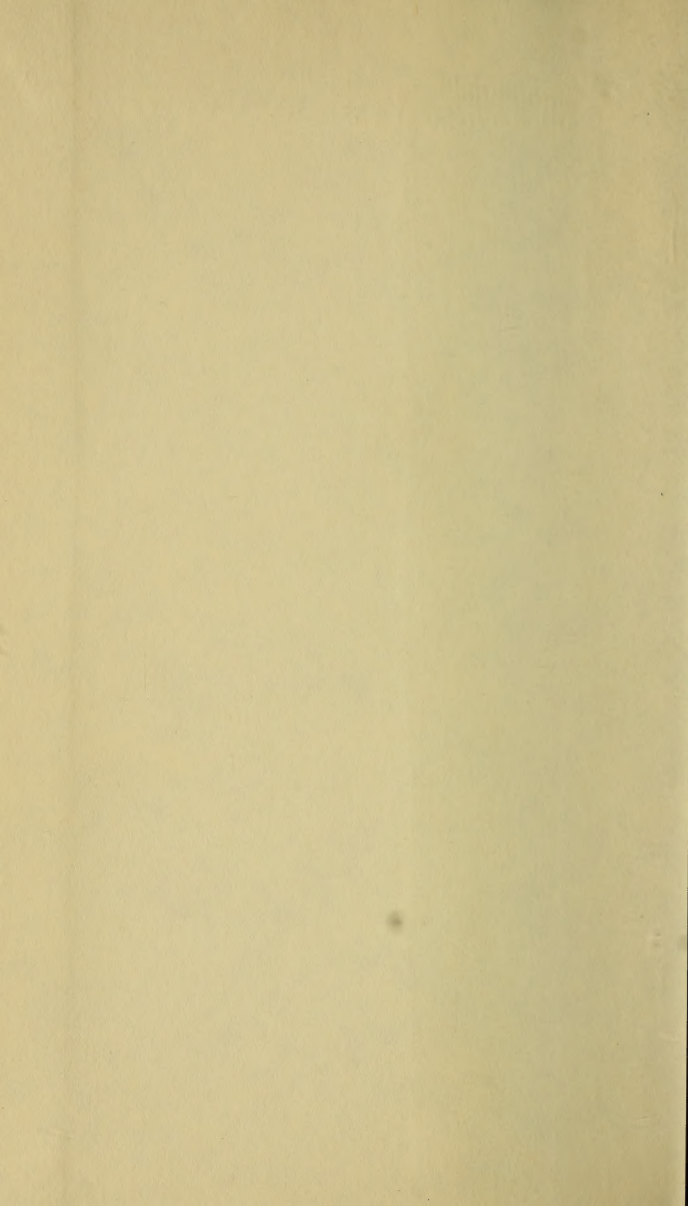
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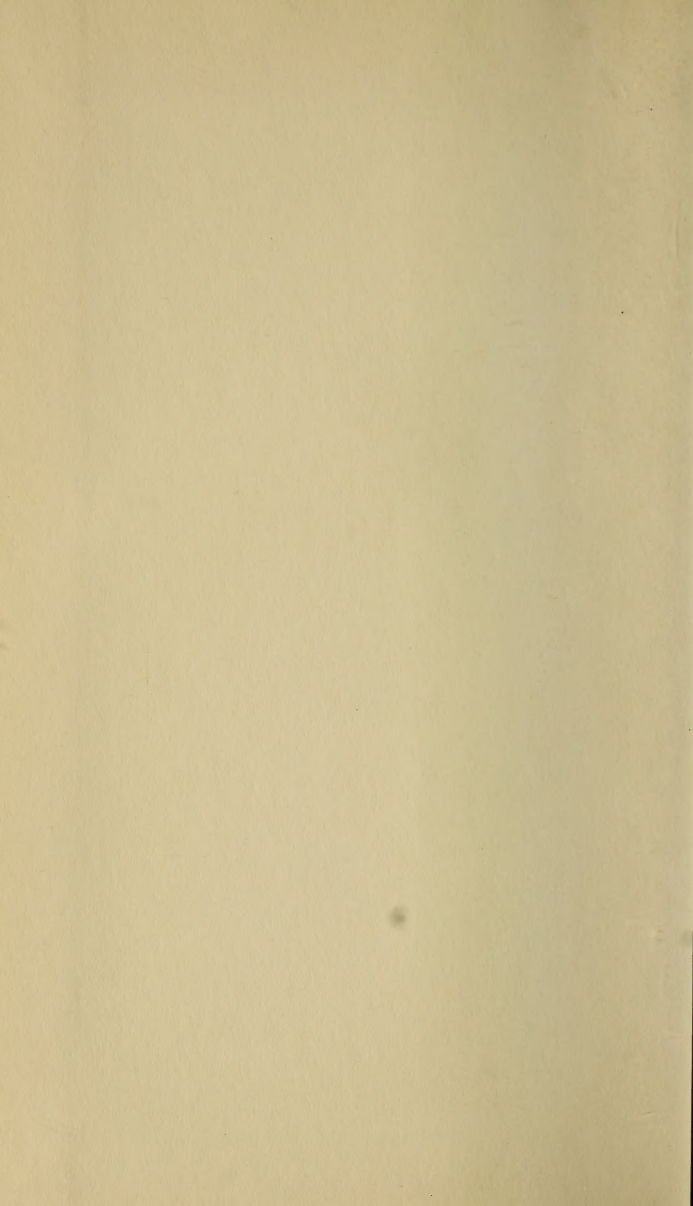
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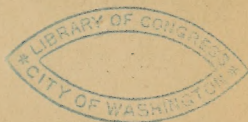
HOMERIC BALLADS;

WITH

TRANSLATIONS AND NOTES

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.



LONDON :

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PREFACE.

THE following Ballads were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, through the course of the year 1838. The favourable opinion which was then expressed concerning them by competent judges has induced the present proprietor to rescue them from the ordinary fate of fugitive pieces, and give them to the world in a more permanent shape.

Had the Author been spared to undertake himself the business of republication he would doubtless have made many corrections, especially in the notes. He repeatedly shews himself sensible of the faults which he was likely to commit, as being necessarily by the nature of his position an ephemeral and to a certain extent a political writer: and at the very close of his work he speaks of the apparent justice with which a charge of flippancy may be preferred against notes written in the usual hasty style of Magazine composition, and in English, on matters deemed worthy of the gravest attention. This temporary and superficial character it has not been found easy wholly to eradicate:

nor indeed would it have been desirable to do so, as it must have destroyed the peculiar features which are stamped as on this, so on every production of Dr Maginn's pen, and exceeded even the widest construction of the duty of an Editor, whose imprimatur, far from being the same as that of an Author, simply engages him to remove what he believes to have been excrescences, such as any man's calmer judgment would naturally have rejected. It is with this view that besides several alterations in the text of the Ballads, some affecting the language, others the sense, considerable omissions have been made in the Notes, which as they stood contained many passages fairly liable to objection. Dr Maginn's constitutional vivacity, heightened as it was by keen political feeling, had led him sometimes to introduce allusions foreign to the subject, at others to treat even matters of legitimate discussion in what may be called a party spirit, grateful no doubt to the readers of a periodical, but proportionately distasteful to those for whom it possesses no such adventitious interest. This was particularly discernible in the remarks on Buttmann, whom he apparently regarded with the natural antipathy of a conservative to a reformer in literature, of an amateur to a professional scholar. Enough has been retained in these pages to

shew the strength of the sentiment without its virulence—the ground of the difference apart from the exaggerated form which it occasionally took. Whatever may be thought of the real merits of the questions at issue, the sprightly vigour and shrewd common sense of the English litterateur seem fairly to entitle him to the praise of *incidental* success. Bentley is now universally held to have been victorious in his celebrated controversy: yet his opponents still obtain credit for their singular ingenuity; and so the discursive facility displayed in these annotations, as in those of Dr Hodgson on his translation of Juvenal, may be admired by one who thinks most slightly of their desultory attacks on the heavy-armed forces of German criticism. Any traces of self-confidence and ostentatious superficiality which they may shew, are hardly likely in the present state of scholarship to do much harm by the force of example—while their airy buoyancy may suggest some practical hints to the more profound and serious students who now-a-days approach such subjects.

In turning from the Notes to the Ballads themselves, it is not necessary to speak longer in the language of apology. It is a trite, but a true saying, that our age, whatever may be the defects of its positive character, has preeminently the faculty

of entering into the spirit of all former ages; and in no particular is this seen more clearly than in our notions of translation. Independently of a closer attention to the matter of an author, the duty of preserving his manner as much as possible was never so thoroughly felt as it is now. Before the present generation, a translation was always made in the style of its own period: and, accordingly, it was a mere matter of chance whether or no it bore any analogy to the style of the masterpiece of whom it professed to be a copy. Occasionally some instinct may have led the translator to a congenial original, but too frequently it happened that the classic authors, in obeying the summons to appear before the English world, fell upon evil times. The age in which Chapman took up the *Iliad* also produced versions of the *Æneid* in rude ballad-measure or most un-Virgilian Hexameters. Rowe's success in Lucan is but a poor offset against the magnitude of Pope's failure in Homer. Even so late as 1831 Mr Sotheby appears to have thought that the terse and elegant couplets into which he had rendered the *Georgics* might be adapted (not without a considerable sacrifice of their own ease and beauty) to convey the spirit of the Homeric poems. It was against this erroneous practice that Dr Maginn published his

protest in behalf of Homer. He may be esteemed the first who consciously realised to himself the truth that Greek ballads can be really represented in English only by a similar measure. This is his great praise, and will continue after the success of his execution shall have been ratified by other workmen in the same field. It is not pretended that he appropriated the whole by his single labour. Verses thrown off by a modern writer for a magazine are likely to be deficient at times even in the peculiar character which it is their chief object to display. Nor does it seem that a series of ballads in different metres is absolutely the nearest approximation to the continuous narrative of Homer, whose unity these very translations so strenuously defend. Dr Maginn indeed intimates that in his opinion 'the only metre in which the Iliad and Odyssey as whole poems can be adequately translated into English is the Spenserian*:' but the decision will scarcely be held valid unless there be made out a closer relation

* The words here quoted are in the original paper followed by a sentence which, now that the writer's death has furnished a comment on it, is rendered doubly affecting by its very light-heartedness: 'I have made considerable progress with such a translation, and sometimes I think I may finish it. Why I am not sure of so doing will be found out by any one who takes the trouble of consulting the seventh Satire of Juvenal.'

than most will admit to exist between the Tale of Troy divine and the *Fairy Queen*. It is a sufficient condemnation of the various specimens of Hexameter translation which have been published of late years to say, that they answer to nothing in English. A really successful version of Homer, when made, will appear in some form already existing in our literature. Such an attempt is in no way superseded by the present publication, which will rather serve it as a prelude and harbinger. On the other hand, no triumphs of subsequent cultivation can detract from the merit of a work by which the ground was first broken up: a work which, like *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, its natural associate in the public mind, though its junior in point of time, aims at resolving into their constituent elements, whether primary or not, the records of a nation's antiquity.

J. C.

HOMERIC BALLADS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE prevailing opinion in ancient times was, that the poems of Homer were written, or rather sung, in detached pieces. "Εγραψε δὲ, says Suidas, τὴν Ἰλιάδα, οὐχ ἅμα, οὐδὲ κατὰ τὸ συνεχές, καθάπερ συγκείμεται· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς μὲν ἑκαστὴν ῥαψῳδίαν γράψας ἐν τῷ περινοστέϊν τὰς πόλεις τροφῆς ἔνεκεν, ἀπέλιπεν. The common story is, that these scattered fragments were put into the order in which we now have them by Pisistratus. If he did so, well may the inscription said to have been engraven on his statue recite it as one of his proudest boasts.

—ὁς τὸν Ὅμηρον

ἠθροισα, σποράδην τὸ πρὶν ἀειδόμενον.

All critical readers of Homer know, that the Scholia on Dionysius the Thracian, cited by Leo Allatius de Patria Homeri, Eustathius, Josephus, Aulus Gellius, Libanius, Ælian, tell the same story. Cicero believed it:—'Quis doctior iisdem illis temporibus, aut cujus eloquentia litteris instructior, quam Pisistrati, qui primus Homeri libros, confusos antea, sic disposuisse fertur, ut nunc habemus?'—*De Oratore*. The honour, however, is claimed for

Lycurgus, that he brought the *whole* poems to Sparta from Ionia, about three hundred years before the days of Pisistratus. Plutarch, in his life, tells us that Lycurgus gathered the fragments in Asia, and introduced them to the Greeks, among whom their renown was as yet obscure [δόξα—ἀμαυρά]. Ælian asserts, that he brought back the poems entire: Ὅψε δὲ Λυκοῦργος ὁ Λακεδαιμόνιος ἀθρόαν πρῶτον εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἐκόμιζε τὴν Ὀμήρου ποιήσιν. Solon, also, who preceded Pisistratus, has some share of the glory. Diogenes Laertius thinks the old legislator did more for Homer than his successor: Μᾶλλον οὖν Σόλων Ὀμηρον ἐφώτισεν ἢ Πεισίστρατος, ὥς φησι Διευχίδας ἐν πέμπτῳ Μεγαρικῶν.

No ancient author, I believe (except the Chorizontes, who maintained that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written by different persons, and supported their argument by a piece of stupid criticism, which is found in the Venetian Scholia, *Il. B.* 356, and which I may hereafter take an opportunity of noticing), imagined that the works gathered by Pisistratus, or Solon, or Lycurgus, were not written by one man, and that one man named Homer. It was reserved for modern times to start the astounding doctrine that these divine poems are the production of different hands. I am not ignorant of the talent, learning, and industry of Wolf; but I should as soon believe in four and

twenty contemporary, or nearly contemporary, Homers, as in four and twenty contemporary Shakespeares, or Miltons, or Dantes.

More than seven and twenty centuries have rolled away since Homer's time, according to his received date; and, in all languages, half-a-dozen names have not been produced who can be allowed to approximate to him. I firmly believe he has had but one equal, and even the greatness of *his* genius is disputed—by those, however, who, in my opinion, are not capable of appreciating either Shakespeare or Homer. I look only to the internal evidence of the poems themselves. As for external evidence, we know as much of Homer as the earliest Greek writer who mentions him. The poems were in all men's mouths before history or biography—far before criticism or antiquarianism, were thought of; and Herodotus himself tells nothing certain of their author.

The stories of scholiasts and grammarians, picked up from obscure and idle sources, are nothing more than guesses or fictions, on which no reliance can be placed. How little do we in reality know of Solon, or Lycurgus, or Pisistratus! It is highly probable that men, legislating for rude communities, would be anxious to furnish their people with the means of enjoying the strains of their national favourite, which were, besides, manuals of

their religion and records of their ancient history ; but they did no more than direct that the public reciters of the poems, the Rhapsodists, should sing them in order. Such was the regulation of Hipparchus, as we are informed by Plato ; the same we are told of Solon. Pisistratus might, perhaps, have directed the details of an edition, as Ptolemy did some three centuries later ; but I should as readily credit that the poems were written by different persons, whose labours were afterwards gathered and soldered into a whole by a man of another age, as I should credit the Voyage of Ulysses. The thing is merely impossible ;

And what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.

Scaliger, I believe, first started the hypothesis in his *Poetics* ; a work, of which the taste and judgment are in an inverse ratio to its learning ; and Giambattista Vico, about the beginning of the last century, put it forth with much ability, in his *Principi di Scienza Nuova*. Wolf, at the end of the century, in his *Prolegomena*, collected all that learning and ingenuity could effect for the same purpose ; and he has succeeded in convincing some scholars. Sir Walter Scott, I am told, used to call it the great literary heresy ; and so must every one who looks upon the poems with critical or poetical eye. It is possible, nay, certain, that many lines,

and some whole passages, are interpolated; and we must often agree with Payne Knight, though certainly not so far as to retrench with him about two thousand lines: but I think it possible, also, that the obelising hand of Aristarchus sometimes went too far, and that many genuine lines were rejected. It may be true, for instance, that the adventure of Dolon, which forms the tenth book of the *Iliad*, may have been inserted, as Eustathius tells us, by order of Pisistratus; though I do not believe anything of the kind: but that any mind but one, and that of the highest class of human mind, not only for the execution of details, but for the general ordering and regulating of a whole, originally directed the march of the poems, will appear incredible to those who have critically considered what epic poetry is.

So far from the *Iliad* being a collection or miscellany of ballads, composed at fits and starts by various minstrels, and then pieced together in ages afterwards, the fact is, that it is the only epic poem ever written of which the unity is perfect and complete, and in which it would be impossible to disturb the order of the several parts of the poem without marring the regular and connected sequence of the entire. The *Æneid* is quite disconnected. The adventure of the first and fourth books has nothing to do with those of the re-

mainder; it does not unite with them, far less influence them. The fifth book is a clumsy interpolation. Hardouin justly remarks, that the story of the sack of Troy, and the wanderings of Æneas, might have been as well told to Latinus or Evander as to Dido; and the funeral games better performed in honour of Pallas than of Anchises, who makes no appearance in the poem until he is dead.

Milton well knew, though his commentators, including Addison, do not [Bentley, of course, excepted; but he was otherwise employed, in his wonderful edition of Milton], that the *epic* character could not be sustained throughout *Paradise Lost*; and, accordingly, he plainly tells us, in the ninth book, that he changes his notes to *tragic*. In the *Iliad*, on the contrary, the theme laid down is pursued, from beginning to end, with all the precision of a logical argument. The greatest warrior of the host assembled round Troy forsakes the cause in an excess of just anger. To shew that his presence is not indispensable towards success, the king of men determines on active operations at once without him, and musters his army for the fight. All the accidents of war ensue—battles, charges, retreats, duels, truces. The first day's combat has been such, that the Greeks feel it necessary to call in the spade to the assistance of the sword; and they intrench. Still more dis-

astrous is the second day's battle. Heaven declares decidedly against them; and the victorious Hector bivouacs amid his watchfires in the field, waiting impatiently for morning to attack the hostile lines. Then is the indignant prophecy of Achilles remembered, that his arm would ere long be needed; and his intrepid cousin, his aged tutor, and the most eloquent chieftain of the host, are sent with rich gifts to supplicate him to return: but in vain. The vicissitudes of warfare again fill the scene. We have a night adventure, which certainly is not necessary in the story; but an epic poem and a romance are two different things. The main theme of the *Iliad* is war, and every accident of war should therein have a place. Among these, the employment of espionage and the surprise of an unguarded camp are prominent; and, therefore, I pay no attention to the tradition already noticed, that the Dolonia was inserted by Pisistratus. Then follow sallies from the intrenchments, storming of walls, desperate defence of position after position, with gleams of success, followed by irretrievable defeat; when the hero, moved by the tears of his friend, consents to allow his troops to rush to the rescue, but refuses to stir in person. For a time the rush is successful, and the assailants are driven back; but the leader of the rescuing division is soon slain, and the rout

is more hopeless than before. In triumph then rises before us Hector, radiant in gloriously won arms, the hero of his country, generous, true-hearted, noble, brave, about to receive, with swelling heart, the reward of a thousand valiant actions, by the prostrate subjugation and expulsion of the enemies of his land and lineage. His sword is raised to smite resistlessly, when upon the ears of his panic-stricken followers falls that battle-cry so fatally remembered which tells the appalling story that Achilles is in the field again. The rout is instantly checked; and, in the morning, the furious and heart-broken warrior, reconciled to the king, and girt with armour forged by the god of Fire, sweeps raging to pitiless and indiscriminating slaughter. Ordinary war-adventures had been nearly exhausted; and now the immortals come down to the fight, and the River-god rises to do battle in vain with a man. All obstacles are speedily flung aside, and at last the closing hour arrives. Under the walls of Troy, hand to hand, and all alone, meet the two champions of their people in a single combat, which death only can conclude; and Hector falls. Then follow funeral games and funeral lamentations. Patroclus, and the chief who slew him, lie in a common death; and the victor Achilles honours his fallen friend with all the pomp of martial chivalry, while amid

the vanquished habitants of the beleaguered city bursts forth the wailing of women over the corpse of Hector, the gallant and the good.

If Pisistratus put this together, he is a far greater poet than any of the four and twenty ballad-mongers whose *purpurei panni* he gathered and joined. What is the ballad of the Bravery of Diomed, for example, compared to the poem of the *Iliad*? Harmonious verse, stirring incident, picturesque description, profound thought, are to be found in every page; but the power of producing these, lofty as it is, falls far short of that *mens divini* which can evolve such a work complete and absolute in all its numbers, with the beginning, middle, and end so closely, and as it were mathematically, linked together. Throughout the *Iliad* runs, also, one vein of thought, which it would be impossible to expect from unconnected writers. The battle-bards, working separately, could hardly be supposed to hold steadily in view a detestation of strife and quarrel, and yet that feeling strongly pervades the *Iliad*. Not only Nestor in the first book, and Phœnix in the ninth,—each in his several way deprecates anger, and counsels the suppression of revengeful feelings; but even the hero himself breaks into a passionate execration of discord, praying that it might perish from amid gods and men, when he finds that the consequence of his

own indulgence in wrath has been to stretch his brother in arms, the partner of his soul, in the gory dust. This moral follows from, not, as Bossu absurdly imagines, creates, the poem. But I am wasting my time. He who cannot see that the *Iliad* was written by the same hand, from beginning to end, is past the help of couching; and I might as well attempt to describe the cartoons to a man in a state of physical blindness. Of the *Odyssey* I may speak hereafter.

Vico says, ‘Che percio i popoli Greci cotanto contesero della di lui (Omero) patria, e’l vollero quasi tutti lor cittadino; perche essi popoli Greci furono quest Omero.’

There may be in this sentence either sense or nonsense. Nonsense in all its altitudes, if it be intended to maintain that what is the popular fancy can be best expressed by the people; or, as Vico phrases it, that the *popoli Greci* were *Omero*; for the contrary is the fact. It is the *Omeri*—the Homers—who ultimately lead, and make the *popoli Greci*. Sense, if it be intended to say that there is no Homer without the un-schoolmasterlike education of observation and memory. I should readily concede to Vico, or Wolf, that many a story is contained in the Homeric poems which their author had heard and embodied. ‘To us,’ he says, ‘the glory—the report only—has come down. We

know nothing of it.' Thamyris, Demodocus, and other illustrious singers, are perpetually quoted. Nothing appears to me more absurd than the controversy about the reality of the events of the *Iliad*. It is highly probable that the tribes on the opposite coasts of the Archipelago had many a piratical war, *ante Helenam*, occasioned, in pretext, by the carrying off of a lady—in reality, by the pleasure of living a life of tumult and plunder. For Bryant and his school I feel no respect; but just as much as I do for those who made it a matter of orthodoxy to believe in the Trojan war.

I am well aware of the theory of Herbert in his work called *Nimrod*, after the mighty hunter. Ingenious it is, and supported by a world of talent and erudition; but I think Homer is to be read literally. Some actual war, which appeared to him remarkable, suggested the song. It having been so suggested, genius did the rest. The four and twenty minstrels I must again dismiss, and agree with Aristotle, that θεσπέσιος ἂν φανείη Ὁμηρος παρὰ τοὺς ἄλλους (Poet xxiv.). Divine is Homer—[the one Homer] above all others. The same Aristotle, who made for the use of Alexander the Great the most famous of the editions of Homer, thereby for ever ennobling the office of editor, also declares that the poet surpasses all, not only in style (λέξει), but in the intellectual faculty (διανοία),—not merely

in the melody of versification and the choice of words, but in the philosophical arrangement and consideration of the course of his poems. And Aristotle was a man worthy of all the worship ever bestowed upon him even by the blindest of his devotees. They might not have known why they worshipped him, and often assigned absurd or false reasons for their idolatry; but they were not substantially wrong when they bowed down before the *ipse dixit*.

I have written more than I intended, and shall only say, that my own opinion is that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are, with no very important differences, as we now have them, the work of one man, who dwelt on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, or in the islands—perhaps Scio. I do not believe that he was a beggar-man, or a singing man, or a blind man. I do not think his name was Homer; and I look upon the derivations of that word which we find in the Greek scholiasts, men utterly ignorant of the principles of etymology, and the pedants who followed them, as mere trash. The meaning is to be sought elsewhere. I think he wrote or spoke his great poems as wholes, in Asia, and that they came over to Hellas piece by piece, after having filled the east with their fame; and that by the great men of Athens, or Sparta, they were gathered, not in the sense of making them into poems,

but of re-making them. They were, both before their importation and afterwards, sung in scraps, no doubt, just as Shakespeare or Milton is quoted by us in scraps. We do not sing our great poets—the Greeks did; but ‘To be or not to be?’ or, ‘Hail, holy light!’ indicate to us fragments of *Hamlet* or *Paradise Lost*, just in the same way as the various ‘headings’ of the pieces sung by the Rhapsodists indicated fragments of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; and it would be as wise to consider, as the original arranger of the Shakespearean or Miltonic poems in their present shape, the industrious compiler who should restore them from Readers, or Speakers, or Elegant Extracts, as to confer the honour of *making* the poems of Homer on Pisistratus. If Wolf had tried to make an epic poem out of the abundant ballads of his native land, he would have found how hard was the task assigned by him to the Athenian prince. It might not be unamusing to prove, in the manner of Wolf, that there were some dozen of Sir Walter Scotts. On Vico’s principle, it would not be hard to do so. Sir Walter wove together the traditions of Scotland, and therefore the Scottish tribes *furono questo Gualtero*.

But of this more than enough. I am about to split Homer again into the rhapsodical ballads, not from which he was made, but which were taken from him. I am sorry that Chapman, whose ver-

sion must be considered the most Homeric ever attempted in our language, did not apply to the *Odyssey* the fourteen-syllable verse, which had succeeded so well in the *Iliad*. There appears to me greater opportunity for its flowing use in the more discursive poem; and Chapman had by no means the same command of the ten-syllabic distich. I have, however, long considered it as certain that the only metre in which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as whole poems, can be adequately translated into English is the Spenserian.

Ælian enumerates the principal favourites of the ancients.

‘Ὅτι τὰ Ὀμήρου ἔπη πρότερον διήρημενα ἦδον οἱ παλαιοί· οἷον ἔλεγον τὴν ἐπὶ Ναυσὶ μάχην, καὶ Δολωνίαν τινὰ, καὶ Ἀριστείαν Ἀγαμέμνονος, καὶ Νέων Κατάλογον, καὶ πον Πατρόκλειαν, καὶ Λύτρα, καὶ ἐπὶ Πατρόκλῳ Ἀθλα, καὶ Ὀρκίων ἀφάνισιν. Ταῦτα ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἰλιάδος. Ὑπὲρ δὲ τῆς ἐτέρας, τὰ ἐν Πύλῳ, καὶ τὰ ἐν Λακεδαίμονι, καὶ Καλυψοῦς ἄντρον, καὶ περὶ τὴν Σχεδίαν Ἀλκίνου ἀπολόγους, Κυκλωπίαν, καὶ Νεκυίαν, καὶ τὰ τῆς Κίρκης, Νίπτρα, Μνηστήρων φόνον, τὰ ἐν ἀγρῷ, τὰ ἐν Λαέρτῳ.—Lib. xlii. 14.

‘The ancients sang the poems of Homer in detached portions. Such as the Battle at the Ships (*Iliad*, Book XIII.), the Adventure of Dolon (X.), the Bravery of Agamemnon (XI.), the Catalogue of the Ships (II.), the Adventure of Patroclus (XVI.), the ransoming [of the body of Hector]

(XXIV.), the Games over Patroclus (XXIII.), the Breaking of the Oaths (IV.): these from the *Iliad*. From the other poem: The Adventures in Pylos (*Odyssey*, Book III.), the Adventures in Lacedemon (IV.), the Cave of Calypso (V.), the Raft [which Ulysses constructed to leave Calypso's island] (V.), the Tales told to Alcinous (VIII.), the Adventures with the Cyclops (IX.), the Visit to the Dead (XI.), the Adventures with Circe (X.), the Bath [of Ulysses, when he was discovered by his nurse] (XIX.), the Slaying of the Suitors (XXII.), the Adventures in the Country [with Eumæus] (XIV.), the Visit to Laertes (XXIV.).'

Of these I have selected, as my commencing chaunt, the *Niptra*. My translation is accompanied by the original, side by side; so that 'half of my page at least is good.' I have followed the ordinarily received Greek text.



I.

THE BATH OF ODYSSEUS.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XIX. 386-507.

[ODYSSEUS, in the disguise of a ragged beggar-man, has an interview with his wife, who does not recognise him. He tells her, as usual, a false story,

Ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγων ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα

in which he represents himself as an acquaintance of her absent lord. She asks a description of his person, which he gives with much minuteness, and thereby convinces her of the truth of his assertion. She instantly extends the kindest hospitality to him, and orders Euryclea, his old nurse, to bathe his feet. The nurse complies the more willingly, as she is struck by the likeness of the poor stranger to Odysseus.]

ΓΡΗΥΣ δὲ λέβηθ' ἔλε παμφανόωντα,
 Τοῦ πόδας ἐξαπένιζεν, ὕδωρ δ' ἐνεχέυατο πουλὺ
 Ψυχρόν· ἔπειτα δὲ θερμὸν ἐπήφυσεν.

αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς
 ἶζεν ἐπ' ἐσχαρόφιν, ποτὶ δὲ σκότον ἐτράπετ'
 αἶψα·
 Αὐτίκα γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν οἶσατο, μή ἐ λαβοῦσα
 Οὐλὴν ἀμφράσσαιτο,

καὶ ἀμφαδὰ ἔργα γένοιτο.
 Νίξε δ' ἄρ' ἄσσον ἰοῦσα ἄναχθ' ἐόν· αὐτίκα δ'
 ἔγνω
 Οὐλὴν,

τὴν ποτέ μιν σῦς ἤλασε λευκῶ ὀδόντι,
 Παρνησόνδ' ἐλθόντα, μετ' Αὐτόλυκόν τε, καὶ
 υἱας,
 Μητρὸς ἐῆς πατέρ' ἐσθλὸν, ὃς ἀνθρώπους ἐκέ-
 καστο

A CALDRON bright the old woman bore,
To wash the stranger's feet;
Of water cold she poured in store—
Then, to temper the bath, she filled it o'er
With a stream of boiling heat.

2

By the fire Odysseus took his place;
But he quickly turned him round
In the darksome shadow to hide his face,
For he thought that his nurse's hand would trace
The scar of an ancient wound.

3

And he feared that she might with outcry rash
His presence there betray;
And scarcely had she begun to wash,
Ere she was aware of the grisly gash
Above his knee that lay.

4

It was a wound from a wild boar's tooth,
All on Parnassus' slope,
Where he went to hunt in the days of his youth
With his mother's sire, with whom, in sooth,
In craft could no man cope.

Κλεπτοσύνη θ', ὅρκῳ τε· θεὸς δέ οἱ αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν,
 Ἑρμείας· τῷ γὰρ κεχαρισμένα μηρία καῖεν
 Ἀρνῶν ἠδ' ἐρίφων· ὁ δέ οἱ πρόφρων ἅμ' ὀπῆδει.

Αὐτόλυκος δ' ἐλθὼν Ἰθάκης ἐς πῖονα δῆμον
 Παῖδα νέον γεγαῶτα κιχήσατο θυγατέρος ἧς·
 Τὸν ῥά οἱ Εὐρύκλεια φίλοις ἐπὶ γούνασι θῆκεν,
 Πανομένῳ δόρποιο· ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

“ Αὐτόλυκ', αὐτὸς νῦν ὄνομ' εὔρεο, ὅττι κε θῆαι
 Παιδὸς παιδὶ φίλῳ· πολυάρητος δέ τοί ἐστιν.”

Τὴν δ' αὖτ' Αὐτόλυκος ἀπαμείβετο, φώνησέν τε·
 “ Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς θυγάτηρ τε, τίθεσθ' ὄνομ', ὅττι
 κεν εἴπω·

Πολλοῖσιν γὰρ ἔγωγε ὈΔΥΣΣΑΜΕΝΟΣ τὸδ' ἰκάνω,
 Ἀνδράσιν ἠδὲ γυναιξίν, ἀνὰ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν·
 Τῷ δ' ὈΔΥΣΕΥΣ ὄνομ' ἔστω

5

By Hermes' grace, with oaths and lies
His fraudulent game he played ;
And the god, for the blazing sacrifice
Of kids' and lambkins' savoury thighs,
Lent him his ready aid.

6

From Parnassus erst on a journey 'gone,
To Ithaca's isle he came ;
There he found that his daughter had borne a son,
Whom they placed his grandsire's knees upon,
As he sate at the board, his supper done,
And they asked him the boy to name.

7

And thus spoke out Euryclea fair,
The infant's nurse was she—
'Autolycus, name thy daughter's heir,
Whom thou long hast sought with many a prayer,
Now lying upon thy knee.'

8

'Daughter and son,' the old man said,
'What name I bestow, receive ;
As many a man, o'er earth wide-spread,
Was ODIIOUS to me when I hither sped,
Be ODYSSEUS the name I give⁽¹⁾.

ἐπώνυμον. αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
 Ὀππότε ἂν ἠβήσας μητρώϊον ἐς μέγα δῶμα
 Ἔλθῃ Παρνησόνδ', ὅθι πού μοι κτήματ' ἔασιν,
 Τῶν οἱ ἐγὼ δώσω, καί μιν χαίρουτ' ἀποπέμψω."

Τῶν ἕνεκ' ἦλθ' Ὀδυσσεύς, ἵνα οἱ πόροι ἀγλαὰ
 δῶρα.

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Αὐτόλυκός τε καὶ υἱέες Αὐτολύκοιο
 Χερσίν τ' ἠσπάζοντο, ἔπεσσί τε μειλιχίοισιν·

Μήτηρ δ' Ἀμφιθέη μητρὸς περιφῶς Ὀδυσῆϊ
 Κύσσει ἄρα μιν κεφαλὴν τε καὶ ἄμφω φάεα καλά.

Αὐτόλυκος δ' υἱοῖσιν ἐκέκλετο κυδαλίμοισιν
 Δεῖπνον ἐφοπλίσσαι· τοὶ δ' ὀτρύνοντος ἤκουσαν·
 Αὐτίκα δ' εἰσάγαγον βοῦν ἄρσενα πενταέτηρον·

9

By such a surname my grandson call;
And when manhood's years shall come,
Send him to visit the ample hall,
Where his mother was born, in Parnassus tall,
And there I shall give him share of all,
And send him rejoicing home.'

10

Seeking these treasures rich and rare,
Odysseus left his land;
To Autolycus' castle he made repair,
And his grandsire, and his uncles there,
Hailed him with friendly hand.

11

And the heart of his mother's mother was blest
With her dear grandson's sight;
Closely she clasped him to her breast,
And many a kiss on his cheek she prest,
And on his eyes so bright.

12

Then Autolycus told his sons to spread
A table for the feast;
And willing they did as their father said,
And a five-year-old steer was to slaughter led
In honour of their guest.

Τὸν δέρον ἀμφί θ' ἔπον, καί μιν διέχευαν ἅπαντα,
 Μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρ' ἐπισταμένως, πείρᾱν τ' ὀβελοῖ-
 σιν,

᾽Ωπτησάν τε περιφραδέως, δάσσαντό τε μοίρας.
 ὣς τότε μὲν πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἐς ἥλιον καταδύντα
 Δαίνυντ'· οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς εἴσης.

Ἦμος δ' ἥελοις κατέδν, καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθεν,
 Δὴ τότε κοιμήσαντο, καὶ ὕπνου δῶρον ἔλοντο.
 Ἦμος δ' ἡριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως
 Βάν ῥ' ἴμεν ἐς θήρην, ἡμὲν κύνες ἡδὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ

Υἱέες Αὐτολύκου· μετὰ τοῖσι δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
 Ἦϊεν· αἰπὺν δ' ὄρος προσέβαν καταειμένον ὕλῃ
 Παρνησοῦ· τάχα δ' ἴκανον πτύχας ἠνεμοέσσας.

13

They flay off its hide, they dress the inside,
They cut it up joint by joint;
With skill well tried, the flesh they divide,
And, sliced into steaks, to the fire applied,
Pierced on the toaster's point⁽²⁾.

14

And when at the fire it was fully done,
Due portions they gave to all;
They sate at the meal until set of sun,
And when they rose, complaint was there none
Of the well-shared festival.

15

When the sun in night had hid his ray,
They sank in slumber sound;
Until the rose-fingered queen of day
Sprang from the dawn where her birthplace lay,
And wakened man and hound.

16

And all at once the chase pursued
Grandson, and son, and sire;
They climbed the mountain crowned with wood,
And soon in the windswept lawns they stood,
Whence Parnassus' heights aspire.

Ἡέλιος μὲν ἔπειτα νέον προσέβαλλεν ἀρούρας,
 Ἐξ ἀκαλαρρείταιο βαθυρρόου Ὠκεανοῖο.
 Οἱ δ' ἐς βῆσαν ἵκανον ἐπακτῆρες·

πρὸ δ' ἄρ' αὐτῶν
 Ἰχνί' ἐρευνῶντες κύνες ἦϊσαν· αὐτὰρ ὅπισθεν
 Υἱέες Αὐτολύκου· μετὰ τοῖσι δὲ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
 Ἦϊεν ἄγχι κυνῶν, κραδάων δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος.

Ἐνθα δ' ἄρ' ἐν λόχμῃ πυκινῇ κατέκειτο μέγας
 σῦς·
 Τὴν μὲν ἄρ' οὔτ' ἀνέμων διάη μένος ὑγρὸν
 ἀέντων,

Οὔτε μιν Ἡέλιος φαέθων ἀκτῖσιν ἔβαλλεν,
 Οὔτ' ὄμβρος περάσκει διαμπερές· ὥς ἄρα πυκνὴ
 Ἦεν·

17

Uprose the sun from the deep, deep stream
Of ocean's gentle swell,
And the fields were warmed by his genial gleam,
When the huntsmen, by light of the matin beam,
Entered the woody dell.

18

First through the covert burst the pack,
Fast following on the trace;
Came the Autolycci at their back,
Nor did they find Odysseus slack,
With spear in hand, to join the attack,
Or urge along the chase.

19

There 'neath thick covering branches laid,
A huge boar had his lair;
So dense the foliage of that glade,
No wind had ever pierced its shade,
On moist wing wafted there.

20

There never in the midday heat
Was the warm sunbeam seen;
So sheltered was that close retreat,
That never did a rain-storm beat
Athwart its leafy screen.

ἀτὰρ φύλλων ἐνέην χύσις ἤλιθα πολλή.
 Τὸν δ' ἀνδρῶν τε κυνῶν τε περὶ κτύπος ἦλθε
 ποδοῖιν,
 ὧς ἐπάγοντες ἐπῆσαν·

ὁ δ' ἀντίος ἐκ ξυλόχοιο,
 Φρίξας εὖ λοφιήν, πῦρ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι δεδορκῶς,
 Στῇ ῥ' αὐτῶν σχεδόθεν· ὁ δ' ἄρα πρῶτιστος
 Ὀδυσσεὺς
 Ἔσσυτ', ἀνασχόμενος δολιχὸν δόρυ χειρὶ παχείῃ,

Οὐτάμεναι μεμαῶς· ὁ δέ μιν φθάμενος ἔλασεν σῦς
 Γουνὸς ὕπερ· πολλὸν δὲ διήφυνε σαρκὸς ὀδόντι
 Λικριφὶς αἶξας,

οὐδ' ὅστέον ἵκετο φωτός.
 Τὸν δ' Ὀδυσσεὺς οὔτησε τυχὼν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον,
 Ἀντικρὺ δὲ διῆλθε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκή·
 Καδ δ' ἔπες' ἐν κονίησι μακῶν, ἀπὸ δ' ἔπτατο
 θυμός.

21

And deep all round, the thick-strewn ground
With leaves was covered o'er;
But the trampling sound of man and hound,
All bursting in with sudden bound,
Aroused the couchant boar.

22

With bristling back, and eye of flame,
In the brake he took his stand;
To the onset first Odysseus came,
Raising his spear with steady aim,
Poised in his sinewy hand.

23

Ready he stood right valiantly;
But, ere he had time to strike,
The tusk of the boar, more prompt than he,
Deep through his flesh, above the knee,
Ripped with a stroke oblique.

24

Sharp was the wound, but it touched no bone;
Odysseus then made a thrust;
Through the right shoulder his spear has gone,
Through the off side piercing its point has shone;
And the slaughtered beast, with bellowing moan,
Sunk dead into the dust.

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Αὐτολύκου παῖδες φίλοι ἀμφεπένοντο·
 ὦτειλὴν δ' Ὀδυσῆος ἀμύμονος, ἀντιθέοιο,
 Δῆσαν ἐπισταμένους· ἐπαοιδῇ δ' αἶμα κελαινὸν
 Ἔσχεθον· αἶψα δ' ἵκοντο φίλου πρὸς δώματα
 πατρός.

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' Αὐτόλυκός τε καὶ υἱέες Αὐτολύκοιο
 Εὖ ἰησάμενοι

ἥδ' ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πορόντες
 Καρπαλίμως χαίροντα φίλην χαίροντες ἔπεμπον
 Εἰς Ἰθάκην· τῷ μὲν ῥα πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 Χαῖρον νοστήσαντι

καὶ ἐξερέεινον ἕκαστα,
 Οὐλὴν ὅττι πάθοι· ὁ δ' ἄρα σφίσιν εὖ κατέλεξεν,
 Ὡς μιν θηρεύοντ' ἔλασεν σῆς λευκῷ ὀδόντι,
 Παρνησόνδ' ἐλθόντα σὺν υἱάσιν Αὐτολύκοιο.

Τὴν γρη῏ς χεῖρεσσι καταπρηνέσσι λαβοῦσα
 Γνωῖ ῥ' ἐπιμασσαμένη, πόδα δὲ προέηκε φέρεσθαι·
 Ἐν δὲ λέβητι πέσε κνήμη· κανάχησε δὲ χαλκός,
 Ἄψ δ' ἐτέρωσ' ἐκλίθη·

25

The Autolycci looked to the boar that was slain,
And their nephew's gash they bound.
They stanch'd the black blood by a magic strain,
And brought him home to their sire again,
And they healed him of his wound.

26

With presents rich he was sent away,
When his cure was all complete;
Joyful they parted, both he and they,
And to Ithaca's isle he bent his way,
His parents glad to greet.

27

And much of his wound they wished to know,
And its manner he did recount,
How a white-tusked boar had dealt the blow,
While hunting he chanced with his uncles to go,
Upon Parnassus' mount.

28

Well was it known by that woman old,
The instant she touched the scar;
Down dropped his foot from her slackened hold,
Upset was the laver, and over it roll'd,
Clanging with brazen jar.

τὸ δ' ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἐξέχυθ' ὕδωρ.
 Τὴν δ' ἅμα χάρμα καὶ ἄλγος ἔλε φρένα· τῷ δέ
 οἱ ὅσσε
 Δακρυόφι πληῆσθεν·

θαλερὴν δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνή.
 Ἀψαμένη δὲ γενείου Ὀδυσσῆα προσέειπεν·
 “Ἢ μάλ' Ὀδυσσεύς ἐσσι, φίλον τέκος·

οὐδέ σ' ἔγωγε
 Πρὶν ἔγνω, πρὶν πάντα ἄνακτ' ἐμὸν ἀμφαφά-
 ασθαι.”

Ἢ, καὶ Πενελόπειαν ἐσέδρακεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
 Πεφραδέειν ἐθέλουσα

φίλον πόσιν ἔνδον ἑόντα.
 Ἢ δ' οὔτ' ἀθρῆσαι δύνατ' ἀντίη οὔτε νοῆσαι·
 Τῇ γὰρ Ἀθηναίῃ νόον ἔτραπεν·

29

All on the floor did the water pour.

The old woman's heart beat high;
With joy at once, and with sorrow sore,
Her soul was filled, and, brimming o'er,
Tears dimmed her aged eye.

30

And her voice in her throat was prisoned fast,
But ere long the words outburst;
Her suppliant hand to his chin she passed,
And she said, 'Thou art he—I know thee at last—
The darling boy I nurst!

31

I knew thee not, Odysseus, till
Thy skin my hand had pressed.'
Then where the queen was seated still
Cast she her eyes, with eager will,
To tell who was the guest—

32

To say that her husband, home returned,
Now sate within her bower.
But her looks Penelope nought discerned,
For the thoughts of her mind elsewhere were turned,
By Athené's watchful power.

αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς

Χείρ' ἐπιμασσάμενος φάρυγος λάβε δεξιτερῇφιν,
 Τῇ δ' ἐτέρῃ ἔθεν ἄσσον ἐρύσσατο φώνησέν τε·
 “Μαῖα, τίη μ' ἐθέλεις ὀλέσαι;

Σὺ δέ μ' ἔτρεφες αὐτὴ

Τῷ σῷ ἐπὶ μαζῷ· νῦν δ' ἄλγεα πολλὰ μογήσας
 Ἦλυθον εἰκοστῷ ἔτεϊ ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.

Ἄλλ' ἐπεὶ ἐφράσθης, καί τοι θεὸς ἔμβαλε θυμῷ,
 Σίγα, μήτις τ' ἄλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισι πύθεται.
 Ὡδὲ γὰρ ἐξερέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·

Εἴ χ' ὑπ' ἐμοίγε θεὸς δαμάσῃ μνηστῆρας
 ἀγανούς,

Οὐδὲ τροφου οὔσης σεῦ ἀφέξομαι, ὅππότε ἂν
 ἄλλας

Δμῶας ἐν μεγάροισιν ἐμοῖς κτείνωμι γυναῖκας.”

33

Odysseus checked her tongue's career;
Her throat his right hand caught;
Then with his left he drew her near,
And 'Nurse,' said he, in tone severe,
'Dost thou my ruin plot?

34

'Thou plot my ruin! by whose teat
My infancy was fed;
When homeward to my native seat,
After twenty years of toil and sweat,
My wandering course has led!

35

'Now, since to thee my coming here
By a god's aid is known,
Breathe it to none that I am near;
For, mark me, with attentive ear,
Threatening what shall be done—

36

'If, by Heaven's help, beneath me die
The suitors whom I hate,
Not even to thee, my nurse, shall I
Yield quarter, while around me lie
The handmaids, slain un pityingly,
Within my palace gate.'

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε περίφρων Εὐρύκλεια·
 “Τέκνον ἐμὸν, ποιὸν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων;
 Οἶσθα μὲν, οἶον ἐμὸν μένος ἔμπεδον οὐδ' ἐπι-
 εικτόν·

“Εξω δ', ὥς ὅτε τις στερεὴ λίθος ἢ σίδηρος.

“Ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν·
 Εἴ χ' ὑπὸ σοίγε θεὸς δαμάσῃ μνηστῆρας ἀγανούς,
 Δὴ τότε τοι καταλέξω ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γυναῖκας,
 Αἵ τέ σ' ἀτιμάζουσι, καὶ αἰ νηλιτεῖς εἰσίν.”

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσ-
 σεύς·

“Μαῖα, τίη δέ σὺ τὰς μυθήσσαι; οὐδέ τί σε χρή.
 Εὖ νυ καὶ αὐτὸς ἐγὼ φράσομαι καὶ εἴσομ' ἐκάστην·
 Ἄλλ' ἔχε σιγῇ μῦθον, ἐπίτρεψον δὲ θεοῖσιν.”

“Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφη· γρη῏ς δὲ δι' ἐκ μεγάροιο βεβήκει,
 Οἰσομένη ποδάνιπτρα· τὰ γὰρ πρότερ' ἔκχυτο
 πάντα.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ νίψεν τε καὶ ἤλειψεν λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,
 Αὐτίς ἄρ' ἀσσοτέρω πυρὸς ἔλκετο δίφρον, Ὀδυσ-
 σεύς

Θερσόμενος, οὐλὴν δὲ κατὰ ῥακέεσσι κάλυψεν.

37

Him answered thus Euryclea good:

‘What hast thou said, my son?
Firm and inflexible of mood,
I hold thy secret, unsubdued,
As steel or solid stone.

38

But, heed my words. If Heaven should tame
The suitors ’neath thy hand,
Then throughout the household shall I name
The handmaids who wrought disgrace and shame,
And those who blameless stand.’

39

‘Needless, my nurse,’ the king replied,
‘That this should to me be told;
They all shall be noted, and duly tried.
As for the rest, let the gods provide:
But do thou deep silence hold.’

40

She went to prepare the bath anew,
For the first was spilt all round:
He was bathed and anointed in manner due;
To the fire then closer the stool he drew,
And over his knee his rags he threw,
In order to hide the wound.

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 21.

Be Odysseus the name I give.

I HAVE endeavoured to preserve the pun, if it be right to call it one, as well as I can. It is probable that the derivations of the Greek names of early times are to be sought in very different quarters from those to which we are referred by the grammarians; but, in the present case, Homer seems to be repeating some well-known story. There is nothing improbable in supposing that Autolycus might wish to mark his feelings at the time or the birth of a grandson by the name he gave him. Instances from the Scriptures will occur at once. The wife of Phineas, bringing forth a son amid the ruin of her house, called him Ichabod—‘where is the glory’—in melancholy mark that he was born when prosperity had departed. So Leah and Rachel named their children; and, if we go further, so did Eve. I give the version of Chapman, as it affords a specimen of his manner, part translation, part comment:

Daughter and son-in-law (said he), let then
The name that I shall give him stand with men;
Since I arrived here, at the hour of pain,
In which mine own kind entrails did sustain
Moan for my daughter's yet unended throes:
And when so many men's and women's woes
In joint compassion met, of human birth,
Brought forth t'attend the many feeding earth;
Let Odysseus be his name, as one——

He is wrong, as his note also shews, in the meaning he affixes to Ὀδυσσεύς. Autolycus had no sentimental

fancies about him. He was full of hatred against many men and women, whom I suppose he, with the assistance of Mercury, had cheated, and who had found him out; and he intended that his *odium* against mankind should be perpetuated in the name *Odysseus*.

The second *sigma* in the participle ὀδυσάμενος, and the name Ὀδυσσεύς, is a grammatical or prosodial insertion, in order to make the syllable long by position. Ὀδυσσεύς is often spelt with a single *sigma*, as in the above passage, v. 409, 416, 452, 456, and a hundred places beside. Dunbar contends that it is useless, as the metrical ictus would make the syllable long without any alteration of spelling. But, as the complaint of Martial still holds good—

Dicunt Earinon tamen poætæ,
Sed Græci quibus est nihil negatum,
Et quos ἄρες ἄρες decet sonare;
Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui musas colimus severiores—

and we cannot be allowed to vary the quantity of our words *ad libitum*, I have chosen to spell the name always *Odysseus*, accenting, according to the English analogy, on the second syllable. I strongly recommend all translators of Greek poetry to take the Greek, not the Latin names. The Roman deities, Juno, Minerva, Mercurius, Vulcanus, Ceres, Mars, Venus, &c., are by no means mythologically identical with Heré, Athené, Hermes, Hephæstos, Deméter, Arés, Aphrodité, &c. ; and, surely, the Greek words are at least as musical as the Latin. Aias is better than Ajax; the Aiante, or, if the dual is not allowable in a translation, the Aiantes than the Ajaces, or the Ajaxes; and *Odysseus* is as good as *Ulysses*. The late Greek tumults have familiarised us to the form. Jupiter (which is nothing but a different spelling of Ζεω-πατήρ) is perhaps the only

exception I should admit; and no English rhyme-maker can afford to part with *Jove*, whom, therefore, we must vote to be the same as the unmanageable *Zeus*. Of course, I do not recommend mere literal changes of forms to which we have been accustomed, such as substituting *os* for *us*, *Menelaos* for *Menelaus*, or *ai* for *æ* (as *Aineas* for *Æneas*), or to alter *Priam*, *Hecuba*, *Alexander*, *Parnassus*, and other such almost household words, closer to their original; but in all other cases.

NOTE (2). p. 25.

Pierced on the toaster's point.

I HOPE I have translated this favourite culinary passage correctly. It appears to me that the meat was toasted, not roasted. The animal was broken up, and the joints cut into steaks, which were stuck upon forks—five-pronged forks, as we are sometimes told—and held to the fire. The translation of this passage has been very tormenting to those who have set up in their own minds a different standard of epic taste from that which was erected by Homer. The last French translation I have seen, of 1812, thus daintily paraphrases the passage in the first book of the *Iliad*:—‘On consacre les victimes, on les égorge, et le temple est inondé de leur sang. Les cuisses sont coupées; le prêtre lui-même les fait brûler sur l’autel, et offre des libations. Déjà l’offrande est consumée par le feu sacré, on fait cuire la chair des victimes, des tables sont dressées, le sacrificateur et les Grecs se rangent autour, et tous dans un commun repas goûtent les douceurs de l’égalité.’

This is a pleasant *petit souper*. I have never seen the first French translation of ‘Homère poète Grec, et grant

historiographe, by Maistre Jehan Samxon, licentié en loys, Lieutenant du Bailey de Touraine, en son siège de Chastillon sur Indre,' written, it is supposed, by order of Francis I., and printed, as we are duly informed, on the 26th of September, 1530; but in that of Du Souhait, of 1617, we have what I think is better than the nice trimmings of the version of 1812:—'Les cuisses des victimes immolées estant totalement consumées, premièrement on mit griller les trippes et les entrailles sur les charbons, les mangerent à leur desieuné, les autres membres furent mis en pièces, et tranchez par morceaux les mettant à la broche, et les faisant rôtir en diligence, puis, estant rôtis, on les mit sur table pour la refection des assistans qui benvociant les uns aux autres pourtant des coupes.'



II.

SONG OF THE TROJAN HORSE.

SUNG TO ULYSSES BY THE MINSTREL DEMODOCUS.

ODYSSEY. BOOK VIII. 477-534.

[DEMODOCUS had, in the morning, sung a ballad of the contention between Achilles and Ulysses, an incident in that war, 'the glory of which had then reached the spacious heaven.' It produced a deep effect on the feelings of the unknown guest. He was obliged to cover his face with his garment, to conceal his bursting tears; and, when the song was done, he wiped off the token of his sorrow, and made a reverential libation to the gods. Demodocus was again called upon to sing by the Phæacian nobles; and again Ulysses, anticipating that the theme would a second time be taken from those adventures in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, could not control his feelings. Alcinous, by whom he sate, perceived his agitation; and making the remark that they had enough of minstrelsy for the present, proposed that they should leave the table and commence the sports of the day. He

rightly conjectured that something in the song had affected the stranger, though at first, with much delicacy, he does not even allude to it. After dinner, Ulysses, with that strange waywardness which all men have occasionally felt, cannot refrain from demanding another ballad on the Trojan war, deeply as the former reference had shaken him. The effect is the same as before: he yields again to a passion of tears, excited by the memory of bygone days, and of companions in gallant actions scattered or slain. Alcinous now thinks it time that he should openly interfere. He has no further substitute to offer instead of the lay of Demodocus, and he plainly tells the company that the minstrel must cease because his song gives pain to the stranger. With the ease and kind-hearted refinement of a true gentleman—for such is the character admirably supported by Alcinous—he calls upon the unknown, whose skill and vigour in the games of the day had made a most favourable impression on prince and people, candidly to declare who he was, and why he is so grievously afflicted when he hears of the fate of the Argives and the Danai, and of Troy. ‘It was the work of the gods,’ says Homer, speaking through Alcinous, with the undoubting conviction that his own immortal poems would fulfil the prophecy, ‘who doomed the men to destruction, *that it might be matter of song to the people of future time.*’ So called upon, Ulysses discloses himself in a short speech of surpass-

ing grace and dignity, which serves as an exordium to a tale of the most wondrous beauty ever conceived by the human imagination—

Speciosa dehinc miracula promit,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim.

Miracles they are, indeed, of enchanting verse, which, whether we take them as legends intended to be believed literally, or as allegories veiling a hidden truth, captivate the fancy, arouse the intellect, and feed the eye with a long succession of ever-varying pictures, filling the mind with endless trains of thought and meditation.]

“**Κ**ΗΡΥΞ, τῇ δὴ, τοῦτο πόρε κρέας ὄφρα
 φάγησιν,
 Δημοδόκῳ, καί μιν προσπτύζομαι, ἀχνύμενός
 περ.

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἀοιδοὶ
 Τιμῆς ἔμμοροί εἰσι καὶ αἰδοῦς, οὔνεκ’ ἄρα σφέας
 Οἶμας Μοῦσ’ ἐδίδαξε· φίλησε δὲ φῦλον ἀοιδῶν.”
 Ὡς ἄρ’ ἔφη· κήρυξ δὲ φέρων ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκεν
 Ἥρῳ Δημοδόκῳ·

ὁ δ’ ἐδέξατο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ.
 Οἱ δ’ ἐπ’ ὀνείαθ’ ἐτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας
 ἱαλλον.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,
 Δὴ τότε Δημόδοκον προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσ-
 σεύς·

“Δημόδοκ’, ἔξοχα δὴ σε βροτῶν αἰνίζομ’ ἀπάντων·
 Ἥ σέγε Μοῦσ’ ἐδίδαξε, Διὸς παῖς, ἧ σέγ’
 Ἀπόλλων.

Λίην γὰρ κατὰ κόσμον Ἀχαιῶν οἶτον αἰεῖδεις,
 Ὅσσ’ ἔρξαν τ’ ἐπαθόν τε καὶ ὅσσ’ ἐμόγησαν
 Ἀχαιοί,

‘**H**ERE, herald,’ he said, ‘take this portion of
meat,
And bear it from me, that the minstrel may eat;
Although sad is my heart, yet I gladly will give
The honour that bards should from all men re-
ceive;
For honour and reverence should ever belong
To the loved of the Muses, the framers of song.’
So spoke forth Odysseus—the herald obeyed,
And his gift was at once by Demodocus laid.

2

The minstrel received it, rejoicing in heart,
Then the feast was begun, and they all took a part;
And when sated with meat and with wine was each
guest,
By Odysseus the singer again was addressed:
‘The lot of no other I honour as thine;
For the Muse taught thy lay, or Apollo divine;
Thy song of th’ Achæans tells truly and well,
How they toiled in the wars, how they fought and
they fell.

Ὡστε πον ἢ αὐτὸς παρεὼν ἢ ἄλλου ἀκούσας.
 Ἄλλ' ἄγε δὴ μετάβηθι καὶ ἵππου κοσμον ἄεισον
 ΔΟΥΡΑΤΕΟΥ, τὸν Ἐπειὸς ἐποίησεν σὺν Ἀθήνῃ,
 Ὃν ποτ' ἐς ἀκρόπολιν δόλον ἤγαγε διὸς Ὀδυσ-
 σεύς,

Ἀνδρῶν ἐμπλήσας, οἱ Ἴλιον ἐξαλάπαζαν.
 Αἶ κεν δὴ μοι ταῦτα κατὰ μοῖραν καταλέξης,
 Αὐτίκ' ἐγὼ πᾶσιν μυθήσομαι ἀνθρώποισιν,
 Ὡς ἄρα τοι πρόφρων θεὸς ὥπασε θέσπιν ἀοιδήν."

Ὡς φάθ'· ὁ δ' ὀρμηθεὶς θεοῦ ἤρχετο, φαῖνε δ'
 ἀοιδήν,

Ἐνθεν ἐλὼν, ὡς οἱ μὲν εὖσσέλμων ἐπὶ νηῶν
 Βάντες ἀπέπλειον, πῦρ ἐν κλισίῃσι βαλόντες,
 Ἀργεῖοι· τοὶ δ' ἤδη ἀγακλυτὸν ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα
 Εἶατ' ἐνὶ Τρώων ἀγορῇ, κεκαλυμμένοι ἵππῳ·
 Αὐτοὶ γάρ μιν Τρῶες ἐς ἀκρόπολιν ἐρύσαντο.
 Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐστήκει· τοὶ δ' ἄκριτα πόλλ' ἀγόρευον,
 Ἥμενοι ἀμφ' αὐτόν·

3

One would think 'mid those deeds that thou present hast been
Or hast heard them from one who the combat had seen.
Be the famed HORSE OF WOOD now renowned in thy lays,
Which Athené assisted Epéus to raise.
How brought by Odysseus, with stratagem bold,
It was placed, full of men, within Ilion's stronghold.
This tale truly sing; and my tongue shall maintain,
O'er the earth, that a godhead has prompted thy strain.'

4

The minstrel began as the godhead inspired,
He sang how their tents the besiegers had fired,
And over the sea in trim barks bent their course,
While their chiefs with Odysseus were closed in the horse,
Mid the Trojans, who had that fell engine of wood
Dragged on, till in Troy's inmost turret it stood;
There long did they ponder in anxious debate,
What to do with the steed, as around it they sate.

τρίχα δέ σφισιν ἦνδανε βουλὴ,
 Ἡὲ διατμῆξαι κοῖλον δόρυ νηλεΐ χαλκῶ,
 Ἡ κατὰ πετράων βαλέειν ἐρύσαντας ἐπ' ἄκρης,
 Ἡ ἑαῶν μέγ' ἄγαλμα θεῶν θελκτήριον εἶναι·
 Τῇπερ δὴ καὶ ἔπειτα τελευτήσεσθαι ἔμελλεν.
 Αἶσα γὰρ ἦν ἀπολέσθαι, ἐπὴν πόλις ἀμφι-
 καλύψῃ
 Δουράτεον μέγαν ἵππον,

ὅθ' εἶατο πάντες ἄριστοι
 Ἀργείων, Τρώεσσι φόνον καὶ Κῆρα φέροντες.
 Ἦειδεν δ', ὥς ἄστυ διέπραθον νῆες Ἀχαιῶν,
 Ἰππόθεν ἐκχύμενοι, κοῖλον λόχον ἐκπρολιπόντες.
 Ἄλλον δ' ἄλλη ἄειδε πόλιν κεραϊζέμεν αἰπὴν·
 Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσῆα προτὶ δώματα Δηϊφόβοιο
 Βήμεναι

5

'Twas then that before them three counsels were
laid,
Into pieces to hew it by edge of the blade;
Or to draw it forth thence to the brow of a rock,
And downward to fling it with shivering shock;
Or, shrined in the tower, let it there make abode,
As an offering to ward off the wrath of the God.
The last counsel prevailed, for the moment of
doom,
When the town held the horse, upon Ilion had
come.

6

The Argives in ambush awaited the hour,
When slaughter and death on their foes they
should shower.
When it came, from their hollow retreat rushing
down,
The sons of the Achæans smote sorely the town.
Then scattered, on blood and on ravaging bent,
Through all parts of the city chance-guided they
went,
And he sang how Odysseus at once made his way
To where the proud domes of Deiphobus lay.

ἥντ' Ἄρηα σὺν ἀντιθέῳ Μενελάῳ.

Κεῖθι δὴ αἰνότατον πόλεμον φάτο τολμήσαντα,

Νικῆσαι καὶ ἔπειτα, διὰ μεγάθυμον Ἀθήνην.

Ταῦτ' ἄρ' αἰδὸς ἄειδε κερικλυτός· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσ-
σεὺς

Τήκετο· δάκρυ δ' ἔδενεν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι παρειάς.

Ὡς δὲ γυνὴ κλαίῃσι φίλον πόσιν ἀμφιπεσοῦσα,

Ὅστε ἐῆς πρόσθεν πόλιος λαῶν τε πέσῃσιν,

Ἄσπεϊ καὶ τεκέεσσιν ἀμύνων νηλεὲς ἦμαρ·

Ἢ μὲν τὸν θνησκοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντ' ἐσιδοῦσα,

Ἀμφ' αὐτῷ χυμένη λίγα κωκύει· οἱ δέ τ' ὄπισθεν

Κόπτοντες δούρεσσι μετάφρενον ἠδὲ καὶ ὦμους,

7

With bold Menelaus he thitherward strode,
In valour a peer of the war-loving god.
There fierce was the fight, dread the deeds that
were done,

Till, aided by Pallas, the battle he won.

So sang the rapt minstrel the blood-stirring tale,
But the cheek of Odysseus waxed deathly and
pale;

While the song warbled on of the days that
were past,

His eyelids were wet with the tears falling fast.

8

As wails the lorn bride, with her arms clasping
round

Her own beloved husband, laid low on the ground ;
From the town, with his people, he sallied out
brave,

His country, his children, from insult to save.

She sees his last gasping, life ready to part,
And she flings herself on him, pressed close to her
heart.

Shrill she screams o'er the dying, while enemies
near

Beat her shoulders and back with the pitiless
spear.

Εἴρερον εἰσανάγουσι πόνον τ' ἐχέμεν καὶ οἷζύν·
Τῆς δ' ἐλεεινοτάτῳ ἄχεϊ φθινύθουσι παρειαί·
Ὡς Ὀδυσσεὺς ἐλεεινὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυον εἶβεν.
Ἐνθ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ἐλάνθανε δάκρυα λείβων,
Ἀλκίνοος δέ μιν οἶος ἐπεφράσατ' ἠδ' ἐνόησεν,
Ἥμενος ἄγχ' αὐτοῦ, βαρὺ δὲ στενάχοντος
ἄκουσεν.

9

They bear her away—as a slave she must go;
For ever a victim of toil and of wo.
Soon wastes her sad cheek with the traces of
grief:
Sad as hers shewed the face of famed Ithaca's
chief.
But none saw the tear-drops which fell from his
eye,
Save the king at the board who was seated
close by;
And Alcinous watched him, and noted alone,
How deep from his breast came the heavy-sent
groan.



III.

THE RETURN OF THE CHIEFS FROM TROY.

THERE is, in my opinion—I do not pretend that it is good, as old Montaigne says, but it is mine—no test by which we can better decide whether a translator or critic understands Homer, than by his appreciation of the character of Nestor. I make no allusion to such criticisms as those of Scaliger, in his *Poetics*: ‘*Nestor in primo Iliados loquax; in septimo non minus; in quarto odiosus; in undecimo obtundit; in penultimo etiam nugatur;*’ for they are merely absurd. In the passages referred to, the old soldier is introduced, with the most perfect propriety, to promote concord among his brother generals, or to stimulate his brother campaigners to action, by recitals of what had been done in former days by chiefs, whose memory all his hearers revered, and of whom he was now the sole surviving companion; or to display what were the true principles of tactics or chariateering,—war being the principal business, athletic games being the principal amusement, of the ages in which he flourished. In judging of those

times, let it never be forgotten that there were no newspapers or histories; and old men were obliged to perform the duty which is now performed by 'the folio of four pages,' for our daily gossip; and by the folio, quarto, octavo, or duodecimo, of many pages, for our more permanent leading or misleading, as the case may occur. I shall not stop to discuss here the epical question, what proportion dialogue should hold towards action. Another opportunity will occur; and the question does not particularly affect Nestor.

Shaking off such critics as Scaliger, it may appear unreasonable if I am not better satisfied with the opinion of the ancients themselves, whose knowledge of the language was infinitely greater than any thing which the most eminent of modern scholars can pretend to possess, and whose qualifications for entering into the spirit of Homer's characters would, at first sight, appear to be far superior to ours. There could not be any difficulty in making a parade of extracts from Greek and Roman writers, to prove that they considered Nestor to be nothing more than an old speech-maker, or storyteller, whose perpetual talkativeness is to be excused by his age and fluent sweetness of tongue. The often quoted passage of Cicero, in *De Senectute*, will be sufficient: 'Videtisne ut apud Homerum sæpissime Nestor de virtutibus suis prædicat?

Tertiam enim jam ætatem hominum videbat: nec erat verendum ne vera de se prædicans nimis videretur aut insolens aut loquax; etenim, ut ait Homerus, *ex ejus lingua melle dulcior fluebat oratio.*' Excuses of the same kind, for the loquacity of the old man eloquent, will be found in every commentator, from the days when criticism began, to those of the last edition.

It appears to me that apologies were never more needlessly thrown away. Nestor, in the *Iliad*, is by no means the mere prater, for whose talking we are to find excuses. He is emphatically the advising officer of the army; and he never shrinks from joining in the field the dashing movements he has recommended in council. Those who, in after ages, took up the Homeric characters, distorted them to caricature. Because Nestor was old, they made him a dotard—because Ajax was large, they made him a blockhead—because Achilles was irresistible in fair combat, they made him invulnerable—because Ulysses was wily, they made him a coward. They caught at the one prominent point in the character, and worked it out as second-hand storytellers will do, keeping that point only in mind, and adapting it to circumstances far different from those with which it was invested in the original. Let us, therefore, forgetting all that has been since written about Nestor, see what he does in Homer.

A fierce dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles commences the *Iliad*. Their language gradually becomes more and more irritating: at last Achilles is tempted to draw upon his general. No one ventures to interfere, until the angry hero, flinging his staff of authority in a rage upon the ground, sits down with a fierce menace that he shall no more lend his aid to the war. The quarrel of words has now come to its height, and Nestor jumps up at once to check its further progress—to dissuade Agamemnon from offering the threatened affront, and to induce Achilles to withdraw his threat of retiring. Both acknowledge the respect they owe to Nestor; but both, being in a passion, decline acceding to his advice. The old man has offered it prematurely. Ulysses, the πολύμητις, does not jump up while the two chiefs are boiling with anger. We see him afterwards endeavouring to appease in due season. He bears the proposals of reconciliation in the ninth book: he it is who finally rivets it in the nineteenth. There is a fine discrimination of character between the impetuous old warrior, who has through a long life acted upon his impulses, and the wily observer, who has ‘known the minds of many men,’ and therefore takes his time. The attempt of Nestor to reconcile being fruitless, we hear nothing more of him during the remainder of the

book. The contrast between him and Ulysses, which is carried on throughout the *Iliad*, is here strongly marked at the outset. In spite of his age and eloquence, Nestor is not sent to take back Chryseis, to satisfy her father, and appease the god. *That office is given to Ulysses.* Nestor's single speech, in the first *Iliad*, is, in its kind, a model of perfection. I know that it has been subjected to the keen carping of Voltaire; and I know, also, that the criticism of Voltaire, if it be intended for sincere criticism, is utterly worthless. His translation of the speech is a mere mockery—a mockery the more inexcusable, as he has translated with much care, though not much fidelity, the speech of the Cacique Colocolo, from the *Arancana* of Ercilla, which he has the taste to prefer to that of Nestor. As his version is short, I shall, for the convenience of comparison, give it here with the original.

VOLTAIRE.

Essais sur la Poésie Epique. Tom. x. p. 396. Ed. Kehl.

Quelle satisfaction sera-ce aux Troyens, lorsqu'ils entendront parler de vos discordes !

HOMER. *Il. A.* 254.

*Ω πόποι, ἦ μέγα πένθος Ἀχαιῖδα γαῖαν ἰκάνει.

Ἦ κεν γηθήσαι Πρίαμος, Πριάμοιό τε παῖδες,

Ἄλλοι τε Τρῶες μέγα κεν κεχαροῖατο θυμῷ,

Εἰ σφῶϊν τάδε πάντα πυθοῖατο μαρναμένοιν,

Οἱ περὶ μὲν βουλήν Δαναῶν, περὶ δ' ἔστέ μάχεσθαι.

So far from this poor conversational prose being a fair representation of the glowing original, it does not even express its sense. Nestor appeals to the angry chiefs, reminding them of the great grief they are spreading over their native land, and of the equally great joy it must diffuse, not merely among *les Troyens*, but among their rival princes, Priam and his house; and thence downward among all the men of Troy. It will be of no common order—no mere *satisfaction*; deeply will they rejoice at heart, because they will be well able to appreciate the fatal consequences of a feud among men whom they have long felt to be supereminent in the council and the field. Never was compliment more naturally or more dexterously introduced; and, therefore, Voltaire omits it altogether.

VOLTAIRE.

Votre jeunesse doit respecter mes années et se soumettre à mes conseils. J'ai vu autrefois des héros supérieurs à vous. Non, mes yeux ne verront jamais des hommes semblables à l'invincible Pirithous, au brave Cineus, au divin Thésée, &c.

HOMER.

Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθ' ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἑστὸν ἐμεῖο.
 Ἦδη γάρ ποτ' ἐγὼ καὶ ἀρείοσιν, ἥεπερ ὑμῖν,
 Ἄνδράσιν ὠμίλησα, καὶ οὐποτέ μ' οἷγ' ἀθέριζον.
 Οὐ γάρ πω τοίους ἴδον ἀνέρας, οὐδὲ ἴδωμαι,

Οἶον Πειρίθοόν τε, Δρύαντά τε, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 Καινέα τ', Ἐξάδιόν τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Πολύφημον,
 [Θησέα τ' Αἰγείδην, ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισι.]

This pretended translation is merely fraudulent. Voltaire had determined to represent the speech of Nestor as '*babil présomptueux, et impoli,*' and suited his version accordingly. The Greek says, 'Be persuaded—let me persuade you, because you both are younger than I am;' the French, 'Your youth ought to respect my years.' In the original we have not a word claiming respect—not a word of authority; it is all persuasion, the right of urging which is claimed on the ground of age—an advantage which no one desires to dispute. '*J'ai vu autrefois des héros supérieurs à vous,*' is nothing like the spirit of the Greek. Nestor wishes to remind them, that his many years have not been passed remote from the scenes of war. 'I have,' he says, 'campaigned with [ὠμίλησα, not *vu*] men braver *even* than you' [καὶ ἀρείοσιν ἤπερ ἡμῖν. Eustathius's reading, ἡμῖν, is quite inadmissible. The archbishop contends, and Wolf agrees with him, that ἡμῖν would be less offensive to the angry princes, and more in character. Just the contrary. Nestor could not be so absurd as to imagine that, at the time he was speaking, *he* could be supposed to be a fit antagonist for the glorious heroes of old. Nobody supposed it. Agamemnon and Achilles, in the pride

and vigour of manhood and practised bravery, might have been thought compeers with Pirithous and the others whom he extols: Nestor now was out of the question. 'Braver than *we*' is the real vanity. How *we* apples swim! 'Braver than *you* —even you,' is a compliment], 'and they did not despise me; *i.e.* they honoured me with the highest attention.' This is omitted, which is unfair. The omission indicated by the &c. is equally unfair, because the suppressed passage gives the reason why the speaker sets the old warriors in higher price than those of his present time. They had fought with the most tremendous antagonists, the mountain-dwelling Centaurs, whom they utterly destroyed. None who heard the speech would refuse to admit, that those who succeeded in such desperate warfare were men whose names should ever be held in reverence, or accept them as authorities worthy of most deferential quotation.

VOLTAIRE.

J'ai été à la guerre avec eux, et quoique je fusse jeune, mon éloquence persuasive avait du pouvoir sur leurs esprits. Ils écoutaient Nestor: jeunes guerriers, écoutez donc les avis que vous donne ma vieillesse.

HOMER.

Καὶ μὲν τοῖσιν ἐγὼ μεθομίλεον ἐκ Πύλου ἐλθὼν
Τηλόθεν ἐξ Ἀπίης γαίης· καλέσαντο γὰρ αὐτοί·

Καὶ μαχόμην κατ' ἔμ' αὐτὸν ἐγώ. κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις
 Τῶν, οἳ νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι, μαχέοιτο.
 Καὶ μὲν μὲν βουλέων ξύνιεν, πείθοντό τε μύθῳ·
 Ἀλλὰ πίθεσθε καὶ ὑμεῖς, ἐπεὶ πείθεσθαι ἄμεινον.

Those who take the French to be a translation of the Greek, must consider old Nestor a ridiculous babbler indeed. But, as he does not say a word of his 'persuasive eloquence,' nor call Achilles and Agamemnon, after, at least, ten campaigns, '*jeunes guerriers*,' nor make tawdry epigrams about '*jeunesse*' and '*vieillesse*,' we must confer that compliment on his critic. The heroes of past days, says Nestor, admitted me to their councils, and were persuaded by my advice. 'Be ye, too, persuaded by me; for it is best to yield to persuasion.' Πίθεσθε and πείθεσθαι should not be translated 'obey.' In the preceding line, he says the great men whose memory he holds in the highest honour, πείθοντο—μύθῳ. He could not intend to convey the idea that they *obeyed* him. 'As they thought me worth listening to, and as they adopted my suggestions, let me have the same power with you. It is best to listen to advice.' It is needless to point out, that all the picturesque graces of the original are omitted wholly in the translation. The three or four hasty lines in which Voltaire concludes are not worth quoting. He has designedly caricatured, or unintentionally mistaken the character of the old horseman

of Pylos. Perhaps there is a sprinkling of both—he might have both mistaken and misrepresented. Had it been Homer's task to have written a poem on the wars of the Ligne, he would not have written the *Henriade*. Is there a poem in the world in which so many fine situations, noble thoughts, and gallant characters, are lost? But that is no business of mine now. The *Henriade* decides as to the capability of its verse maker to criticise the *Iliad*; and yet, to the end of his life, the witty, shrewd, ingenious author of *Candide* saw not the ridicule of his position. He could be smart, and gay, and biting, against Freron, for daring to review Voltaire. He thought it a highly proper dispensation of Providence that Voltaire was allowed to review Homer.

He concludes by saying, that the Greek chiefs must have been displeased by the self-praise of Nestor on his wisdom, and the disparagement to which they were subjected by his extolment of the great men of old. There is no self-praise of Nestor in Homer, and we may, therefore, let that part of the objection pass. But the other objection is mean. Voltaire had written the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*. Would Turenne have felt any offence, if an officer, capable of expressing his sentiments, and giving a military or satisfactory reason for his opinions, had commenced by telling the marshal that he had, some thirty years before, served under

Gustavus Adolphus, Bernhard of Sax Weimar, John Banner, and Leonard Tortensohn, men who were masters of war—καὶ ἀρείουσιν ἡεπὲρ ὑμῖν—men who had beaten Count Tilly, and Pappenheim, and the Friedlander? Would Marlborough think that his head stood less high because he acknowledged the genius of his old commander, Turenne? Or would Prince Eugene deem himself wronged by panegyric references to his friend in campaign after campaign, the duke? I do not wish to go to examples nearer nor more distant. But if I must look closer at home—I am out of the way of knowing who are the young gentlemen who at present call themselves soldiers, but I am sure they would not be angry if they were directed to look carefully over the peninsula campaigns for instruction; and Nestor does no more. As for Ercilla, brought into this unfair contrast by Voltaire, it is sufficient to say that his poem is abundantly tedious, with a few good descriptive verses here and there. The speech of Colocolo is not to be compared to the speech of Nestor—for this plain reason, abating the inferiority of genius, that Ercilla was of a different race from the speaker, and wrote as a *stranger*. Homer did not.

In the second book of the *Iliad*, Jupiter, wishing to delude Agamemnon to fight, sends him a pernicious dream in the appearance of Nestor.

The god naturally chooses that the counsellor of precipitate action should appear as the phantom of the ever-ready old warrior. On the assembly of the council, when the dream is related, Nestor at once confirms the advice of his shadowy representative, by calling for an instant arming. A sort of panic follows, the checking of which is left to the spirit and sagacity of Ulysses; but the heart-rousing speech to the soldiery, summoning them to the field, regardless who may stay behind, threatening with death the coward who dares fly his banners, now that the war is once fairly joined—and recommending that every tribe should, in the approaching contest, be marshalled under its appropriate standard, so that all might be stimulated to the utmost exertion under the eye of their own leaders and kindred [no longer subjected to the single will of one overmastering mind, Achilles]—that speech, and heart-stirring it is, is spoken by Nestor in words of fire.

In the third book we hear nothing of him; but the silence is eloquent. Soon after the armies have joined, a duel between Paris and Menelaus is proposed, and a truce for the interim is concluded, with a direct agreement that it is to lead to a permanent termination of the war. Here is a work of peace. If Homer intended Nestor to be merely a talkative old man, what fitter opportu-

nity for the display of his 'persuasive eloquence' could be found? Priam is brought forward; and, from the Scæan gate, his daughter-in-law, Helen, points out the most remarkable persons of the Grecian host. Who could be considered to be more remarkable than the sweet-tongued Nestor, the eloquent orator of the Pylians, who had outlived two generations of articulately speaking men, and was now ruling over the third? What could be more natural than that Priam should have desired to look upon his coeval king? But, no. Helen points out Agamemnon, Ajax, Ulysses, Idomeneus—and says that she recognises many another dark-eyed Greek, whom she could name. There is no notice of Nestor. The treaties are carried forward with all the pomp and solemnity of sacrifice; but old Nestor nowhere meets old Priam. Ulysses is chosen to attend the religious ceremonies, and to make preparations for the war-closing duel, as he had before been sent on a mission to prevent the contest altogether, by demanding the pacific restoration of Helen. So Antenor is carefully made to inform us in this very book. On such missions we never find Nestor engaged. He was no man of protocols.

In the fourth book, the truce is broken; and Nestor, invisible in time of peace, is then to be found at his post. Sulky we may conceive him to

have been during the time when a chance existed for the war being concluded; but, now that it is again afoot, we find him 'ready, ay ready for the field.' Idomeneus, who appears to be Homer's model of martinet duty, the Ajaces, always prompt to war, and Nestor, are the first to be in position for fight. Agamemnon, traversing the line, meets the old man arranging his troops according to the most approved tactics of the day; and I venture to say, that Colonel Mitchell would not find much fault with his directions, though, perhaps, they do not tally with the regulation-book. Here, as usual, Ulysses is studiously placed in contrast. He does not stir until the general has ordered. Nestor is up at the first sound. When the *méleé* fairly commences, we are called on to notice that the Pylian troops are first in action; for it is Antilochus, the favourite son of the old man, who kills the first Trojan slain in the long battle-roll of the *Iliad*. This is not chance, as some commentators have imagined; for the same idea prevails through the poem*.

* *Ex. gr.* When Menelaus, whose death might have put an end to the war, is in danger, it is Antilochus who comes to his assistance. When Patroclus falls, he guards his dead body, in desperate battle, until he is specially sent to inform Achilles. Thrasymedes is first to guard the trenches. We find him with his father's golden shield, in the most desperate crisis of the action. Nestor himself, as I have said above, is every where. This is not chance.

In the fifth book, Diomed has it all to himself; but in the sixth we have the fierce voice of Nestor shouting for blood and spoil, and urging an onward charge. Shortly afterwards, in the seventh, it is his to reprove the reluctance of the Grecian chiefs to meet Hector. What can be finer than his speech, in spite of the prosing criticism to which it has been subjected? In substance, it is no more than that he regrets he is no longer a match for the most vigorous warrior of the opposite army—that, in former times, he had fought and killed a far more tremendous antagonist; but, as his day had passed, some more competent warrior should meet the defiance. His appeal is answered. There could have been no real want of courage on the part of the Grecian chiefs, but no one was anxious to put himself forward before the others. The voice of Nestor relieved the difficulty, by calling up all. It has been always noticed, that, of the nine who rise, the last is Ulysses. Perhaps it may be straining the contrast between the characters too much to say that, concluding, from the issue of the duel in the morning, and the general character of the war, that the contest now proposed would turn out to be of no ultimate importance, he declined to meddle with it, until it was necessary for his character as a man of the sword to come forward. The antagonist of Ereuthalion, the mace-

bearer, would, if he had been younger, have sprung to accept the challenge at the first word.

Finding, however, that the Greeks have had the worst of the day, he recommends that they should entrench their fleet; but this piece of military prudence [it was the best advice under the circumstances] does not prevent him from being in the thickest of the fight the next morning, outside the stockades. The scale preponderates in favour of Troy, and all fly the field but Nestor alone. True it is that he does not stay there from choice, but because one of his horses has been wounded and he cannot get off. But it is evident that he has been in the very heat of the battle, for his horse has been hit by Paris, the crack shot of the Trojans; and it is equally evident that he is quite cool under the dangerous circumstances of being left alone on the field against the on-sweep of a victorious army. He is disencumbering himself of his horse, by cutting the traces with well-practised hand, when Diomed comes to the rescue. Ulysses will not return to a hopeless charge: but Nestor, without scruple, accepts the office of charioteer to Diomed in his rush against Hector. What a post he has volunteered to occupy, we may judge from the fact that the similar post under Hector, against whom he is driving with furious pace, has consigned charioteer

after charioteer to death. The flashing bolt of Jupiter comes between him and the enemy, and he retires, consoling Diomed with the reflection that they have done all that men could be called upon to do. Hector advances in triumph, and the first reward that he proposes for his exertions is the shield of the retreating Nestor, the glory of which has reached heaven.

In the ninth book, he is found at the council that recommends the mission to Achilles; but Ulysses is the ambassador. More active in the tenth, he is ready to rise at the first call, and perform his duty of advising; but again Ulysses is the person entrusted with the espionage. In the eleventh book he is in the bloodiest part of the fray, when Machaon is wounded, and he drives the Doctor out of the fight. What the merit of the medical practice may be, I do not know; but certain it is, that he sets down the son of Æsculapius to something like a bowl of punch. As 'the wise physician' makes no objection, we must suppose the treatment was excellent. It is, I think, somewhat remarkable that Machaon should be silent. His skill is praised—his person is protected—his wound is taken care of—he is hospitably entertained; but the Doctor does not say one word in this most loquacious of poems. I believe

he is the only person, of the slightest importance, who holds his tongue. Is this accidental?

Linked close with the story of the poem is this incident. Achilles sees that Nestor has left the field, and suspects that the person with whom he has left it is Machaon. He is sure that the old man would not have abandoned the fight without the necessity of bringing off some one of importance. Hence comes the speech which Scaliger says '*obtundit*,' but which, considered in relation to the poem and the character, is admirably in place; and, considered by itself, is a ballad of magnificent beauty. It fitly forms the connexion between the two parts of the *Iliad*, of which it is precisely the middle in point of place. Nestor has failed to reconcile the jarring chieftains, by his address, in their original quarrel; but he succeeds at second hand in inflaming the followers of Achilles by tales of dashing warfare, contrasting shamefully with the inglorious ease in which the once-famed Myrmidons were lying, in consequence of the pique of their commander. His concluding appeal catches Patroclus, and the business is done. The Myrmidons from that moment are destined to fight, and Nestor and Machaon may quietly finish their Pramnian, until the sound of the approaching war calls the old man up. His fortifications have

been broken through—the tide of war rushes to the ships—something like a *sauve qui peut* is the order of the day—and he seizes his son's shield (his own being by that son borne in the brunt of battle) to exhort and bring forward the Greek chiefs, to aid their followers by example, if not by actual prowess. In the various vicissitudes of the fight we find him still ready—in its most desperate circumstance his prayer checks the last calamity—in the agony of flight he arrests the fugitives by passionate adjurations, and brings them back to the combat. When Achilles appears, we, of course, lose sight of Nestor : to Ulysses falls all the task of reconciliation, and no warrior must appear in the field after the avenger has come. The old soldier makes his final appearance in the *Iliad*, counselling his son how to win at a chariot race. Other duty he now had none.

Every where he is in the foremost of the fight ; every where he counsels turbulent and prompt action ; every where he is as ready as Dalgetty for eating and drinking. When danger presses he is not profuse of words. His speeches, urging rapid advance, instant action, close combination, desperate clinging together in desperate circumstances, are brief and energetic. Where time serves, and a set oration is to be made, he makes one referring, without impertinence, to his own experiences, as

guide for the action of others. Every body likes him ; his recollections of the friends of his youth, his feelings towards the sons of his age, are full of kindness. So introduced by the *Iliad*, we rejoice to find him in the *Odyssey*, safe returned from all perils—feasting away at the sea-side, girt by his sons and kindred—cheery and communicative, as in the war of Troy—kindly remembering old companions slain—wishing well to those who may survive, but by no means much troubling himself about the various casualties of life—and ready to afford hospitable reception to all who ask it, be they true men or thieves.

The Greeks more modern than Homer, but before the downfall of their independence under the Romans, had no relish for this character. Their taste became of the town, townly ; and their Nestors were only wrangling old men in debating clubs. In the mightier state of Rome a Nestor could not appear at all. A gentleman between sixty and ninety must, if in any degree distinguished, have passed through the most eminent offices of the state, and retired to his place in the senate, or come forward in critical emergencies to lead great armies. The private soldier was discharged at five-and-forty ; and, if he had well-played his cards, was something like a common-councilman in a thriving municipium. The fighting, feasting, spoiling,

speechmaking, tumultuous old man, surrounded by his fighting sons, never occurred to their ordinary imagination. No doubt there were many such, of humbler degree, to be found in the armies of Macedonia and Rome. In the army of Alexander he must have seen many a gray-haired soldier, who had followed his father when they first emerged from their Macedonian fastnesses, and was now serving on the banks of the Euphrates. Alexander's men belong to history. *Regular* war had caught too much hold of the Roman imagination to allow them to make irregular warfare a favourite topic of poetry. Such war was always against themselves. In the ages which intervened between the decay of Latin literature and the re-appearance of learning in Europe, we had Nestors in thousands. Need we go further than the progenitor of Queen Victoria, the Marquis Azo? But where was the bard? When letters returned, Homer was, of course, read or expounded only by the *virī clarissimi atque doctissimi*, who despised the knights and barons of their time [the compliment was liberally returned], and, immersed in grammars and lexicons, did not see the five hundred Iliads, with their full complement of Homeric heroes, going on before their eyes. To these critics, who, by the way, did not in general like Homer, old Nestor was a model of aged wisdom and aged feebleness. Dictys Cretensis or Dares

Phrygius was as good authority as the *Iliad*, if not better.

When the reign of what was called *taste* came, it was easy to conjecture what would be the fate of 'the old bore.' I have already analysed the criticism of Voltaire, and shall now look at Nestor, as given to us by Pope. From beginning to end it is a mistake. Pope planned him in his mind as a highly respectable gouty member of the House of Lords, rising with due deliberation to move an address or amendment. Pope's own 'Coningsby harangues' would be a fit preface to the style of oratory and manners he has designed for Nestor. His first appearance in Pope is this:—

To calm their passions with the words of age,
Slow from his seat uprose the Pylian sage,
Experienced Nestor; in persuasion skilled,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled.
Two generations now had passed away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reigned,
And now the example of the third remained.
All viewed with awe the venerable man,
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
'What shame, what wo,' &c.

All the words intruded here give a false idea. What wisdom the rules of Nestor, or what happiness his sway afforded the Pylians,—his merits in being the example of the third age over which he reigned,—the awe with which the venerable

man was beheld, and the mild benevolence of his speech; for all this he is indebted to Pope. Homer merely tells us, that ‘among them sprang up the sweet-tongued Nestor, the eloquent [perhaps shrill-voiced] speaker of the Pylians, from whose lips dropped words sweeter than honey. Two generations of articulate-speaking men, with whom he had been born and reared in lovely Pylos, had passed away, and he was now ruling as a king over the third. He thus wisely harangued them and addressed.’

But the great blunder of the passage, because it is a blunder carried on throughout the whole character, is the translation of ἀνόρουσε—by ‘slow from his seat uprose the Pylian sage,’—a blunder the more inexcusable, because even the more ordinary commentators—Camerarius, for example—had especially noted the *impetus* of the old chief. *Up jumped*, says Homer—*Slow rose*, says Pope. ὦ πόποι! (which is perhaps, ‘Good God!’ but in all fair equivalence,—more like our own national exclamation) says Homer. ‘The venerable man with mild benevolence began,’ says Pope.

Pope is fond of addressing him by similar epithets. When he is first in the field to fight, we find him in the ‘*reverend* Nestor;’ in the original, Δ. 293, it is plainly Νέστωρ—‘Nestor thus his *reverend* figure reared,’ mere ἱππότα Νέστωρ, I. 52.

‘Nestor, the *sage* protector of the Greeks’—ποιμένα
λαῶν, κ. 73,—a phrase applied to every prince.
While charging Hector himself,

The *reverend* charioteer directs his course,
And strains his aged arms to lash the horse.

The reverend charioteer does no such thing:—

Νέστωρ δ' ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' ἡνία σιγαλόεντα
Μάστιξεν δ' ἵππους, τάχα δ' Ἑκτορος ἄγχι γέγοντο.

There is no straining in the case: he whipped the
horses, and they *speedily* came up to the best man
of the opposing army. When the lightning of
Jupiter drives them back, then, according to Pope,

Nestor's trembling hands confessed his fright.

Homer does not say so:

Νέστορα δ' ἐκ χείρων φυγεν ἡνία σιγαλόεντα.

There is no fright or trembling about him. He
gives advice to retreat, as the will of heaven has
declared against them; but consoles his companion
with the hope of better fortune on another occa-
sion, and ridicules him for apprehending disgrace
or taunt for yielding on the present. As usual in
Pope, Diomed addresses him with the clerical
epithet:—

O reverend prince, Tydides thus replies,

Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise;

which is a rather liberal expansion of

Παντὰ γερὸν, κατὰ μοίραν εἶπας.

He applies the title sometimes in a manner that is quite comic. When he is seated with Machaon over his *cyceion**,

The cordial beverage *reverend* Nestor shares ;

just as if he was Thomson's parson—'some doctor of tremendous paunch.' It would be in vain to seek his reverence in Homer. To make amends, I suppose, for the extra sanctity of character with which he has invested the old man, he makes him more cheery than the original when he is disturbed over his cups.

But not the genial feast nor flowing bowl
 Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul.
 His startled ears the increasing cries attend.

The Greek of all this is,—

Νέστορα δ' οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχὴ, πίνοντά περ ἔμπηγς. Ε. 1.

Pope has thrown in the genial feast, which was nothing more than honey, flour, and garlick. He ought not, however, to have described him as being startled,—for there is nothing to warrant the charge. Οὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχή signifies, by a common figure, Nestor attentively was listening to the battle all the time he was engaged in drinking. It never escaped his attention for a moment.

* For the making of this mixture, see Coray on Theophrastus. It must have been strange drinking, if we perfectly understand what was the nature of its ingredients.

If we are reminded that he is reverend over the bottle, our attention is called to his age on a still stranger occasion.

The draught prescribed fair Hecamede prepares,
 Arsinous' daughter, graced with golden hairs,
 Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
 Greece, as the price of Nestor's wisdom, gave.

A somewhat strange reward for *wisdom*. But why on such an occasion remind us—I am sure Hecamede would not like to be so reminded—that Nestor's arms were *aged*. Homer commits no such mistake: he says,

——— ἣν οἱ Ἀχαιοὶ
 ἐξέλεον——— Λ. 625.

‘whom the Greeks chose for him,’ because he excelled the other chiefs, not in abstract wisdom, but in βουλῇ—in council. The prizes were distributed according to the merits of the officers with regard to the war. The commander-in-chief claimed the lion's share. Achilles obtained his, because, as he tells us, his hands had carried forward the most laborious duties of the field. A prize was therefore due to Nestor, whose *head* was engaged in forwarding the general advantage as much as the *hands* of the warrior.

When he is taunting the Grecian chiefs with their lack of courage in meeting Hector, Pope thus introduces him :

He from whose lips *divine persuasion* flows,
Grave Nestor thus in *graceful act* arose.

The *divine persuasion* consists in his telling them that their laggard reluctance will spread sorrow and disgrace over all their country, and make Peleus in particular [father of the chief whose absence inspired Hector with the daring to challenge the rest of the Greeks, and, therefore, doubly grieved by the desertion of his son, and the dishonourable shrinking of his brother princes] pray for death. His *gravity* is displayed in an account of a fierce battle he had fought with a gigantic champion, wielding an army-crushing mace. That his *act of rising* was *graceful* we do not learn from Homer, and, from former circumstances, should rather conjecture it to be *brusque*. All that the Greek says is—

Νέστωρ δ' Ἀργείοισι ἀνίστατο καὶ μετέειπεν.

Pope borrowed the phrase, 'in graceful act arose,' from Milton, who applies it to the rising of the wily Belial; but Nestor had much more of the spirit of Moloch—so far, at least, as proclaiming 'his voice to be all for war.'

One couplet in the English poet well represents the original, and ought to have set Pope on the right scent—

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
 And daily mingle in the martial field.

Οὐδὲ τι φήμι

Μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηῦσι γέρων πέρ ἐὼν πολεμίστης.

He feebly translates Nestor's fierce cry to the soldiers in the sixth book—

Old Nestor saw, and roused the warriors' rage:
 'Thus, heroes, thus, the vigorous combat wage;
 No son of Mars descend for servile gains
 To touch the booty while a foe remains.
 Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil—
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.'

[Feeble, indeed, are the last lines, compared with the slaughter-breathing original—

Ἄλλ' ἄνδρας κτεινόμεν, ἔπειτα καὶ τα ἐκήλοι
 Νέκρους ἀμπέδιον συλήσετε τεθνηῶτας.

'On, boys! on! First let us kill them—then at your leisure, you may strip their dead bodies, stretched upon the field.' *Kill*, shouts Nestor—*gain the conquest*, quoth Pope. *Plunder the dead*, is the plain phrase of Homer—*reward the toil*, insinuates the same command in his translator. The fine change of persons in κτεινόμεν and συλήσετε is quite lost in the English. 'Let *us*—us altogether, princes and privates—fall on the enemy, and cut them down. That is the duty of all soldiers, no matter what may be their rank. Then *you*, my lads, may seize on the armour of the slain, according to the regular laws of war. With such an occupation I, Nestor, King of Pylos, cannot have

any thing to do. I shall join you in the charge, but my hands must not be engaged in the promiscuous pillage of the dead.']

Yet even in Pope's version of the passage, there is enough to mark the fire and energy of the man. Why, then, is he constantly, and without the slightest warrant from the original, called 'reverend,' 'venerable,' 'grave,' 'slow,' and so forth? Why should we have a general impression forced upon us, that he is nothing but a perpetual prater, ordinarily prosing, often not far from drivelling? He was, on the contrary, a fine, dashing, old fellow—trained from his youth to constant war, ready to recommend battle or foray, and as ready to join in it. Greece, when the art of criticism was let loose upon poetry, furnished no such character—there was no opportunity of his appearance amid the disciplined legionaries of Rome. In the days of *their* triumph, he was to be sought among Dacians and Thracians, Cimbri and Teutones, Germans and Gauls, and other irregular warriors. But to them Homer was unknown. When Rome fell, how could we expect that those who only understood his language, the wretched Byzantines, could understand his gallant characters? The crusaders, on the contrary, who had among themselves many an Achilles and Ajax, and many a Nestor and Ulysses, could have well understood the characters; but they had never

heard of the poems in which they were depicted. The same is true of their bold Mahometan opponents. When the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* came popularly among the nations of western Europe, diplomacy and politics had begun to exert their antiromantic influence ; and the Nestors confined themselves to church or cabinet, and wielded the pen, not the sword. Since scientific warfare has reduced the soldier first to an automaton and then to an atom*, and the plan of fighting *à la distance* has been the order of the day, chivalrous feelings may continue to actuate the military bosom, but the chivalrous characters of old are gone ; and among them, most hopelessly, the character of Nestor. Yet even in our time, if Pope himself were to revive and write a poem on the last war, he would think it somewhat ridiculous to talk of the reverend Blucher, or to dwell upon the divine persuasion flowing from the lips of Wellington, as, rising in graceful act, he cried, ‘Up, guards, and at them!’

My critique is not dictated by the idle desire of disparaging so great a poet as Pope, who must ever shine among the most illustrious ornaments of

* ‘If the old system attempted to reduce the soldier to a mere automaton, the new one reduced him to a mere atom ; for its only discoverable principle, the only principle from which it never deviated, was an utter disregard of human life and human suffering.’ MITCHELL, *Thoughts on Tactics*, &c., p. 4.

our literature. His translation of Homer is crowded with beauties of language and versification, and would be considered in every respect a most magnificent poem, *if we had not the original*. The misfortune is, that Pope formed his ideas of character from a system of society wide as the poles asunder from that in which Homer lived, and to which he referred his heroes. If we were to seek through the world's annals, we could not find a circle so remarkably artificial as that in which Pope delighted to dwell. A quenching of sentiment and generous feeling was there made a matter of boast. Sneering was the *littérateur* philosophy: correctness, the *littérateur* taste. According to such codes were the heroes of Homer judged; and Pope is not to be blamed for endeavouring to render them as presentable at the court of Louis Quatorze as he could. It was his ill luck that his politics gave him a dislike to Marlborough, because there was many a captain, 'when our army was in Flanders,' whose criticism might have mended the fine-gentlemanism of the bard of Twickenham. The well-known epigram tells us, that

After-ages will with wonder seek

Who first translated Homer into Greek.

Those after ages, when they arrive, will be considerably astonished at finding that the Greek translator has contrived to give us men consistent

throughout in their actions, in place of those who, in his English original, are perceived to be perpetually puzzling the reader between two classes of ideas; sometimes endeavouring to represent the manners of the earliest dawn of human society, sometimes working hard to soften, or, at least, to alter the impression, so as to suit its most refined, or, perhaps, rather its most rotten phase of existence.

A hundred years ago, *goût*—taste—was predominant; and we could not call a spade, a spade, in any of the high or honourable departments of literature. Those who, in such departments, figured off as most tasty, were, when they dabbled in its most infamous dark corners, plain and explicit enough. Homer, clear in his meanings, straightforward in his characters, honourable in all his sentiments, essentially anti-licentious in his language and the conduct of his poem, had no chance among the critics of the school of *esprit*. His defenders were not much better, for they excused him on the ground of the want of *politeness* of the age in which it was his misfortune to exist. Since that time we have had another school. We have found, that what chivalry inspired might be what the grammarians and men of *goût* rejected. *So we got back to Homer.* The *truly* classical and the *truly* romantic are one. The moss-trooping Nestor

reappears in the moss-trooping heroes of Percy's reliques, and those whom those reliques inspired.

An aged knight, to danger steeled,
With many a moss-trooper came on ;
And azure, in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower :
High over Borthwick's mountain flood
His wood-embosomed mansion stood ;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low,
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the *morning* fight :
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms
In youth might tame his rage for arms ;
And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
And still his brows the helmet press'd
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow ;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band ;—
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

This is from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Fine as it is, the original description of Wat of Harden waving his helmet over his lyart hair, in the contemporaneous ballad, is still more graphic ; and, there-

fore, without going into minute particulars, more Nestorian and Homeric.

My preface is already too long for a short ballad. I hope I have succeeded in suggesting a view of the character of old Nestor, somewhat different from what is usually entertained. I cannot conclude, however, without remarking, that a careful consideration of the tasks continuously assigned to Nestor and Ulysses throughout the *Iliad* will help to dispel the absurd idea that it could have been written by more hands than one.

THE RETURN OF THE CHIEFS FROM TROY.

ODYSSEY. BOOK III. 66-200.

[TELEMACHUS, accompanied by Minerva, in the appearance of Mentor, seeking intelligence of his father, arrives at Pylos. There they are hospitably entertained by Nestor, whom they find at a feast.]

ΔΑΙΝΥΝΤ' ἐρικυδέα δαῖτα.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο,

Τοῖς ἄρα μύθων ἦρχε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
 Νῦν δὴ κάλλιον ἐστὶ μεταλλῆσαι καὶ ἐρέσθαι
 Ξείνους οἵτινές εἰσιν, ἐπεὶ τάρπησαν ἐδωδῆς.

ὦ ξεῖνοι, τίνες ἐστέ⁽²⁾; πόθεν πλεῖθ' ὑγρά κέ-
 λευθα;

Ἢ τι κατὰ πρῆξιν ἢ μαψιδίως ἀλάλησθε,

“Οἶά τε ληϊστῆρες, ὑπεῖρ ἄλλα, τοίτ' ἀλόωνται
 Ψυχὰς παρθέμενοι, κακὸν ἄλλοδαποῖσι φέροντες;”

Τὸν δ' αὖ Τηλέμαχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἦῤα
 Θαρσήσας· αὐτὴ γὰρ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θάρσος Ἀθήνη
 Θῆχ'.

[THE tables were set where the salt-sea shore
Was washed by the flowing brine,]
And all the guests, when the feast was o'er,
Were filled with meat and wine.

2

Then the Knight⁽¹⁾ of Gerene said, 'Tis fit
That we should truly hear
Who are the guests that among us sit,
Since now they are full of cheer.

3

'Strangers, who are ye? whence, and why
Sail ye along the sea?
Do you your course as merchants ply,
Or as roving wanderers free?

4

'As pirates who over the waters spread,
On desperate venture boune,
Putting other men's lives in peril and dread,
All careless of their own?'

5

Then Telemachus answered the chieftain old,
With courage at his heart;
For Athené herself a bearing bold
Did to the youth impart,

ἵνα μιν περὶ πατρὸς ἀποιχομένοιο ἔροιτο·
 [Ἡδ' ἵνα μιν κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν
 ἔχῃσιν.]

“ὦ Νέστορ Νηληϊάδῃ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 Εἴρεαι ὀππόθεν εἰμέν· ἐγὼ δέ κέ τοι καταλέξω.

“Ἡμεῖς ἐξ Ἰθάκης Ὑπονηΐου εἰλήλουθμεν·
 Πρῆξις δ' ἡδ' ἰδίη, οὐ δῆμιος, ἦν ἀγορεύω.

“Πατρὸς ἐμοῦ κλέος εὐρὺ μετέρχομαι, ἦν που
 ἀκούσω,

Δίου Ὀδυσσῆος ταλασίφρονος, ὃν ποτέ φασιν
 Σὺν σοὶ μαρνάμενον Τρώων πόλιν ἐξαλαπάξαι.

“Ἄλλους μὲν γὰρ πάντας, ὅσοι Τρωσὶν πολέ-
 μιζον,

Πευθόμεθ', ἦχι ἕκαστος ἀπώλετο λυγρῷ ὀλέθρῳ·
 Κείνου δ' αὖ καὶ ὄλεθρον ἀπευθέα θῆκε Κρονίων.

6

That he might ask for his absent sire,
And win for himself high fame :
'King Nestor,' said he, 'as thou dost inquire,
Great pride of th' Achæan name,
Our business and course, at thy desire,
I tell thee whence we came.

7

'From Ithaca's land we hither steer,
All under Neion's head ;
No public care has brought us here,
But private feeling led.

8

'My father I seek, if his wide renown,
I may find as I take my way ;
Odysseus the bold, to thee well known,
Thy partner in war, till Ilion town
Before ye in ruin lay.

9

'The fate of every chief beside
Who fought at Troy is known ;
It is the will of Jove to hide
His untold death alone.

“Οὐ γάρ τις δύναται σάφα εἰπέμεν, ὅππόθ’
ὄλωλεν·

Εἴθ’ ὅγ’ ἐπ’ ἠπείρου δάμη ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν,
Εἴτε καὶ ἐν πελάγει μετὰ κύμασιν Ἀμφιτρίτης.

“Τοῦνεκα νῦν τὰ σὰ γούναθ’ ἱκάνομαι, αἶ κ’
ἐθέλησθα

Κείνου λυγρὸν ὄλεθρον ἐνισπεῖν, εἴ που ὅπωπας
Ὀφθαλμοῖσι τεοῖσιν, ἢ ἄλλου μῦθον ἄκουσας
Πλαζομένον· πέρι γάρ μιν οἷζυρὸν τέκε μήτηρ.

“Μηδέ τί μ’ αἰδόμενος μειλίσσεο μηδ’ ἐλεαίρων,
Ἄλλ’ εὖ μοι κατάλεξον ὅπως ἦντησας ὀπωπῆς.

“Λίσσομαι, εἴποτέ τοί τι πατήρ ἐμὸς, ἐσθλὸς
Ὀδυσσεὺς,

Ἡ ἔπος ἥέ τι ἔργον ὑποστάς ἐξετέλεσεν

10

‘And how he fell can no man tell;
We know not was he slain
In fight on land by hostile hand,
Or plunged beneath the main.

11

‘And here I pray thee, at thy knee,
To tell my sire’s sad fate;
What thou hast seen, or else to thee
Did wayfarers’ tongues relate:
Because for sorrow marked was he,
Even from his birth-hour’s date.

12

‘No pitying word, no tale to soothe,
From thee do I require;
I only pray thee tell me truth,
If thou hast seen my sire.

13

‘I pray thee by his words well said,
His deeds right bravely done;
By many a gallant promise made,
And broken never a one.

Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων, ὅθι πάσχετε πῆματ' Ἀχαιοί·
Τῶν νῦν μοι μνήσαι, καί μοι νημερτές ἐνίσπε·”

Τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ·
“ὦ φίλ'· ἐπεὶ μ' ἔμνησας οἷζύος, ἣν ἐν ἐκείνῳ
Δήμῳ ἀνέτλημεν μένος ἄσχετοι νῆες Ἀχαιῶν,

ἥ μὲν ὅσα ζὺν νηυσὶν ἐπ' ἡεροειδέα πόντον
Πλαζόμενοι κατὰ ληϊδ', ὅπῃ ἄρξειεν Ἀχιλλεύς,

ἥ δ' ὅσα καὶ περὶ ἄστυ μέγα Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος
Μαρνάμεθ'· ἐνθα δ' ἔπειτα κατέκταθεν ὅσοι
ἄριστοι·

Ἐνθα μὲν Αἴας κεῖται ἀρήϊος, ἐνθα δ' Ἀχιλλεύς,

Ἐνθα δὲ Πάτροκλος, θεόφιν μῆστωρ ἀτά-
λαντος·

Ἐνθα δ' ἐμὸς φίλος υἱὸς, ἅμα κρατερός καὶ
ἀμύμων,

Ἀντίλοχος,

14

‘Be the woes and toils which he and thou,
And all the host went through
In Troy’s long war, remembered now,
And tell me the story true.’

15

Answered Gerene’s knight: ‘Why call
My memory back again
To griefs, there destined to befall
Achæa’s tameless men?’

16

‘Whether their course o’er the dark blue sea
Our wandering vessels sped,
Scouring the coast for spoil and prey
Where’er Achilles led;

17

‘Or fighting around king Priam’s hold,
Proud Ilion’s turrets high;
Brave Aias there in death lies cold,
There does Achilles lie;

18

‘There has Patroclus found his grave,
In council sager none;
There lies the blameless and the brave,
Antilochus, my son.

πέρι μὲν θείειν ταχὺς ἡδὲ μαχητής—
 Ἄλλα τε πόλλ' ἐπὶ τοῖς πάθομεν κακά· τίς κεν
 ἐκεῖνα

Πάντα γε μυθήσαιο καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων;

Οὐδ' εἰ πεντάετές γε καὶ ἐξάετες παραμίνων
 Ἐξερέοις ὅσα κεῖθι πάθον κακὰ δῖοι Ἀχαιοί·

Πρὶν κεν ἀνηθείς σὴν πατρίδα γαῖαν ἴκοιο.
 Εἰνάετες γάρ σφιν κακὰ ῥάπτομεν ἀμφιέποντες
 Παντοίοισι δόλοισι·

μόγισ δ' ἐτέλεσσε Κρονίων.
 Ἐνθ' οὔτις ποτὲ μῆτιν ὁμοιωθήμεναι ἄντην
 Ἦθελ', ἐπεὶ μάλα πολλὸν ἐνίκα δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
 Παντοίοισι δόλοισι, πατὴρ τεός·

εἰ ἐτέον γε
 Κείνου ἔκγονός ἐσσι· σέβας μ' ἔχει εἰσορόωντα.
 Ἦτοι γὰρ μῦθοί γε εὐοκότες,

19

‘My swift of foot, my bold of fight,
My dear, dear boy, lies low;
But living wight can ne’er recite
Our endless tale of wo.

20

‘Wert thou here to abide, for a twelvemonth’s tide
Told five or six times o’er,
Question on question might still be tried
Of the ills the Achæans bore,

21

‘Ere home thou wouldst sail, fatigued with the tale
Of our nine years’ constant toil
While we wrought for our foemen grief and bale,
With many a varied wile.

22

‘Till the weary siege, by Jove’s high will,
Was brought to an end at last:
In warrior craft and wily skill
No chief thy sire surpassed.

23

‘If great Odysseus be thy sire—
And as on thee I gaze
Wondering, the likeness I admire
Thy speech to his betrays.

οὐδέ κε φαίης

Ἄνδρα νεώτερον ὧδε εἰκότα μυθήσασθαι.

Ἐνθ' ἥτοι εἴως μὲν ἐγὼ καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
Οὔτε ποτ' εἰν ἀγορῇ δίχ' ἐβάζομεν οὔτ' ἐνὶ
βουλῇ,

Ἄλλ' ἓνα θυμὸν ἔχοντε, νόῳ καὶ ἐπίφρονι
βουλῇ
Φραζόμεθ', Ἀργείοισιν ὅπως ὅχ' ἄριστα γένοιτο.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Πριάμοιο πόλιν διεπέραμεν αἰπὴν,
Βῆμεν δ' ἐν νήεσσι, θεὸς δ' ἐκέδασσεν Ἀχαιούς·

Καὶ τότε δὴ Ζεὺς λυγρὸν ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μήδετο
νόστον

Ἀργείοις· ἐπεὶ οὔτι νοήμονες οὐδέ δίκαιοι
Πάντες ἔσαν·

24

‘Thou must be his. How else suppose
That ever man so young,
Could speak in accents like to those
Of wise Odysseus’ tongue?

25

‘And he and I, in friendship bound,
Often in council sate;
Oft, ’mid the Greeks assembled round,
We mingled in debate:

26

‘We never differed, felt no jar,
Our counsels still were one,
Planning what should throughout the war
Be best for the Argives done.

27

‘But when o’erthrown was Priam’s town,
And we sought the ships again,
Then the Achæan host, into discord thrown,
Were scattered upon the main.

28

‘Their home-return had Jove designed
To fill with sorrow sad,
To punish the men of reckless mind,
And of feelings base and bad.

τῷ σφρων πολέες κακὸν οἶτον ἐπέσπον,
 Μήνιος ἐξ ὀλοῆς Γλαυκώπιδος ὀβριμοπάτρης,
 ἥτ' ἔριν Ἀτρεΐδῃσι μετ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἔθηκεν.

Τὼ δὲ καλεσσεμένῳ ἀγορὴν ἐς πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς,
 Μᾶψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον, ἐς ἥελιον κατα-
 δύντα—

Οἱ δ' ἦλθον οἶνῳ βεβαρηότες νῆες Ἀχαιῶν—
 Μῦθον μυθείσθην, τοῦ εἵνεκα λαὸν ἄγειραν.

Ἐνθ' ἦτοι Μενέλαος ἀνώγει πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς
 Νόστου μιμνήσκεσθαι ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης·
 Οὐδ' Ἀγαμέμνονι πάμπαν ἐήνδανε· βούλετο
 γάρ ῥα
 Λαὸν ἐρυκακέειν,

ρέξαι θ' ἱερὰς ἐκατόμβας,
 ὥς τὸν Ἀθηναίης δεινὸν χόλον ἐξακέσαιτο·

29

‘Through high-born Pallas’ deadly ire
Many an ill death died;
For, ’twixt the Atridæ of quarrel dire
She had the source supplied.

30

‘They assembled the host of the Argives all,
And a rash hour they set;
As the shades of night began to fall,
The unruly soldiers met.

31

‘For heavily laden they came with wine,
And by both chiefs were told,
In several speech, with what design
Did they that meeting hold.

32

‘And Sparta’s king wished across the seas
They should straight return again;
But this counsel did not his brother please,
Who would the host detain,

33

‘Till they had made the offering due
Of sacred hecatomb;
By sacrifice hoping to subdue
Athene’s wrathful gloom.

Νήπιος, οὐδὲ τὸ ἤδη, ὃ οὐ πείσεσθαι ἔμελλεν.
 Οὐ γάρ τ' αἶψα θεῶν τρέπεται νόος αἰὲν ἐόντων.

Ὡς τὼ μὲν χαλεποῖσιν ἀμειβομένω ἐπέεσσιν
 Ἔστασαν· οἱ δ' ἀνόρουσαν εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοὶ
 Ἥχῃ θεσπεσίῃ·

δίχα δέ σφισιν ἦνδανε βουλή.
 Νύκτα μὲν ἀέσαμεν, χαλεπὰ φρεσὶν ὀρμαίνοντες
 Ἀλλήλοισ· ἐπὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ἦρτυε πῆμα κακοῖο.

Ἦῶθεν δ' οἱ μὲν νέας ἔλκομεν εἰς ἄλα διαν,
 Κτήματά τ' ἐντιθέμεσθα, βαθυζώνους τε γυ-
 ναῖκας.

34

‘Fool! that his vows were thrown away
Unthanked—he should have known;
For the heart of the gods who live for aye
Is not to changing prone.

35

‘Fierce were the angry words they spoke,
These jarring brothers proud;
And the Achæans up from the meeting broke
Rising in clamour loud.

36

‘And as seemed best in each man’s sight,
Each different side he sought;
And we lay down to rest that night
With bitter and hostile thought;
For Jove had willed that foul despite
Should be to the Danaans wrought.

37

‘And we launched our ships when the morning
came,
With our well won treasure stored;
And many a fair, deep-girdled dame
We took with us on board.

Ἡμίσεες δ' ἄρα λαοὶ ἐρητύοντο μένοντες
 Αὔθι παρ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν·
 Ἡμίσεες δ' ἀναβάντες ἐλαύνομεν· αἱ δὲ μάλ' ὦκα
 Ἔπλεον· ἐστόρεσεν δὲ θεὸς μεγακήτεα πόντον.

Ἐς Τένεδον δ' ἐλθόντες ἐρέζαμεν ἱρὰ θεοῖσιν,
 Οἴκαδε ἰέμενοι·

Ζεὺς δ' οὐπὼ μήδετο νόστον·
 Σχέτλιος, ὅς ῥ' ἔριν ὤρσε κακὴν ἔτι δεύτερον
 αὐτῖς.

Οἱ μὲν ἀποστρέψαντες ἔβαν νέας ἀμφιελίσσας
 Ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆα ἄνακτα δαΐφρονα, ποικιλομήτην,
 Αὐτῖς ἐπ' Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦρα φέροντες.

38

‘And half of the men desired to stay,
As Agamemnon bade;
The other half we sailed away,
And a rapid voyage we made.
A god the vasty sea-deep spray
Smooth as a plain had laid.

39

‘When we had come to Tenedos’ isle,
We made our offerings there,—
Hoping, now danger passed and toil,
We soon should homeward bear.

40

‘But Jove was sternly minded still
To lengthen out our woes;
And by his will of strife the ill
Again among us rose.

41

‘For some retraced again the seas,
Plying back the labouring oar,
Thinking their ancient chief to please
Whom they left on the Ilian shore;
And, led by king Odysseus, these
Sought the coast of Troy once more.

Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ σὺν νηυσὶν ἀολλέσιν, αἳ μοι ἔποντο,
 Φεῦγον, ἐπεὶ γίγνωσκον ὃ δὴ κακὰ μήδετο
 δαίμων.

Φεῦγε δὲ Τυδέος υἱὸς Ἀρήϊος, ὥρσε δ' ἑταίρους·

Ὅψ' ἐ δὲ δὴ μετὰ νῶϊ κίε ξανθὸς Μενέλαος,
 Ἐν Λέσβῳ δ' ἔκιχεν δολιχὸν πλόον ὀρμαίνοντας·

*Ἡ καθύπερθε Χίοιο νεοίμεθα παιπαλοέσσης,
 Νήσου ἐπὶ Ψυρίης, αὐτὴν ἐπ' ἀριστέρ' ἔχοντες,

*Ἡ ὑπένερθε Χίοιο, παρ' ἠνεμόεντα Μίμαντα.
 Ἡτέομεν δὲ θεὸν φῆναι τέρας·

42

‘But when I saw the evils dread
Some angry power had planned,
With the crowded galleys I there had led
Beneath mine own command,
Away I fled—away with me fled
Bold Diomed and his band.

43

‘By Menelaus, at evening tide,
We were in Lesbos joined;
While pondering how, through the waters wide,
We best our path might find.

44

‘Whether we should over Chios hold
Our course, and toward Psyria go,
Leaving Chios and all its headlands bold
Under our larboard bow;

45

‘Or under Chios, where Mimas’ head
Is swept by many a gale.
To the gods for a guiding sign we prayed
To point our course to sail.

αὐτὰρ ὄγ' ἡμῖν

Δεῖξε, καὶ ἠνώγει πέλαγος μέσον εἰς Εὐβοίαν
Τέμνειν, ὅφρα τάχιστα ὑπὲκ κακότητα φύγοιμεν.

ὦρτο δ' ἐπὶ λιγυῆς οὖρος ἀήμεναι· αἱ δὲ μάλ'
ῶκα

Ἰχθυόεντα κέλευθα διέδραμον·

ἐς δὲ Γεραιστὸν

Ἐννύχαια κατάγοντο· Ποσειδάωνι δὲ ταύρων
Πόλλ' ἐπὶ μῆρ' ἔθεμεν,

πέλαγος μέγα μετρήσαντες.

Τέτρατον ἡμαρ ἔην, ὅτ' ἐν Ἀργεῖ νῆας εἵσας
Τυδεΐδew ἔταροι Διομήδεος ἱπποδάμοιο
Ἔστασαν·

46

‘They gave the sign, and bade us steer
Right over the sea across,
Making Eubœa in full career,
So shunning wreck and loss.

47

‘Shrill did the wind begin to blow,
As through the fishy deep,
Cleft by our vessel’s rapid prow
Onward our way we keep.

48

‘Geræstus’ haven by night we made,
And the thigh of many a bull
We there on Posidon’s altar laid,
Of grateful reverence full.

49

‘Grateful that we a track so vast
Safe crossed of the ocean blue;
And ere the fourth day was gone and passed
Came Argos’ towers in view,
And Diomed’s men his ships at last
Into his harbour drew.

αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε Πύλονδ' ἔχον· οὐδέ ποτ' ἔσβη
Οὔρος, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα θεὸς προέηκεν ἀῆναι.

Ὡς ἦλθον, φίλε τέκνον, ἀπενθής· οὐδέ τι οἶδα,
Κείνων οἳ τ' ἐσάωθεν Ἀχαιῶν οἳ τ' ἀπόλοντο.

Ὅσσα δ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθήμενος ἡμετέροισιν
Πεύθομαι, ἥ θέμις ἐστὶ, δαήσεται οὐδέ σε κεύσω.

Εὐ μὲν Μυρμιδόνας φασ' ἐλθέμεν ἐγχεσιμῶρους,
Οὓς ἄγ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαθύμου φαίδιμος υἱός·

50

‘I held on to Pylos, mine own abode,
And never flagged the gale
From the hour that it was the will of the God
That it should fill my sail.

51

‘So came I hither knowing naught,
Which of the Achæan host
Were back, my son, in safety brought,
And which of them were lost.

52

‘But what, since I have dwelt at home,
Hath chanced to reach my ear,
Of all my old companions’ doom,
’Tis fit that thou shouldst hear.

53

‘Well did the spear-famed Myrmidon
Homeward return, ’tis said,
Beneath Achilles’ glorious son,
Back to his country led.

Εὐ δὲ Φιλοκτήτην. Ποιάντιον ἀγλαὸν υἱόν·
 Πάντας δ' Ἰδομενεὺς Κρήτην εἰσήγαγ' ἐταίρους,
 Οἱ φύγον ἐκ πολέμου, πόντος δέ οἱ οὔτιν'
 ἀπηύρα.

Ἀτρεΐδην δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ ἀκούετε νόσφιν ἑόντες,
 Ὡς τ' ἦλθ' ὥς τ' Αἴγισθος ἐμήσατο λυγρὸν
 ὄλεθρον.

Ἀλλ' ἦτοι κείνος μὲν ἐπισμυγερώς ἀπέτισεν.

Ὡς ἀγαθὸν καὶ παῖδα καταφθιμένοιο λιπέσθαι
 Ἄνδρός· ἐπεὶ καὶ κείνος ἐτίσατο πατροφονῆα,
 Αἴγισθον δολόμητιν, ὅς οἱ πατέρα κλυτὸν ἔκτα.

Καὶ σὺ, φίλος—μάλα γάρ σ' ὀρώω καλὸν τε
 μέγαν τε—

Ἄλκιμος ἔσς', ἵνα τίς σε καὶ ὀψιγόνων εὖ εἴπῃ."

54

‘Well, also, Pœas’ ancient seat
 “ Did Philoctetes gain;
Well did Idomeneus, of Crete,
 Bring back of his warrior train
Those who chanced not death in fight to meet:
 None perished on the main.

55

‘Though far off ye may dwell, ye have heard men tell,
 How, by a hapless doom,
King Agamemnon murdered fell,
 On his returning home;
But upon false Ægisthus well
 Did fierce avenging come.

56

‘For a slaughtered man it is always good
 A son to leave behind,
As he this traitor, in the blood
Of his noble father all imbued,
 Has to cruel death consigned.

57

‘So thou, my son, whom I behold
 A handsome youth, and strong,
Give, in thy bearing brave and bold,
 Matter for future song.’

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 93.

Then the Knight of Gerene said, "Tis fit

I KNOW that this is not the etymological translation of *ἱππότα*—but, under the circumstances of its being always applied to the perpetually horse-managing Nestor, I think I may take the word of *chivalry*.

NOTE (2). p. 92.

ᾠ ξεῖνοι, τίνες ἐστέ; πόθεν πλεῖθ' ὑγρὰ κέλευθα;

Now, *gentle guests*, the genial banquet o'er.—POPE.

IV.

THE CLOAK.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XIV. 462-533.

[THERE has been some difference of opinion as to the meaning of the epithet πολύτροπον, applied to Ulysses in the first line of the *Odyssey*; but I think, that those who consider his character as it is drawn in the poem, without referring to any other standard of morals than that proposed by Homer himself, cannot doubt that it is intended to signify ‘abounding in tricks or wiles.’ The Latin *versutus** is by no means an equivalent, and

* Horace, it would appear, could not find a word for it; for he sinks it in his translation:—

Dic mihi, musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

Which is as bald and inadequate a version as can be well conceived. Horace, properly enough, left out πολύτροπος, when he confined the observation of Ulysses to merely seeing the customs and cities of the various nations through which he passed. Any man, or, as Savage Landor says, any dog, could have done the same. Καὶ νόον ἔγνω gives a very different idea. In the eighth book, Alcinous distinctly asks him, not merely for a description of the regions in

I do not know any one English word which would give its full meaning. 'Tricksy,' or 'scheming,' convey ideas of low deceit, which dishonours those who practise it. Homer, on the contrary, intended his epithet as a compliment. He intended it to describe a man of great mental sagacity and endless resources, determined to obtain his purpose by whatever means he

which his travels had lain, but for a critical account of their manners.

Ἄλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπὲ, καὶ ἀτρεκέως κατάλεξον,
 Ὅππῃ ἀπεπλάγχθης τε, καὶ ἄστινας ἴκεο χώρας
 Ἀνθρώπων· αὐτοὺς τε πόλεις τ' εὖ ναιεταώσας·
 *Ἡ μὲν ὅσοι χαλεποὶ τε καὶ ἄγριοι, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι·
 Οἳ τε φιλόξεينوι, καὶ σφὶν νόος ἐστὶ θεουδής.

Thus rendered by Pope :

But say, through what waste regions hast thou strayed?
 What customs noted, and what coasts surveyed?
 Possessed by wild barbarians, fierce in arms,
 Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?

It is odd enough that he chooses to translate πολεῖς—εὖ ναιεταώσας, well-inhabited cities, by 'waste regions.' The second line is nearly a repetition of his translation of καὶ νόον ἔγνω in the exordium :

Wandering from clime to clime, observant strayed,
 Their manners noted, and their states surveyed.

And this certainly gives the idea of *observation*, which Horace has omitted. In the last distich, barbarians, taken in its modern sense, represents the χαλεποὶ καὶ ἄγριοι of the original fairly enough ; but there is nothing about their being 'fierce in arms.' Homer, as Thucydides has remarked, does not call foreign nations barbarians, as the Greeks of more modern times did. He calls the Carians (*Il. B.* 867), indeed, βαρβαροφῶνοι, and particularly notices the girlish appearance and unseasonable dandyism of their king,

Who, tricked with gold, and glittering on his car,
 Rode like a woman to the field of war.

could use, perfectly regardless whether it was or was not necessary to employ fraud and falsehood. In the *Iliad*, where Ulysses is a distinguished general in a large army, little necessity exists for the employment of such talents in any other manner than in the ordinary stratagems of war; but, even there, he kills Dolon most unscrupulously, after having obtained all his information, under an at least implied promise of quarter. In the *Odyssey*, where he is thrown altogether on his own resources, his *polytropic* powers are brought into full play; and a more mendacious hero never figured in a great poem. He is the Scapin of epic poetry. He cannot achieve any thing without telling a lie; and, so far from this being considered a blemish, it is accounted as an honour. On landing in Ithaca, the first person he meets is Minerva, in the appearance of a handsome young shepherd, ‘such as are the sons of kings;’ and he immediately proceeds, after learning where he is, to give her a false account of himself.

Οὐδ’ ὅγ’ ἀληθεία εἶπε, πάλιν δ’ ὅγε λάξετο μῦθον,
Αἰεὶ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι νόον πολυκερδέα νωμῶν.

With unembarrass’d readiness return’d
Not truths, but figments to truth opposite;
For guile, in him, stood never at a pause.

COWPER.

Minerva listens with patience while he tells her that he had fled from Crete in consequence of having killed Orsilochus, one of the sons of Idomeneus, which he describes in all the exactness of ‘a lie with circum-

stances.' She is infinitely delighted at this display of cleverness, instantly reveals herself, smiles graciously, pats him with her hand, and says—

Κερδαλέος κ' εἴη καὶ ἐπὶ κλοπος, ὅς σε παρέλθοι
'Εν πάντεσσι δόλοισι, καὶ εἰ θεὸς ἀντιάσειε.
Σχέτλιε, ποικιλομήτα, δόλων ἄτ', οὐκ ἄρ' ἔμελλες,
Οὐδ' ἐν σῇ περ ἐὼν γαίῃ, λήξειν ἀπατάων,
Μύθων τε κλοπίων, οἳ τοι πεδόθεν φίλοι εἰσίν;

Who passes thee in artifice well-framed,
And in imposture various, need shall find
Of all his policy, although a god.
Canst thou not cease, inventive as thou art
And subtle, from the wiles which thou hast loved
Since thou wast infant, and from tricks of speech
Delusive, even in thy native land?

COWPER.

[Σχέτλιε, in this passage, is not *infauste*, as it is usually rendered, but *indefatigabilis*; as where Diomed addresses Nestor, when he is awaked by the old man going round the camp at midnight, Σχέτλιος ἐσσι γεραιε.* Cowper, in the above-quoted translation, seems

* I cannot agree with Ernesti on this passage: 'Σχέτλιος ἐσσι, *nimum arduus es*. Vim hujus vocis, non assecutæ sunt versiones. *Clark*. Quare autem arduus? σχέτλιος est *ærumnosus, exercitus*, qui se nimis fatigat atque exercet laboribus. *Ern.*' A careful comparison of the passages in which the word occurs in Homer will shew that it is *qui fatigari nequit*—one that cannot be wearied out. In Johnson's lines on Charles XII. we have an unconscious paraphrase of the word—

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire—
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.

to have omitted it altogether.] She adds that it is no use for him to waste his abilities on the present occasion, as she is as 'wide awake' as himself. The following lines of flowing hexameter might be compressed into the less dignified phraseology of 'I'm Yorkshire too.'

Ἄλλ' ἄγε μηκέτι ταῦτα λεγώμεθα, εἰδότες ἄμφω
 Κέρδε' ἐπεὶ σὺ μὲν ἐσσί βροτῶν ὄχ' ἄριστος ἀπάντων
 Βουλῇ καὶ μύθοισιν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐν πάσι θεοῖσι
 Μήτι τε κλέομαι καὶ κέρδεσιν· οὐδὲ σὺ γ' ἔγνωσ
 Παλλάδ' Ἀθηναίην, κούρην Διὸς, ἥτε τοι αἰεὶ
 Ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίσταμαι, ἠδὲ φυλάσσω;

But, come, dismiss we these ingenious shifts
 From our discourse, in which we both excel;
 For thou of all men in expedients most
 Abound'st and eloquence, and I throughout
 All heav'n have praise for wisdom and for art.
 And know'st thou not thine Athenæan aid,
 Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils
 Assist thee and defend?

COWPER.

The favourite hero and the favourite goddess are here set up as models of deceit. It is quite characteristic to find Ulysses hard to be convinced that she is not humbugging (for that is the only word to express it), when she tells him that he is in Ithaca, and Minerva by no means offended at such a suspicion. As he commenced with a lying story to the goddess, so he proceeds improvising romances to every one he meets, varying the circumstances according to the persons he addresses.

He always describes* himself as a Cretan, Crete being the land of liars. ‘One of themselves,’ says St Paul to Titus, i. 12, ‘even a prophet (a poet) of their own, said, The Cretians are alway liars, evil beasts, slow bellies.’ Κρήτες ἀεὶ ψεύσται, κ. τ. λ. In the passage of which I subjoin a translation, Ulysses merely wants a cloak to cover himself in a wet night, and even for that purpose he has recourse to a lie. By the prompt compliance of Eumæus with his request, it is evident that the swineherd would have given the cloak for the mere asking; but it never would do, unless obtained by a stratagem of some sort. Lady Mary Wortley Montague (I believe) used to say of Pope [a great Homeric translator], that if he wanted a fire-screen, he would use diplomacy to get it; and here Ulysses [a great Homeric hero] sets at work for the obtaining of a cloak the same resources as he had employed to win the ‘topless towers of Ilion.’ The minute touches thrown into his story—the precise description of the marshes where they lay, under the city wall, in a thick brake—the *north* wind—the exact hour when he felt

* As here to Minerva, N. 256—to Eumæus, in Ξ . 199 :—

Ἐκ μὲν Κρητῶν γένος εὖχομαι εὐρείων,
Ἀνέρος ἀφνειοῦ παῖς.

Know, then, I came
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame.

(which Eumæus repeats to Telemachus, II. 63)—and in T. 172, to Penelope.

the cold, &c., give the circumstantial lie a strong air of *vraisemblance* worthy of Defoe himself. The lapse of seven or eight and twenty centuries has not altered this feature in the Greek character; their favourite chiefs are still πολύτροποι. Their leading heroes are *Klephts: Hellenice, κλεπταὶ—thieves*. The leading hero of the *Odyssey* is ἐπίκλοπος, *thievishly disposed*. Well might M. Roque exclaim that the modern Athenians are the same *canaille* as their ancestors in the days of Themistocles*. Our English, or slang use of the word Greek, in the sense of cheat or blackleg, is remotely derived from the stratagems of Ulysses.

As this incident of the cloak is a story of soldier trickery, I have ventured to attempt it in a jocular ballad measure, which will be familiar to the readers of our old poetry, being, with a slight difference, that in which the adventure of Duke Philip of Burgundy and the drunken cobbler (the original of Sir Christopher Sly in the induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*) is told in *Percy's Reliques*, and other collections:

Now, as fame doth report, a young duke keeps his court,
and tickles his fancy with frolicksome sport, &c. †]

* *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

† It is a difficult question to say what is the best metre in which the Greek hexameter should be rendered into English. In Bentley's own slashing style, he tells us: 'Nam ut Latini omnia metrorum genera de Græcis acceperunt; ita nostrates sua de Latinis. Quo magis est dolendum, atque indignandum jam a literis renatis pueros ingenuos ad dactylica, quod genus patria lingua non recipit, edis-

cenda, ferulâ scuticâque cogi,' &c. He then proceeds to shew that the comic metres can be all adequately represented in English—that they are, in fact, the metres 'quæ domi et in triviis inscientes ipsi [pueri] cantitant.' Among them that 'quod in epicis et heroicis jam diu apud nostrates regnum obtinet, ab iambico veterum senario profluxit; necessitate linguæ nostræ, quæ tota monosyllabis scatens cæsuram senarii raro admittet quinari factus :

Though dee'p, yet clea'r | though ge'ntle, yet not du'll.

Without entering into the general question of the derivation of our metres, it is tolerably clear, as Bentley says, that the dactylic hexameter is not suitable to our language, and that what we have chosen as our heroic metre is not a representative of the heroic metre of Greece and Rome, but a truncated trimeter iambic. The anapæstic is, therefore, not a more *alien* measure than that of Pope or Sotheby. And, in fact, it comes somewhat closer, if we scan with the older grammarians, by isolating as it were the first syllable, and then proceeding by anapæsts to the end—as,

Qua'd—rupeda'n—te putré'm—sonitu'—quatit u'n—gula ca'mp—um.

Removing the first and last syllables, and taking away an anapæst, we find our ordinary anapæstic metre—

—rupead'n—te putré'm—sonitu'—quatit u'n—

is the same as,

And the cla'ns—at Cullo'—den are sca't—ter'd in fi'ght.

The hexameter has, therefore, somewhat the same analogy to our anapæstic metre as Bentley has pointed out to exist between our heroic and the Senarian iambic. But it is of no consequence. I do not think my anapæsts were liked, and therefore give them up. I hope my present attempt will find more favour.

THE CLOAK.

ΚΕΚΛΥΘΙ νῦν, Εὖμαιε καὶ ἄλλοι πάντες
ἑταῖροι,

Εὐζάμενος τι ἔπος ἐρέω· οἶνος γὰρ ἀνώγει
Ἥλεος, ὅστ' ἐφέηκε πολύφρονά περ μάλ' ἀεῖσαι
Καί θ' ἀπαλὸν γελάσαι καὶ τ' ὀρχήσασθαι ἀνῆκεν
Καί τι ἔπος προέηκεν ὅπερ τ' ἄρρῆτον ἄμεινον.

Ἄλλ' ἐπεὶ οὖν τὸ πρῶτον ἀνέκραγον, οὐκ ἐπι-
κεύσω.

Εἴθ' ὥς ἡβώοιμι βίη τέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη,
Ὡς ὅθ' ὑπὸ Τροίην λόχον ἤγομεν ἀρτύναντες·
Ἥγείσθην δ' Ὀδυσσεύς τε καὶ Ἀτρεΐδης Μενέλαος,

Τοῖσι δ' ἅμα τρίτος ἦρχον ἐγών· αὐτοὶ γὰρ
ἄνωγον.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἰκόμεσθα ποτὶ πτόλιν αἰπύ τε
τείχος,

Ἡμεῖς μὲν περὶ ἄστνυ κατὰ ῥωπήϊα πυκνὰ
Ἄν δόνακας καὶ ἔλος ὑπὸ τεύχεσι πεπτηῶτες
Κείμεθα. νύξ δ' ἄρ' ἐπῆλθε κακὴ Βορέας πεσόντος,
Πηγυλὶς· αὐτὰρ ὑπερθε χιῶν γένετ' ἡὔτε πάχνη,
υχρὴ,

NOW, Eumæus, give ear, and my other friends
near; a tale somewhat vaunting I pray you
to hear:

For you know heady wine will the sagest incline,
like a fool out of season, in singing to join;
Or unwisely to laugh, or to skip in a dance, and
to say what were best left unspoken per-
chance⁽¹⁾.

2

But now 'tis too late, since to talk is my fate, for
my tongue to keep back what it means to
relate.

Oh! were I as young, and as fresh, and as strong,
as when, under Troy, brother soldiers among,
In ambush as captains were chosen to lie,
Odysseus, and king Menelaus, and I.

3

They called me as third, and I came at the word,
and reached the high walls that the citadel
gird,

Where under the town, we in armour lay down by
a brake in the marshes with weeds overgrown;
The night came on sharp, bleak the north wind did
blow,

And frostily cold fell a thick shower of snow.

καὶ σακέεσσι περιτρέφετο κρύσταλλος.
 Ἐνθ' ἄλλοι πάντες χλαίνας ἔχον ἠδὲ χιτῶνας,
 Εὐδον δ' εὐκηλοι, σάκεσιν εἰλυμένοι ὦμους·
 Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ χλαῖναν μὲν ἰὼν ἐτάροισιν ἔλειπον
 Ἀφραδέως, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐφάμην ῥιγωσέμεν ἔμπης·

Ἄλλ' ἐπόμεν σάκος οἶον ἔχων καὶ ζῶμα φαεινόν.
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ τρίχα νυκτὸς ἔην, μετὰ δ' ἄστρα
 βεβήκει,

Καὶ τότε ἐγὼν Ὀδυσῆα προσηύδων ἐγγυὲς εὐόντα,
 Ἀγκῶνι νύξας· ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐμπαπέως ὑπάκουσεν·
 “Διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεύ,
 Οὔτοι ἔτι ζωοῖσι μετέσσομαι,

ἀλλά με χεῖμα
 Δάμναται· οὐ γὰρ ἔχω χλαῖναν· παρά μ' ἦπαφε
 δαίμων

Οἰοχίτων' ἵμεναι· νῦν δ' οὐκέτι φυκτὰ πέλονται.”
 Ὡς ἐφάμην· ὁ δ' ἔπειτα νόον σχέθε τόνδ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
 Οἷος ἐκεῖνος ἔην βουλευέμεν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι·
 Φθεγζάμενος δ' ὀλίγη ὀπί με πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν·

4

Soon with icicles hoar every shield was frozen o'er;
but they who their cloaks and their body-
clothes wore

The night lightly passed, secure from the blast,
asleep with their shields o'er their broad
shoulders cast;

But I, like a fool, had my cloak left behind,
Not expecting to shake in so piercing a wind.

5

My buckler and zone, nothing more had I on; but
when the third part of the night-watch was
gone,

And the stars left the sky, with my elbow then I
touched Odysseus, and spoke to him lying
close by,—

‘Noble son of Laertes, Odysseus the wise,
I fear that alive I shall never arise.

6

‘In this night so severe but one doublet I wear,
deceived by a god; and my cloak is not here;
And no way I see from destruction to flee.’ But
soon to relieve me a project had he.

In combat or council still prompt was his head,
And into my ear thus low-whispering he said:

“Σίγα νῦν, μήτις σευ Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλος ἀκούσῃ.
Ἦ καὶ ἐπ’ ἀγκῶνος κεφαλὴν σθέθεν εἶπέ τε
μῦθον·

Κλῦτε, φίλοι· θεῖός μοι ἐνύπνιον ἦλθεν ὄνειρος.
Δίην γὰρ νηῶν ἐκὰς ἦλθομεν· ἀλλὰ τις εἶη

“Εἰπεῖν Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι, ποιμένι λαῶν,
Εἰ πλέονας παρὰ ναῦφιν ἐποτρύνειε νέεσθαι.”
Ὡς ἔφατ’· ὦρτο δ’ ἔπειτα Θόας, Ἀνδραίμονος
υἱός,

Καρπαλίμως, ἀπὸ δὲ χλαῖναν θέτο φοινικόεσσαν,
Βῆ δὲ θέειν ἐπὶ νῆας· ἐγὼ δ’ ἐνὶ εἵματι κείνου
Κείμεν ἄσπασίως· φάε δὲ χρυσόθρονος Ἡώς.

Ὡς νῦν ἡβώοιμι, βίη τέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἶη·
Δοίῃ κέν τις χλαῖναν ἐνὶ σταθμοῖσι συφορβῶν
Ἀμφότερον, φιλότῃτι καὶ αἰδοῖ φωτὸς ἐῆος·
Νῦν δέ μ’ ἀτιμάζουσι κακὰ χροῖ εἵματ’ ἔχοντα.

7

‘Let none of the band this your need understand :
keep silent.’ Then, resting his head on his
hand,

‘Friends and comrades of mine !’ he exclaimed, ‘as
a sign, while I slept has come o’er me a
dream all divine :

It has warned me how far from the vessels we lie,
And that some one should go for fresh force to
apply.

8

‘And his footsteps should lead, disclosing our need,
to King Agamemnon, our chieftain, with speed.’
Thoas rose as he spoke, flung off his red cloak, and,
running, his way with the message he took ;
While, wrapt in his garment, I pleasantly lay
Till the rise of the golden-throned queen of the
day.

9

If I now were as young, and as fresh, and as
strong, perhaps here in the stables you
swineherds among

Some a mantle would lend, as the act of a friend, or
from the respect that on worth should attend :

But small is the honour, I find, that is paid
To one who, like me, is so meanly arrayed.

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη, Εὖμαιε συ-
βῶτα·

ᾧ γέρον, αἶνος μὲν τοι ἀμύμων, ὃν κατέλεξας,
Οὐδέ τί πω παρὰ μοῖραν ἔπος νηκερδὲς ἔειπες·
Τῷ οὔτ' ἐσθῆτος δευήσσαι οὔτε τευ ἄλλον,
ᾧ ἐπέοιχ' ἱκέτην ταλαπείριον ἀντιάσαντα,

Νῦν· ἀτὰρ ἡῶθέν γε τὰ σὰ ράκεα δνοπαλίζεις.
Οὐ γὰρ πολλαὶ χλαῖναι ἐπημοιβοί τε χιτῶνες
Ἐνθάδε ἐννυσθαι· μία δ' οἷη φωτὶ ἐκάστω.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν ἔλθῃσιν Ὀδυσσῆος φίλος υἱός,
Αὐτός τοι χλαῖνάν τε χιτῶνά τε εἵματα δώσει,

Πέμψει δ', ὅππῃ σε κραδίη θυμός τε κελεύει.
Ὡς εἰπὼν ἀνόρουσε· τίθει δ' ἄρα οἱ πυρὸς ἐγγυὲς
Εὐνὴν, ἐν δ' οἴων τε καὶ αἰγῶν δέρματ' ἔβαλλεν.
Ἐνθ' Ὀδυσσεὺς κατέλεκτ'· ἐπὶ δὲ χλαῖναν βάλεν
αὐτῷ

Πυκνὴν καὶ μεγάλην, ἣ οἱ παρεκέσκετ' ἀμοιβὰς

10

Then, keeper of swine, this answer was thine:

‘The manner, old man, of thy story is fine,
For there was not a word out of place or absurd:
thy request shall be granted as soon as
preferred.

Not a cloak, or aught else, shalt thou want at my
hand,

That is fit for a beggar in need to demand;

11

‘Till the night shall pass o’er—in the morning
once more, thy rags must thou don, for we
here have no store.

Among cloaks to go range, or of doublets for
change—had we more than one garment
a-piece ’twould be strange.

But when the dear son of Odysseus comes back,
Of cloak or of doublet thou never wilt lack.

12

‘Those will he bestow, and send thee to go, wherever
thy thoughts and thy wishes may flow.’

He rose as he said, and laid out a bed—and sheep-
skins and goats’ by the fireside he spread;

And next, as Odysseus lay down upon these,
He brought a large cloak which he kept for his
ease,

Ἐννυσθαι, ὅτε τις χειμῶν ἔκπαγλος ὄροιτο.
 Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἐνθ' Ὀδυσσεὺς κοιμήσατο, τοὶ δὲ παρ'
 αὐτὸν
 Ἄνδρες κοιμήσαντο νεηνίαί· οὐδὲ συμβώτη
 Ἦνδανεν αὐτόθι κοῖτος ὑῶν ἅπο κοιμηθῆναι,
 Ἀλλ' ὅγ' ἄρ' ἔξω ἰὼν ὠπλίζετο· χαῖρε δ' Ὀδυσ-
 σεὺς,
 Ὅττι ρά οἱ βιότου περικήδετο, νόσφιν ἐόντος.

Πρῶτον μὲν ξίφος ὅξυν' περὶ στιβαροῖς βάλετ'
 ὥμοις,
 Ἀμφὶ δὲ χλαῖναν ἐέσσατ' ἀλεξάνεμον, μάλα
 πυκνήν,
 Ἄν δὲ νάκην ἔλετ' αἰγὸς εὐτρεφέος, μέγαλοιο·
 Εἶλετο δ' ὅξυν' ἄκοντα, κυνῶν ἀλκτῆρα καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
 Βῆ δ' ἵμεναι κείων, ὅθι περ σύες ἀργιόδοντες
 Πέτρῃ ὑπο γλαφυρῇ εὐδον, Βορέω ὑπ' ἰωγῇ.

13

To cover his form, at approach of a storm: so
there lay the hero all sheltered and warm—
The young men close by in the couch came to lie,
but Eumæus refusing to stay from the sty,
Was girt to sleep out; while Odysseus was glad
That his herd in his absence such vigilance had.

14

His sharp sword around his strong shoulders he
wound, and then his thick cloak, wind-de-
fying, he bound;
Next, he put on a coat made of skin of she-goat—
of a she-goat well fed, and of size worthy
note.
And he took a sharp spear, with which he might
weir the attack or of men or of dogs coming
near;
And to lie with the white-toothed porkers went
forth,
In a cave of the rock, safely screened from the
north.

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 129.

Or unwisely to laugh, or to skip in a dance, and to say what were best left unspoken perchance.

I HAVE translated this according to the comment of Athenæus, who is especially angry at the idea that Homer intended to abuse good liquor. He never, says the Deipnosophist, could have been so ill-natured, and so ill-bred, as to censure people for singing, or laughing, or dancing. It must be allowed that, if he was an enemy to wine-bibbing, he has been much maligned in the world:

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.

If Athenæus maintains that he knew the difference between ποσότης and ποιότης too well, to fall into the error of condemning a thing absolutely which should be only condemned *secundum quid*, I cannot fitly render his grave logic, here so worthily employed; but I think his distinction is somewhat of the same kind as that made by the Baron of Bradwardine between *ebrius* and *ebriosus*. To sing—ᾄσαι—is no harm, or to dance either, or to laugh—Athenæus swears to it, νῆ Δί'; but μάλ' αἰεῖσαι, to sing too much, to sing out of season, to trouble the company—this, indeed, is bad behaviour; and wine in such cases may be properly called ἡλεός, fool-making—otherwise not. Laughing also is very proper; but to laugh ἀπαλὸν *molliter*,—softly, affectedly—that is ἄνανδρον, unmanly, and not becoming a wise man. So of dancing. I am not sure that μάλ' will bear the interpretation here imposed upon it. But the guess is as good as any thing in Buttman's *Lexilogus*—a book which I intend, in the course of this series, carefully to examine; and I have endeavoured to represent it in my version.

V.

THE DOG ARGUS.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XVII. 290-327.

[‘*The poet*’ (ὁ ποιητὴς, the only time he is so called in the arguments of the books) we are told by the ὑπόθεσις, ‘relates how *the dog*’ (ὁ κύων—it was needless to say *what dog*) ‘recognises his master.’]

Ὄς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.
 Ἄν δὲ κύων κεφαλὴν τε καὶ οὔατα κείμενος
 ἔσχευ,
 Ἄργος, Ὀδυσσῆος ταλασίφρονος,

ὃν ῥά ποτ' αὐτὸς
 Θρέψε μὲν, οὐδ' ἀπόνητο· πάρος δ' εἰς Ἴλιον ἱρὴν
 ὤχετο.

τὸν δὲ πάροιθεν ἀγίνεσκον νέοι ἄνδρες
 Αἶγας ἐπ' ἀγροτέρᾳς ἠδὲ πρόκας ἠδὲ λαγούς·
 Δὴ τότε κεῖτ' ἀπόθεστος ἀποιχομένοιο ἄνακτος
 Ἐν πολλῇ κόπρῳ,

ἢ οἱ προπάροιθε θυράων
 Ἡμιόνων τε βοῶν τε ἅλις κέχυτ', ὅφρ' ἂν ἄγοιεν
 Δμῶες

Ὀδυσσῆος τέμενος μέγα κοπρίσσοντες·
 Ἐνθα κύων κεῖτ' Ἄργος, ἐνίπλειος κυνοραιοστέων.

THEN as they spake, upraised his head,
Pricked up his listening ear,
The dog, whom erst Odysseus bred,
Old Argus lying near.

2

He bred him, but his fostering skill
To himself had naught availed;
For Argus joined not the chase, until
The king had to Ilion sailed.

3

To hunt the wild-goat, hart, and hare,
Him once young huntsmen sped;
But now he lay an outcast there,
Absent his lord, to none a care,
Upon a dunghill bed,

4

Where store of dung, profusely flung
By mules and oxen, lay;
Before the gates it was spread along
For the hinds to bear away,

5

As rich manure for the lands they tilled
Of their prince beyond the sea;
There was Argus stretched, his flesh all filled
With the dog-worrying flea.

Δὴ τότε γ', ὥς ἐνόησεν Ὀδυσσέα ἐγγὺς εἶντα,
 Οὐρῇ μὲν ῥ' ὄγ' ἔσθηνε καὶ οὐατα κάββαλεν ἄμφω
 Ἄσσον δ' οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα δυνήσατο οἷο ἄνακτος
 Ἐλθέμεν·

αὐτὰρ ὁ νόσφιν ἰδὼν ἀπομόρξατο δάκρυ,
 Ῥεῖα λαθὼν Εὖμαιον· ἄφαρ δ' ἐρεεῖνετο μύθῳ·
 “Εὖμαι', ἦ μάλα θαῦμα, κύων ὅδε κεῖτ' ἐνὶ κόπρῳ,

Καλὸς μὲν δέμας ἐστίν, ἀτὰρ τόδε γ' οὐ σάφα
 οἶδα,
 Εἰ δὴ καὶ ταχὺς ἔσκε θέειν ἐπὶ εἶδεϊ τῷδε,

Ἡ αὐτως, οἰοί τε τραπεζῆες κύνες ἀνδρῶν
 Γίγνοντ'· ἀγλαΐης δ' ἐνεκεν κομέουσιν ἄνακτες.”

6

But when by the hound his king was known,
Wagged was the fawning tail,
Backward his close-clapped ears were thrown,
And up to his master's side had he flown;
But his limbs he felt to fail.

7

Odysseus saw, and turned aside
To wipe away the tear⁽¹⁾;
From Eumæus he chose his grief to hide,
And 'Strange, passing strange, is the sight,' he
cried,
'Of such a dog laid here!

8

'Noble his shape, but I cannot tell
If his worth with that shape may suit;
If a hound he be in the chase to excel,
For fleetness of his foot:

9

'Or worthless as a household hound,
Whom men by their boards will place,
For no merit of strength or speed renowned,
But admired for shapely grace.'

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφησ, Εὐμαιε συ-
βῶτα·

Καὶ λίην ἀνδρός γε κύων ὅδε τῇλε θανόντος.
Εἰ τοῖόσδ' εἴη ἡμὲν δέμας ἡδὲ καὶ ἔργα,
Οἷόν μιν Τροίηνδε κιὼν κατέλειπεν Ὀδυσσεύς,

Αἰψά κε θηήσαιο, ἰδὼν ταχυτῆτα καὶ ἀλκὴν.
Οὐ μὲν γάρ τι φύγεσκε βαθείης βένθεσιν ὕλης
Κνώδαλον, ὅττι ἰδοίτο·⁽²⁾ καὶ ἵχνεσι γὰρ περιήδη·

Νῦν δ' ἔχεται κακότητι· ἀναξ δέ οἱ ἄλλοθι
πάτρης

ᾠλετο· τὸν δὲ γυναῖκες ἀκηδέες οὐ κομέουσιν.

Δμῶες δ', εὖτ' ἂν μηκέτ' ἐπικρατέωσιν ἄνακτες,
Οὐκέτ' ἔπειτ' ἐθέλουσιν ἐναίσιμα ἐργάζεσθαι.

10

‘He is the dog of one now dead,
In a far land away;
But if you had seen,’ the swineherd said,
‘This dog in his better day,
When Odysseus hence his warriors led
To join in the Trojan fray,

11

‘His strength, his plight, his speed so light,
You had with wonder viewed;
No beast that once had crossed his sight,
In the depths of the darkest wood,
’Scaped him, as, tracking sure and right,
He on its trace pursued.

12

‘But now all o’er in sorrows sore
He pines in piteous wise;
The king upon some distant shore
In death has closed his eyes;
And the careless women here no more
Tend Argus as he lies.

13

‘For slaves who find their former lord
No longer holds the sway
No fitting service will afford,
Or just obedience pay.

Ἕμισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς⁽³⁾ ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα
 Ζεὺς

Ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἡμαρ ἔλῃσιν.”

Ὡς εἰπὼν εἰσῆλθε δόμους εὐναιετάοντας·

Βῆ δ' ἰθὺς μεγάραιο μετὰ μνηστῆρας ἀγανούς.

Ἄργον δ' αὖ κατὰ Μοῖρ' ἔλαβεν μέλανος θα-
 νάτοιο,

Αὐτίκ' ἰδόντ' Ὀδυσῆα ἑικοστῷ ἐνιαυτῷ.

14

‘Far-seeing Jove’s resistless power
Takes half away the soul
From him, who of one servile hour
Has felt the dire control.’

15

This said, the swineherd passed the gate,
And entered the dwelling tall,
Where proud in state the suitors sate
Within the palace hall.

16

And darksome death checked Argus’ breath
When he saw his master dear;
For he died his master’s eye beneath,
All in that twentieth year.

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 143.

To wipe away the tear ;

EUSTATHIUS remarks, that it may appear strange that Ulysses sheds a tear over a dog, while he does not weep when he sees his wife drowned in sorrow. The archbishop maintains, that it is to be attributed to the fact that Ulysses was surprised by Argus, and had been prepared for Penelope. Perhaps so : but there are

Thoughts which lie too deep for tears ;

and sorrow for a dog is not of the cast of sorrow for a woman. The 'much-enduring man' had been caught by the sight of old Argus, 'and tears unbidden shed.' How could he have been affected by any physical demonstration of grief at the sight of a lady, whom, for so many long years, he had pined to behold, for a return to whom he had expended all the wiles of the wiliest of minds ?

In that fine poem, *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, which is fuller of recognitions even than the *Odyssey*, Southey introduces a dog :

While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and licked
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech ; and moaned, as if at once
To court and chide the long-withheld caress.

A feeling, uncommixed with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfulest, thrilled through the king;
But he, to self-control now long inured,
Repress his rising heart, nor other tears,
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
Than seemed to follow on Florinda's words.
Looking toward her then, yet so that still
He shunned the meeting of her eye, he said,
'Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
For Heaven, O Lady! I will think the man
Hath not by his good angel been cast off
For whom thy supplications rise. The Power
Whose justice doth, in its unerring course,
Visit the children for the sire's offence,
Shall He not in his boundless mercy hear
The daughter's prayer, and for her sake restore
The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
In earnest and continual duty join . . .
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
To whom the cry is raised!'

Thus having said,
Deliberately, in self-possession still,
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Followed his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthened nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears streamed down, 'Thou, Theron, then, hast known
Thy poor lost master, . . . Theron, none but thou!'

Here we find how dangerous it is for even acknowledged genius to travel in the footsteps of genius of the first order. The hound Theron, and the man Roderick, are far inferior to the hound Argus, and the man Ulysses. Argus required no *length* of time to know his master. *Instinct is instantaneous*. If Theron had taken a moment's time to *reflect*, there was an end of the business. Ulysses

repressed not his emotion—he concealed it from his companion, but it came. Roderick was stoic enough to appear unmoved in the presence of dog and woman; but the moment that he is out of sight, he is selfish enough to indulge in reflections on his not being known by the ladies, as if it were a crime, an injury, or a shame. Ulysses goes forward without remark. He has proved himself to be full of human feeling, and he shews himself full of human wisdom, divested of splenetic sentiment or maudlin display of sorrow.

We recommend Southey to read Professor Wilson's commentary on Argus. It is full both of poetry and philosophy:

‘The memory or fancy of a dog (or a horse) is a mystery not to be explained; and all that genius can do is to give, as in this case, illustration of it, the truth of which has been come at partly by observation and partly by reflection, but chiefly by an intuition of an analogy almost amounting to identity between the sentient being in certain creatures we choose to call brutes, and certain creatures we choose to call men. And how know we that they have not a moral sense as well as ourselves—such a moral sense as is suitable to their condition, and to promote the chief end of Dog? which, reverently be it spoken, seems to be to love man and keep his commandments. Philosophers deny reminiscence to dogs, and treat of it exclusively as a human endowment—an active power belonging but to those who have discourse of reason. The Ettrick Shepherd knew better.’—*Blackwood's Magazine for February.*

I regret I cannot find room for the truly eloquent passage that follows; but, as a contrast with Theron, I must give the comment on the recognition by Argus:

‘For years and years rejoicing in his vigour and his victories, for he crunched his way through wood and over mountain, and with crimson flews outhowled the wolf prostrate beneath his paws, seldom then did he remember his master; for in the fulness of self-glorification dogs and men are alike forgetful of the past and regardless of the future, wallowing in the snow or sunshine (mercy on us! we had almost said the blood and mire) of the present, and possessed wholly by the Now of life. But, oh, the difference to him on that dunghill! Think ye his soul was absorbed in worrying fleas? or that, during short respites from that mean misery, he did not often see the shadow of Ulysses? He sees the substance at last; and, sagacious far beyond Eumæus and Euryclea, and even Penelope, knows it is no beggar, ‘but the Prince of all the Land.’ Sagacious! yes—he *smelt* him to be the man of men. Dim as were his eyes, he *sighted* him; deaf as were his ears, he *overheard* him speaking of him, his very self, the poor, old, worn-out, starved, beaten, flea-worried Argus. Not now could he leap, dance, bound, as of yore, or his paws would have been on those shoulders, and his tongue had licked that face, and his growls of ecstasy would have startled the suitors in the hall, as if a lion had been at the gate. And at the gate there was a lion.’—*Blackwood, ibid.*

And the lion did not weep, because he was not discovered by those from whom he desired to be concealed.

NOTE (2). p. 144.

Κνώδαλον, ὅτι ἰδοίτο· καὶ ἵχνεσι γὰρ περιήδη.

I follow the ordinary reading, ἰδοίτο: δίοιτο is, perhaps, better. If so, my third line should read,

No beast whom e'er he chased in flight.

I leave it to Nimrod to decide if Eustathius is right, when he says that attributing to Argus powers of seeing takes away from his *ichneutic* merits. The commentators seem to think so. *Non nostrum.*

NOTE (3). p. 146.

Ἡμισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς.

I translate not after ἀρετῆς, but νόου, a reading quoted by many ancient authors, in the place of ἀρετῆς, which I think is a gloss. Νόου seems to me more energetic. There is something to my mind extremely fine in Chapman's version, though it certainly is not Homeric:

That man's half virtue Jove takes quite away,
That once is sunburn'd with the servile day.

* * I had translated this before Mr Chapman's version appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. I am gratified to see that one who, as a poet and a scholar, is so adequate to form a judgment, and to afford, by his own compositions, so excellent an example of its justice, agrees with me in selecting the Spenserian stanza, and in adopting the Greek names, Odysseus, &c., in place of the Latin. Let me ask him, however, if

Now his bed
The dungheap was; and piteous was his case,
His master far away, old, outcast, in disgrace.
There full of tick, on that unsightly heap,
He saw and knew his lord,

properly renders the original, l. 296-300 (in my version, st. iii. iv. v.)? The palace of Ulysses was a farm-house, surrounded by a farm-yard; and, though Mr Chapman calls a dunghill an *unsightly* heap, we may be certain that the copious stock of manure destined for the fertilization of the large field did not appear so to the farmer. Solomon tells us [Prov. xiv. 4], 'where no oxen are the crib is clean, but much increase is by the strength of the ox.' And the wisest of men would not have been shocked at what the oxen left behind them. Rose, when translating Casti, very properly determined

To let go my author's skirt
When it would lead me into filth and dirt.

But it is from dirt moral we should recoil. There, surely, is nothing to corrupt the imagination or pollute the heart in a picture of a farm-yard, even though the dunghill be introduced. In fact, there is a poetic grace in leading

the mind away from the misery of poor Argus, to the contemplation of the τέμενος μέγα of his master — his mules, his oxen, and his hinds. Mr Chapman can afford to do without the squeamishness. He need not be afraid of following his great original.

VI.

THE FUNERAL OF ACHILLES.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XXIV. 11-97.

[AFTER the death of the suitors, Mercury conducts their souls to Hades, where they meet the shades of the departed heroes of the Trojan war. Achilles laments to Agamemnon the cruel fate which took off so renowned a chieftain as the King of Men; and Agamemnon, in reply, contrasts his own treacherous and unhonoured death with the gallant fall of Achilles in the field, surrounded by companions in arms fighting over his body for a whole day, amid a whirlwind of dust, in a combat closed only by the interposition of Jupiter; and followed by unexampled funeral honours paid to his remains.]

ΠΑΡ δ' ἴσαν Ὠκεανοῦ τε ῥοὰς καὶ Λευκάδα
 πέτρην
 Ἥδ' παρ' Ἡελίοιο πύλας καὶ δῆμον Ὀνείρων
 Ἦϊσαν·

αἶψα δ' ἴκοντο κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα,
 Ἐνθα τε ναίουσι ψυχαί, εἶδωλα καμόντων.

Εὖρον δὲ ψυχὴν Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
 Καὶ Πατροκλῆος καὶ ἀμύμονος Ἀντιλόχοιο
 Αἴαντός θ', ὃς ἄριστος ἦν εἰδός τε δέμας τε
 Τῶν ἄλλων Δαναῶν μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν περὶ κεῖνον ὀμίλεον· ἀγχίμολον δὲ
 Ἦλυθ' ἐπὶ ψυχὴν Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο
 Ἀχνημένη·

THE ghosts by Leucas' rock had gone,
Over the ocean streams;
And they had passed on through the gates of the
Sun,
And the slumberous land of Dreams.

2

And onward thence to the verdant mead,
Flowering with asphodel,
Their course was led, where the tribes of dead,
In shadowy semblance, dwell.

3

Achilles and Patroclus there
They found with Nestor's son,
And Aias, with whom could in life compare
Of the host of the Danaans none,
For manly form, and gallant air,
Save the faultless Peleion.

4

Around Achilles pressed the throng
Of ghosts in the world below;
Soon passed Atrides' shade along,
Majestic, yet in wo.

περὶ δ' ἄλλαι ἀγηγέραθ', ὅσσαι ἅμ' αὐτῷ
 Οἴκῳ ἐν Αἰγίσθοιο θάνον καὶ πότμον ἐπέσπον,
 Τὸν προτέρη ψυχὴ προσεφώνεε Πηλείωνος·

“Ἀτρεΐδῃ, περὶ μὲν σε φάμεν Διὶ τερπικεραύνῳ
 Ἄνδρῶν ἡρώων φίλον ἔμμεναι ἤματα πάντα·

Οὔνεκα πολλοῖσιν τε καὶ ἰφθίμοισιν ἄνασσε
 Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων, ὅθι πάσχομεν ἄλγέ' Ἀχαιοί.

Ἦ τ' ἄρα καὶ σοὶ πρῶτα παραστήσεσθαι
 ἔμελλεν

Μοῖρ' ὅλοή, τὴν οὔτις ἀλεύεται, ὅς κε γένηται.

Ὡς ὄφελος τιμῆς ἀπονήμενος, ἥσπερ ἄνασσε,
 Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν·

5

About the king came crowding all
Who, by a murderous stroke,
With him were slain in Ægisthus' hall;
And first Achilles spoke.

6

'Twas once, Atrides, our belief,
That thunder-joying Jove
Ne'er honoured other hero-chief
With equal share of love.

7

'Thy rule a mighty host obeyed,
And valiant was the array,
When outside Troy was our leaguer laid,
For many a woful day.

8

'Yet did the gloom of dismal doom
First on thy head alight;
From the fate that at birth is marked to come
Scaped never living wight.

9

'Would that in honour on the ground,
Where high thou hadst held command,
Thy fallen body had been found,
Slain upon Trojan land.

Τῷ κέν τοι τύμβον μὲν ἐποίησαν Παναχαιοί,
 Ἡδέ κε καὶ σῷ παιδὶ μέγα κλέος ἦρα' ὀπίσσω·
 Νῦν δ' ἄρα σ' οἰκτίστω θανάτῳ εἴμαρτο ἄλῳναι."

Τὸν δ' αὖτε ψυχὴν προσεφώνεεν Ἀτρεΐδης·
 "Ὀλβιε Πηλέος υἱέ, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
 Ὃς θάνες ἐν Τροίῃ, ἐκὰς Ἄργεος·

ἀμφὶ δέ σ' ἄλλοι

Κτείνοντο Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν υἱες ἄριστοι,
 Μαρνάμενοι περὶ σείῳ·

σὺ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης
 Κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωστί, λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.

10

‘Where all the men of Achæan blood
Their chieftain’s tomb might raise—
A tomb, in after-times to have stood,
For thy son proud mark of praise:
But ’twas fate that, by piteous death subdued,
Thou shouldst end thy glorious days.’

11

‘How blest,’ then said Atrides’ shade,
‘Thy lot, who fell in war,
Godlike Achilles, lowly laid,
In Troy, from Argos far.

12

‘We round thy corse, as slain it lay,
The bravest and the best
Of either host, the livelong day
In slaughterous combat pressed.

13

Mid clouds of dust, that, o’er the dead,
In whirlwind fierce arose,
On the battle-field, all vastly spread,
Did thy vast limbs repose;
The skill forgot, which whilome sped
Thy steed amid the foes⁽¹⁾.

Ἡμεῖς δὲ πρόπαν ἡμάρ ἐμαρνάμεθ'· οὐδέ κε
πάμπαν

Πανσάμεθα πτολέμου, εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς λαίλαπι παῦσεν.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ σ' ἐπὶ νῆας ἐνείκαμεν ἐκ πολέμοιο,
Κάτθεμεν ἐν λεχέεσσι, καθήραντες χρόα καλὸν
Ὑδατί τε λιαρῶ καὶ ἀλείφατι·

πολλὰ δέ σ' ἀμφὶ
Δάκρυα θερμὰ χέον Δαναοὶ κείροντό τε χαίτας.
Μήτηρ δ' ἐξ ἀλὸς ἦλθε σὺν ἀθανάτης ἀλήσιν,
Ἀγγελίης αἶουσα·

βοή δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὀρώρει
Θεσπεσίη· ὑπὸ δὲ τρόμος ἔλλαβε πάντας Ἀχαιοὺς·
Καί νύ κ' ἀναΐξαντες ἔβαν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας,

14

‘All day we fought, and no one thought
Of holding of the hand;
Till a storm to an end the contest brought,
Sent by high Jove’s command.

15

‘From the field of fight thy corse we bore,
And for the ships we made;
We washed away the stains of gore,
And thy body fair anointed o’er,
On its last of couches laid.

16

‘Hot tears did the eyes of the Danaans rain,
And they cut their flowing hair;
Uprose thy mother from the main,
With all the immortal sea-nymph train,
At the tidings of despair.

17

‘Loud over the sea rose the voice of wail,
And the host was filled with dread;
And homeward they would, with hasty sail,
In their hollow ships have fled,

Εἰ μὴ ἀνὴρ κατέρυκε, παλαιά τε πολλὰ τε
εἰδώς,

Νέστωρ, οὗ καὶ πρόσθεν ἀρίστη φαίνεται βουλή·
Ὅ σφιν εὐφρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν·

Ἴσχεσθ', Ἀργεῖοι, μὴ φεύγετε, κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν·
Μήτηρ ἐξ ἀλὸς ἦδε σὺν ἀθανάτης ἀλίσσιν
Ἔρχεται, οὗ παιδὸς τεθνηότος ἀντιόωσα.

ὧς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἔσχοντο φόβον μεγάθυμοι
Ἀχαιοί·

Ἀμφὶ δέ σ' ἔστησαν κοῦραι ἀλίοιο γέροντος,
Οἴκτρ' ὀλοφυρόμεναι, περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἶματα
ἔσαν.

Μοῦσαι δ' ἐννέα πᾶσαι, ἀμειβόμεναι ὀπὶ καλῇ,
Θρήνεον· ἔνθα κεν οὔτιν' ἀδάκρυτόν γ' ἐνόησας
Ἀργείων· τοῖον γὰρ ὑπώρορε Μοῦσα λίγεια.

18

‘Had not a man, to whom was known
The wisdom of days of eld,
Who in council ever was wisest shewn,
Nestor, their flight withheld:
For he spoke to them thus in sagest tone,
And their panic fear dispelled.

19

“Argives,” he said, “your steps restrain,
Achæans, do not flee;
His mother is rising from out the main,
With all the immortal Sea-nymph train,
The corse of her son to see.”

20

‘The flight was checked—and round thee came
The maids of the Sea-god old;
Sad weeping as they wrapt thy frame
In vesture of heavenly fold.

21

‘A mournful dirge the Muses nine
In strains alternate sung,
And from every eye the tearful brine
Through the Argive host was wrung;
For none could withstand the lay divine
Of the Muse’s dulcet tongue.

Ἑπτὰ δὲ καὶ δέκα μὲν σε ὁμῶς νύκτας τε καὶ
ἡμαρ

Κλαίομεν, ἀθάνατοί τε θεοὶ θνητοὶ τ' ἄνθρωποι.

Ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῃ δ' ἔδομεν πυρὶ, πολλὰ δέ σ'
ἀμφὶ

Μῆλα κατεκτάνομεν μάλα πίονα καὶ ἑλίκας βούς.

Καίεο δ' ἐν τ' ἐσθῇτι θεῶν καὶ ἀλείφατι πολλῷ
Καὶ μέλιτι γλυκερῷ.

πολλοὶ δ' ἥρωες Ἀχαιοὶ
Τεύχεσιν ἐρρώσαντο πυρὴν πέρι καιομένοιο,
Πεζοὶ θ' ἱππῆές τε.

πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ὀρώρει.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ σε φλόξ ἤνυσεν Ἥφαιστοιο,
Ἡῶθεν δὴ τοι λέγομεν λεύκ' ὅστέ', Ἀχιλλεῦ,

22

‘By day and night for ten days’ space—
For ten days’ space and seven,
Wept we, the men of mortal race,
And the deathless gods of heaven.

23

‘And when the eighteenth morning came,
To the pile thy corse was borne;
And many fat sheep were slain at the flame,
And steers of twisted horn.

24

‘With ointment rich upon the pyre,
And honey covered o’er,
There didst thou burn in rich attire,
Such as immortals wore.

25

‘And many a hero-chief renowned
Rushed forward, foot and horse,
The blazing death-pile to surround
Where burnt thine honoured corse.

26

‘The tumult was loud of that martial crowd,
Till the flame had consumed thee quite;
And then, when the dawn of morning glowed,
We gathered thy bones so white.

Οἶνω ἐν ἀκρήτῳ καὶ ἀλείφατι· δῶκε δὲ μήτηρ
Χρύσειον ἀμφιφορῆα·

Διωνύσοιο δὲ δῶρον
Φάσκ' ἔμεναι, ἔργον δὲ περικλυτοῦ Ἥφαίστοιο.

Ἐν τῷ τοι κεῖται λεύκ' ὀστέα, φαίδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
Μίγδα δὲ Πατρόκλοιο Μειοιτιάδαο θανόντος·

Χωρὶς δ' Ἀντιλόχοιο· τὸν ἔζοχα τίς ἀπάντων
Τῶν ἄλλων ἐτάρων, μετὰ Πάτροκλόν γε θανόντα.

Ἀμφ' αὐτοῖσι δ' ἔπειτα μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα
τύμβον

Χεύαμεν Ἀργείων ἱερὸς στρατὸς αἰχμητῶν
Ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προύχούσῃ·

27

‘In unmixed wine, and ointment fine,
When the fire had ceased to burn,
We laid those relics prized of thine
All in a golden urn.

28

‘This costly gift thy mother brought;
And she said it was bestowed
By the god of Wine—a vessel wrought
By the Fire-working god.

29

‘And there are laid thy bones so white,
Mingled, illustrious chief,
With his, thy friend, whose fall in fight
Wrought thee such mickle grief.

30

‘Those of Antilochus apart
Are stored—for, of all the host,
After Patroclus slain, thy heart
Him loved and honoured most.

31

‘And the Argive spearmen, gathering round,
Upraised a mighty heap,
For thy tomb, a large and lofty mound,
Upon a jutting steep.

ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ·

Ὡς κεν τηλεφανὴς ἐκ ποντόφιν ἀνδράσιν εἶη
Τοῖς, οἳ νῦν γεγάασι καὶ οἳ μετόπισθεν ἔσονται.

Μήτηρ δ' αἰτήσασα θεοῦς περικαλλέ' ἄεθλα
Θῆκε μέσῳ ἐν ἀγῶνι ἀριστήεσσιν Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἦδη μὲν πολέων τάφῳ ἀνδρῶν ἀντεβόλησας
Ἡρώων, ὅτε κέν ποτ' ἀποφθιμένου βασιλῆος
Ζώννυνταί τε νέοι καὶ ἐπεντύνονται ἄεθλα·

Ἀλλά κε κείνα μάλιστα ἰδὼν θήῃσας θυμῷ,
Οἳ' ἐπὶ σοὶ κατέθηκε θεὰ περικαλλέ' ἄεθλα,
Ἀργυρόπεζα θέτις·

μάλα γὰρ φίλος ἦσθα θεοῖσιν.

Ὡς σὺ μὲν οὐδὲ θανὼν ὄνομ' ὤλεσας,

32

‘Landmark conspicuous there for aye,
By Helle’s waters wide⁽²⁾,
For men who may sail on a future day,
As for those of the present tide.

33

‘Thy mother then the gods besought,
And they gave what she chose to ask;
And many a glorious prize she brought,
To be won by manly task.

34

‘I oft before, when heroes died,
Have joined beside their tomb
The youths of pride, who there to bide
The feats of strength have come.

35

‘But such store of prize ne’er met my eyes
As there that day was seen,
Which Thetis brought for thine obsequies,
The silver-footed queen.

36

‘Dear wert thou to the gods; and now,
Even in the world beneath,
Thy endless glory lies not low,
Achilles, with thy death.

ἀλλά τοι αἰεὶ

Πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους κλέος ἔσσεται ἐσθλόν,
'Αχιλλεῦ."

37

‘For ever and aye that precious name
Among mankind shall live;
For ever and aye the meed of fame
From all the world receive.’

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 161.

Thy steed amid the foes.

ALAS! I know well how wretched is my imitation of the original. All I can say is, that others do not appear to me to have succeeded much better. The passage occurs also in the 16th *Iliad*; and it is curious to find that Pope has translated it (or, perhaps, in the *Odyssey*, suffered it to be translated) variously. In the *Iliad*, his version is—

But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretched in death, forgets the guiding reins.

In the *Odyssey*—

In clouds of smoke, raised by the noble fray,
Great and terrific even in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flowed round you every way.

I prefer the latter, inaccurate as it is—for I cannot reconcile myself to thinking of Achilles, μέγας μεγαλωστί, as being merely ‘sunk in soft dust.’ ‘Great and terrific even in death you lay’ is far more like. I have looked through the versions in other European languages, but can only say that the most amusing is the Dutch—

Men vondt u uitgestrekt, ver van u legerwagen,
Soo fier noch, dat met schrik de Troijers u ontsagen.

Ver van u legerwagen—‘far from your baggage wagon,’ or if we should even ennoble it into ‘thy war chariot’—is a wrong translation; but, even if it were perfectly correct, what a different sound from the melancholy har-

mony of λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων! It is only fair, however, to say that the Dutch *Odyssey* is a very remarkable book, and deserves something far better than a joking notice. At all events, we all may comfort ourselves by the reflection, that even Virgil could not come nearer to his original than

Ingentem, atque ingenti vulnere victus.—Æn. X. 842.

[A better version than any here given is to be found in a couplet quoted by Gilbert Wakefield from Ogilby's forgotten translation,

When in a dusty whirlwind thou didst lie,
Thy valour lost, forgot thy chivalry,

which has a 'melancholy harmony' of its own, akin to that of λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων, though it does not express μέγας μεγαλωστί. ED.]

NOTE (2). p. 171.

By Helle's waters wide—ἐπὶ πλατείᾳ Ἑλλησπόντῳ.

There has been some disputation about the meaning of πλάτυς in this passage; and, even in ancient times, there was a suspicion that it did not mean *wide*, but *salt*. Clarke, the traveller, adopts this interpretation; but it is needless: and, besides, the word bore no such meaning in the days of Homer. The Hellespont, considered as a river or a stream, is wide. I may remark that Lord Byron, in spite of all his boasting, did *not* perform the feat of Leander.



VII.

THE INTRODUCTION OF PENELOPE.

ODYSSEY. BOOK I. 319-365.

[MINERVA, in the appearance of Mentès, had visited Telemachus, and counselled him to seek his father. Inspired with a new feeling of independence, he joins the suitors, whom he finds at festival, listening to Phemius, the minstrel, whose song turns, as usual, on the Trojan war. Penelope hears the singer, and comes into the hall to request that some other subject than that which is so distressful to her feelings should be chosen. Telemachus gently rebukes her; and she retires, convinced that her son is about to take the lead in his father's house, to weep herself to slumber over the thoughts of her absent husband—while the suitors continue the noisy revel. She is the first mortal female who speaks in the *Odyssey*, and her first words attest the deep and enduring affection she feels for Ulysses. It may be remarked that Ulysses discovers himself in consequence of the song of the bard Demodocus, and Penelope appears in consequence of the song of the bard Phemius. The *αοιδοὶ* are far more conspicuous in the *Odyssey* than the *Iliad*. Whether this is an indication that the *Odyssey* was the earlier or later poem may be a question. It is evident, from l. 350, 351 of the following, that there were poems before either.]

Ἡ ΜΕΝ ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις
 Ἀθήνη,
 Ὅρνις δ' ὥς ἀνοπαῖα⁽¹⁾ διέπτατο· τῷ δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
 Θῆκε μένος καὶ θάρσος,

ὑπέμνησέν τέ ἐ πατρός
 Μᾶλλον ἔτ' ἢ τὸ πάροιθεν. ὁ δέ, φρεσὶν ἦσι
 νοήσας,
 Θάμβησεν κατὰ θυμόν.

οἶσατο γὰρ θεὸν εἶναι.
 Αὐτίκα δὲ μνηστῆρας ἐπώχετο ἰσόθεος φώς.
 Τοῖσι δ' αἰδὸς ᾄειδε περικλυτὸς, οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ
 Εἶατ' ἀκούοντες·

SOON as Athené spoke the word,
She took the likeness of a bird,
And, skyward soaring, fled.
The counsels of the heavenly guest
Within Telemachus's breast
New strength and spirit bred.

2

His absent father to his thought
Was by his wakened memory brought
More freshly than of old:
But when Athené's flight he saw,
A feeling deep of reverend awe
His inmost heart controlled.

3

He knew the stranger was a god;
And hastening to his own abode,
He joined the suitor train.
A far-famed minstrel in the hall⁽²⁾
Sang to the peers, who listened all
In silence to his strain.

ὁ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόστον ᾄδειεν
Λυγρόν, ὃν ἐκ Τροίης ἐπετείλατο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.

Τοῦ δ' ὑπερῷόθεν φρεσὶ σύνθετο θέσπιν ᾄδην
Κούρη Ἰκαρίοιο, περίφρων Πηνελόπεια·
Κλίμακα δ' ὑψηλὴν κατεβήσατο οἶο δόμοιο,

Οὐκ οἶη, ἅμα τῇγε καὶ ἀμφίπολοι δὺ' ἔποντο.
Ἢ δ' ὅτε δὴ μνηστῆρας ἀφίκετο διὰ γυναικῶν,
Στῇ ῥα παρὰ σταθμὸν τέγεος πύκα ποιητοῖο,

4

As subject of his lay he chose
The mournful story of the woes
 Borne by the Achæan host,
When, under Pallas' vengeful wrath,
Homeward returning was their path
 Bent from the Trojan coast.

5

The song Icarius' daughter heard,
And put together every word
 As from below it came,
Straight did she from her bower repair
And hastened down the lofty stair,
 That great, wisehearted dame.

6

Alone she went not—in her train
She took with her handmaidens twain;
 And when the peerless queen
Came where the suitors sate, aloof
Close by a post that propped the roof,
 She stood with face unseen.

Ἄντα παρειάων σχομένη λιπαρὰ κρήδεμνα·
 Ἀμφίπολος δ' ἄρα οἱ κεδνὴ ἐκάτερθε παρέστη.
 Δακρύσασα δ' ἔπειτα προσηύδα θεῖον ᾠδόν·

“Φήμε, πολλὰ γὰρ ἄλλα βροτῶν θελκτήρια
 οἶδας,
 Ἔργ' ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε, τάτε κλείουσιν ᾠδοί·

Τῶν ἐν γέ σφιν ἄειδε παρήμενος, οἱ δὲ σιωπῇ
 Οἶνον πινόντων· ταύτης δ' ἀποπαύε' ᾠοιδῆς
 Λυγρῆς, ἥτε μοι αἰεὶ ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον κῆρ
 Τείρει· ἐπεὶ με μάλιστα καθίκετο πένθος ἄλαστον.

7

A veil concealed her cheeks from view,
And by each side a handmaid true
In seemly order stood;
With tears fast bursting from her eyne,
Addressing thus the bard divine,
She her discourse pursued:

8

‘Phemius! for men’s delight thy tongue
Can many another flowing song
In soothing measure frame;
Can tell of many a deed, which done
By God or man in days bygone,
Bards have consigned to fame.

9

‘Take one of those, and all around,
Silent, will hear the dulcet sound,
E’en as they drink their wine;
But cease that melancholy lay
That wears my very heart away—
A heavy wo is mine!

Τοίην γὰρ κεφαλὴν ποθέω, μεμνημένη αἰεὶ
 Ἄνδρὸς, τοῦ κλέος εὐρὺ καθ' Ἑλλάδα καὶ μέσον
 Ἄργος.”

Τὴν δ' αὖ Τηλέμαχος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ἤυδα·
 “Μῆτερ ἐμὴ, τί τ' ἄρα φθονέεις ἐρίηρον ἀοιδὸν
 Τέρπειν, ὅππῃ οἱ νόος ὀρνυται;

οὐ νύ τ' ἀοιδοὶ

Αἵτιοι, ἀλλὰ ποθι Ζεὺς αἴτιος, ὅστε δίδωσιν
 Ἄνδράσιν ἀλφειστῆσιν, ὅπως ἐθέλησιν, ἐκάστω.
 Τούτῳ δ' οὐ νέμεσις, Δαναῶν κακὸν οἶτον αἰεῖδεν·

Τὴν γὰρ ἀοιδὴν μᾶλλον ἐπικλείουσ' ἄνθρωποι,
 Ὅτις ἀκούντεσσι νεωτάτῃ ἀμφιπέληται.
 Σοὶ δ' ἐπιτολμάτῳ κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀκούειν.
 Οὐ γὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς οἶος ἀπώλεσε νόστιμον ἡμαρ
 Ἐν Τροίῃ,

10

‘How can I check the tide of grief,
Remembering still that far-famed chief,
Whose fame all Hellas fills?’
Answered her son, ‘Oh! mother mine!
Why dost thou blame the bard divine,
For singing as he wills?’

11

‘Blame not the poet—blame to Heaven,
Which to poor struggling men has given
What weight of wo it chose.
How can we charge the bard with wrong,
If the sad burden of his song
Turns on the Danaan woes?’

12

‘Men, ever with delighted ear,
The newest song desire to hear.
Then firmly to the strain
Listen, which tells of perils done:
My sire is not the only one
Who of the chiefs to Ilion gone
Has not returned again.

πολλοὶ δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι φῶτες ὄλοντο.

Ἄλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἰοῦσα τά σ' αὐτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
 Ἰστόν τ' ἡλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
 Ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι.

μῦθος δ' ἄνδρεςσι μελήσει
 Πᾶσι, μάλιστα δ' ἐμοί· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἔστ' ἐνὶ
 οἴκῳ."

Ἡ μὲν θαμβήσασα πάλιν οἰκόνδε βεβήκει·
 Παιδὸς γὰρ μῦθον πεπνυμένον ἔνθετο θυμῷ.

Ἔς δ' ὑπερῷ ἀναβᾶσα σὺν ἀμφιπόλοισι γυναιξίν,
 Κλαῖεν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα, φίλον πόσιν, ὅφρα οἱ
 ὕπνον

Ἡδὺν ἐπὶ βλεφάροισι βάλε γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.
 Μνηστῆρες δ' ὁμάδησαν ἀνὰ μέγαρα σκίοεντα.

13

‘For many, to that fatal shore
Who sailed away, came back no more:
Thy business is at home,
Thy servant-maidens to command,
And ply, with an industrious hand,
The distaff, and the loom.

14

‘To men, the guiding power must be,
At all times, in these halls to me;
For here my will is law.’
The queen went homeward, as he bade,
And felt the words her son had said
Inspired her soul with awe.

15

Soon did she, with her handmaids twain,
Her lofty seated chamber gain.
And there, with many a tear,
Until Athené came to steep
Her weary lids in balmy sleep,
Right sorrowfully did she weep
Her absent husband dear.
While, seated still at festival,
The suitors, in the dusky hall,
Revell’d with noisy cheer.

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 178.

Ὅρνις δ' ὥς ἀνοπαῖα διέπτато τῷ δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.

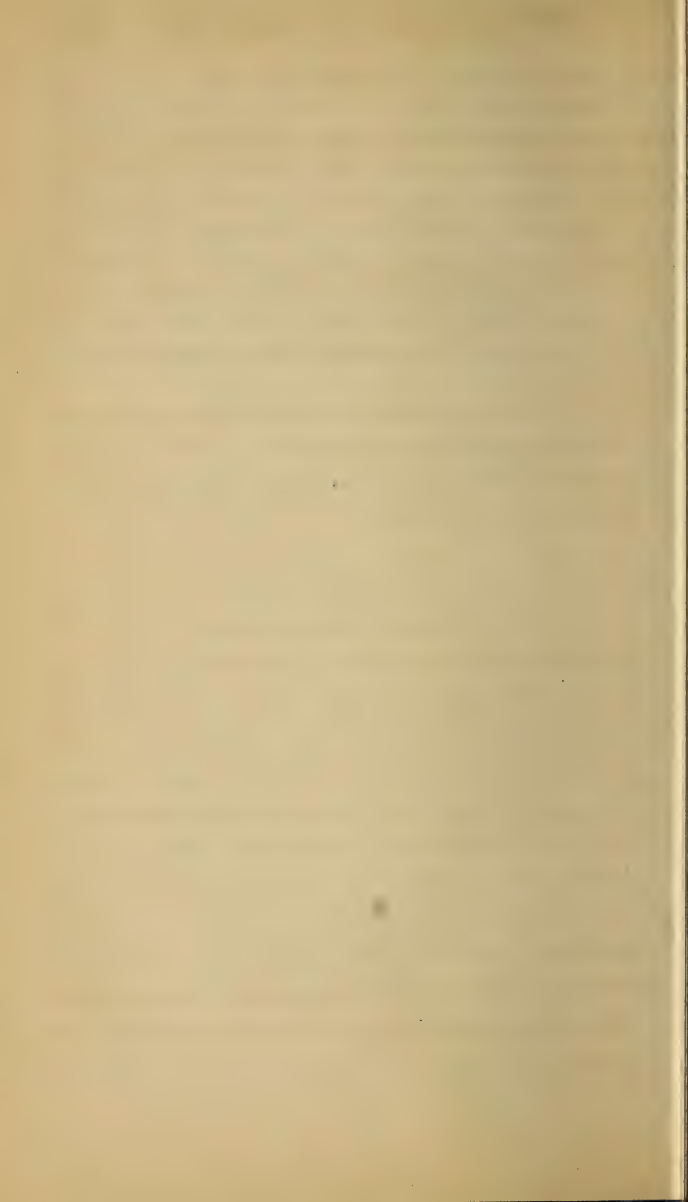
As the ancient authorities cannot fix what bird this ἀνοπαῖα is intended to be, I have adopted the prudent course of not translating it at all, according to a very ordinary custom. I think it impossible, however, that it can bear the meaning of 'invisible,' which is given it by many translators, in different tongues.

NOTE (2). p. 179.

A far-famed minstrel in the hall.

I cannot refrain from copying a French translation of this passage as far as l. 359, executed in the time when *goût* was predominant. It is by La Valterie. The third edition, which is the only one I have seen, was published in 1708. It must, therefore, have been a favourite: 'Durant leur entretien, Phémion avait continué de chanter, et Penelope, suivie de quelques unes de ses femmes, était entrée dans la salle, où tous ses amans entendaient les admirables chansons. Lorsqu'il chanta un récit des tristes aventures des Grecs, qui avaient eu part à la conquête de Troie, la souvenir d'Ulysse la toucha si fort, que Télémaque, rentrant dans l'assemblée, trouva cette princesse toute en larmes. *Phémion aurait été puni de son indiscretion, si le prince n'avait considéré que beaucoup d'autres grands hommes avaient eu part aux aventures dont Phémion*

avait parlé, qu'il avait moins considéré le sujet de son récit que la nouveauté de l'air, et la beauté du chant; et que de tout tems les actions des hommes les plus illustres ont été exposées aux vers des poètes.' The sentence I have marked in Italics appears to me particularly diverting; and yet it is not more anti-Homeric than the *Télémaque* of Fénélon, the style of which it somewhat resembles. La Valterie boasts, in his preface to the *Iliad*, which is written in the same manner, that he has done Homer the justice of making him speak in a manner worthy of the times of civilisation.



VIII.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF PENELOPE.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XXIII. 289-343.

[I HAVE chosen this passage as a sort of pendant to that which appeared in the last number; but I confess that I think the lines from v. 310 to 343 are interpolated. They seem to be the production of a scholiast or commentator, summing up in a few lines what had been already told at length. Besides, they are not in the flowing Homeric manner, and they contain at least one word which can with difficulty be reconciled to its ordinary use in Homer. I refer to ἀδιῶων, v. 326, on which Buttmann, *more suo*, blunders absurdly. They are very ancient and harmonious verses, however, and the part which is undoubtedly Homeric is a beautiful conclusion of the character of Penelope; cautious and guarded, from the unhappy necessity of her position, but ever chaste and domestic; and, when convinced that her husband has indeed returned, as warm and affectionate in his presence as her thoughts had been constant and tender towards him in his absence.]

ΤΟΦΡΑ δ' ἄρ' Εὐρυνόμη τε ἰδὲ τροφὸς ἔντυον
εὐνήν

Ἐσθῆτος μαλακῆς, δαΐδων ὑπο λαμπομενάων.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ στόρεσαν πυκινὸν λέχος ἐγκονέουσαι,
Γρηῦς μὲν κείουσα πάλιν οἰκόνδε βεβήκει·
Τοῖσιν δ' Εὐρυνόμη θαλαμηπόλος ἡγεμόνευεν
Ἐρχομένοισι λέχουσδε, δάος μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσα·

Ἐς θάλαμον δ' ἀγαγοῦσα πάλιν κίεν. οἱ μὲν
ἔπειτα

Ἀσπάσιοι λέκτροιο παλαιοῦ θεσμὸν ἵκοντο.
Αὐτὰρ Τηλέμαχος καὶ βουκόλος ἠδὲ συβώτης

Παῦσαν ἄρ' ὀρχηθμοῖο πόδας, παῦσαν δὲ γυναῖκας·
Αὐτοὶ δ' εὐνάζοντο κατὰ μέγαρα σκίοεντα.
Τῷ δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν φιλότητος ἔταρπήτην ἐρατεινῆς,
Τερπέσθην μύθοισι, πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐνέποντε·

A BED of texture soft and fine
 The nurse and the handmaiden spread;
 The couch was decked by torchlight shine,
 And homeward then the old woman sped.
 While Eurynome, as a chamber-groom,
 With lamp in hand, to the nuptial room
 The new-met partners led.

2

Thither she led them, and withdrew,
 And left them, as in days of old,
 Their former dalliance to renew
 In joyous passion uncontrolled.
 And the herd of swine, and the herd of kine,
 With the heir of Ithaca's royal line,
 Bade the house its peace to hold.

3

The dance was checked as they desired,
 The sound of woman's voice repressed;
 In silence then they all retired
 Within the darkening halls to rest.
 And when was done love's dearest rite,
 Husband and wife with calm delight
 Their mutual thoughts expressed.

Ἡ μὲν ὅς' ἐν μεγάροισιν ἀνέσχετο διὰ γυναικῶν,
 Ἀνδρῶν μνηστήρων ἐσορῶσ' αἰδέηλον ὄμιλον,
 Οἱ ἔθεν εἵνεκα πολλὰ, βόας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα,
 Ἐσφαζον· πολλὸς δὲ πίθων ἠφύσσετο οἶνος.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ Διογενὴς Ὀδυσσεὺς ὅσα κήδε' ἔθηκεν
 Ἀνθρώποις ὅσα τ' αὐτὸς οἷζύσας ἐμόγησεν,
 Πάντ' ἔλεγ'· ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐτέρπετ' ἀκούουσ', οὐδέ οἱ
 ὕπνος
 Πίπτειν ἐπὶ βλεφάροισι πάρος καταλέξαι ἅπαντα·

Ἡρξατο δ', ὡς πρῶτον Κίκονας δάμασ'· αὐτὰρ
 ἔπειτα

Ἦλθ' ἐς Λωτοφάγων ἀνδρῶν πείειραν ἄρουραν·
 Ἦδ' ὅσα Κύκλωψ ἔρξε, καὶ ὡς ἀπετίσατο ποινὴν

4

She told him of the scorn and wrong
She long had suffered in her house,
From the detested suitor throng,
Each wooing her to be his spouse.
How, for their feasts, her sheep and kine
Were slaughtered, while they quaffed her wine
In plentiful carouse.

5

And he, the noble wanderer, spoke
Of many a deed of peril sore—
Of men who fell beneath his stroke—
Of all the sorrowing tasks he bore.
She listened, with delighted ear—
Sleep never came her eyelids near,
Till all the tale was o'er.

6

First told he how the Cicones
He had subdued with valiant hand,
And how he reached across the seas,
The Lotus-eaters' lovely land;
The crimes by Polyphemus done,
And of the well-earned vengeance won,
For slaughter of his band.

Ἰφθίμων ἑτάρων, οὓς ἤσθιεν οὐδ' ἐλέαιρεν·
 Ἦδ' ὥς Αἰόλον ἔκεθ', ὃ μιν πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο
 Καὶ πέμπ'.

οὐδέ πω αἶσα φίλην ἐς πατρίδ' ἰκέσθαι
 Ἦν, ἀλλὰ μιν αὖτις ἀναρπάξασα θύελλα
 Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φέρειν μεγάλα στενάχοντα·

Ἦδ' ὥς Τηλέπυλον Λαιστρυγονίην ἀφίκανεν,
 Οἳ νῆάς τ' ὅλεσαν καὶ εὐκνήμιδας ἐταίρους·
 [Πάντας· Ὀδυσσεὺς δ' οἶος ὑπέκφυγε νηὶ μελαίνῃ·]
 Καὶ Κίρκης κατέλεξε δόλον πολυμηχανίην τε·

7

Vengeance for gallant comrades slain,
And by the Cyclops made a prey;
And how it was his lot to gain
The isle where Æolus holds sway;
And how the Monarch of the wind
Received him with a welcome kind,
And would have sent away,

8

Home to his native isle to sail;
But vainly against fate he strove,
By whom unroused a desperate gale
Over the fishy ocean drove,
And sent him wandering once again,
The toils and dangers of the main
With many a groan to prove.

9

And how he wandered to the coast
Where dwells the distant Læstrygon;
How there his ships and friends he lost,
Escaping in his bark alone;
He spoke of Circe's magic guile,
And told the art and deep-skilled wile
By the enchantress shewn.

Ἦδ' ὥς εἰς Αἴδεω δόμον ἦλυθεν εὐρώεντα,
Ψυχῇ χρησόμενος Θηβαίου Τειρεσίαο,
Νῆϊ πολυκλῆϊδι, καὶ εἴσιδε πάντας ἐταῖρους
Μητέρα θ', ἣ μιν ἔτικτε καὶ ἔτρεφε τυτθὸν ἑόντα·

Ἦδ' ὥς Σειρήνων ἀδινάων φθόγγον ἄκουσεν·
Ὡς θ' ἔκετο Πλαγκτὰς πέτρας δεινὴν τε Χάρυβδιν
Σκύλλην θ', ἣν οὐ πώποτ' ἀκήριοι ἄνδρες ἄλυξαν·

Ἦδ' ὥς Ἡελίοιο βόας κατέπεφνον ἐταῖροι·
Ἦδ' ὥς νῆα θοὴν ἔβαλε ψολόεντι κεραυνῷ
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης· ἀπὸ δ' ἔφθιθεν ἐσθλοὶ ἐταῖροι
Πάντες ὁμῶς, αὐτὸς δὲ κακὰς ὑπὸ Κῆρας ἄλυξεν·

10

Then how to Hades' grisly hall

He went to seek the Theban seer,
In his swift ship; how there with all
The partners of his long career
He met; and how his mother mild,
Who bore, and reared him from a child,
He saw while wandering there.

11

And how the dangerous strain he heard,
Sung by the Sirens' thrilling tongue;
And how with dexterous skill he steered
His course the justling rocks among;
How he—what none had done before—
Unscathed through dread Charybdis bore,
And Scylla sailed along.

12

And how the oxen of the sun
With impious hand his comrades slew;
And how high-thundering Jove upon
Their flying bark his lightning threw,
Till by the bolt of life bereft,
Perished his friends, he only left
Remaining of the crew.

Ὡς θ' ἴκετ' Ὠγυγίην νῆσον Νύμφην τε Καλυψῶ,
ἥ δ' ἤ μιν κατέρυκε, λιλαιομένη πόσιν εἶναι,
Ἐν σπέσσι γλαφυροῖσι,

καὶ ἔτρεφεν ἡδὲ ἔφασκεν
Θήσειν ἀθάνατον καὶ ἀγήραον ἥματα πάντα·
Ἀλλὰ τῷ οὔποτε θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἔπειθεν·

Ἦδ' ὥς ἐς Φαίηκας ἀφίκετο, πολλὰ μογήσας,
Οἳ δ' ἤ μιν πέρι κῆρι θεὸν ὥς τιμήσαντο
Καὶ πέμψαν σὺν νηϊ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Χαλκόν τε χρυσόν τε ἄλῃς ἐσθῆτά τε δόντες.

13

And how, in the Ogygian isle,
He visited Calypso fair;
And how she sought, with many a wile,
To keep him still sojourning there:
With fond desire 'twas hers to crave,
That he, within her hollow cave,
Her nuptial bed should share.

14

Each hospitable art she tried,
His heart to win—his hopes to soothe;
She promised him, were she his bride,
Immortal life, and ceaseless youth.
But all her promise, all her art,
Changed not the temper of his heart,
Nor shook his stedfast truth.

15

How, after many a year of toil,
When on Phæacian land he trod,
The king and people of the isle
Hailed him with honours of a god;
And sent him full of presents fair,
Of gold, and brass, and garments rare,
Back to his own abode.

Τοῦτ' ἀρα δεύτεατον εἶπεν ἔπος, ὅτε οἱ γλυκὺς
ῥῆνος

Λυσιμελὴς ἐπόρουσε, λύων μελεδήματα θυμοῦ.

16

So closed the tale. Then balmy sleep,
The healer of all human woes,
Did their relaxing members steep
In soft oblivion of repose.

* * * * *



IX.

THE

PROPHECY OF THEOCLYMENUS THE SEER.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XX. 345—374.

[THEOCLYMENUS was the prototype of the jongleurs, or wandering minstrels, men of good blood, ready to kill their man, or to sing in bower and hall, or to predict coming events,—or, in fact, to do any thing that irregular genius, backed by a courage not to be daunted but by the prospect of labour of any kind, has ever delighted in. Welcome guests they were wherever they turned their footsteps; bold was their bearing, high their claims to birth and rank, ready their hand in brawl or combat; but they sate ever at the tables of others. It might be instructive, certainly, if well done—it would be extremely amusing to compare the manners of all classes of the Homeric characters with those of the period which immediately followed what we call the dark ages, and preceded immediately the days when reviving literature heralded our present system of

civilised life. We could find in them every character of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But the *vates sacer* did not arise. Properly to perform the task at which I have hinted would require more research and knowledge than, perhaps, the subject is worth.

The first appearance of Theoclymenus is extremely graphic. Telemachus is on the point of weighing from Pylos, on his return homeward. I shall leave Pope to tell the rest.

When, lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourished long,
Till, urged by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
As long he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguish and what rage combined,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong,
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquished, and consign'd the fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose;
There form'd his empire, there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The first begot Oïcleus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Beloved by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above;
And Polyphides, on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone;

In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
 And taught mankind the counsels of the god.
 From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
 (The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
 Telemachus: whom, as to heaven he prest
 His ardent vows, the stranger thus addrest.

O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare
 With pure libations and with solemn prayer;
 By that dread power to whom thy vows are paid;
 By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,
 Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
 Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.

Prepare, then, said Telemachus, to know
 A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.
 From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
 And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)
 Was once my sire, though now for ever lost,
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
 Whose fate inquiring through the world we rove;
 The last, the wretched proof of filial love.
 The stranger then. Nor shall I aught conceal,
 But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
 Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;
 Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
 With unrelenting rage, and force from home
 The bloodstain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam:
 But bear, oh bear me o'er yon azure flood!
 Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!

Stranger (replied the prince), securely rest
 Affianced in our faith; henceforth our guest.
 Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
 Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear:
 He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
 And by his side the guest accepted placed.

It would be useless to point out the hundred minor inaccuracies in these lines. What those who read Pope and Homer together materially complain of, is the

total discrepancy of thought and feeling between the poet and his translator. In the above, I shall only give one instance. Theoclymenus has fled Argos—*ἄνδρα κατακτὰς*—‘having killed a man.’ Homer says nothing further—it was an accident that might happen to any gentleman of the best regulated family, and entailed neither disgrace nor remorse. Times had altered between the days of Agamemnon and Anne, and those plain words gave way, for

When, lo! a *wretch* ran *breathless* to the shore,
New from his *crime*, and reeking yet with gore;

which, by the way, he could not have been, as he had come from Argos to Pylos. After the prophet has carefully ascertained who it is he addresses, from a due caution lest the stranger might be one of the kindred of the slain man, he at once says, on learning that Telemachus was absent from home, ‘I, too, as you are, am out of my country, in consequence of having killed a man of my tribe.’ Not a word of its being ‘the dire secret of his fate,’ or of ‘the luckless deed,’ or of ‘the unrelenting rage’ of the relations of the dead (whose determination to kill him in return he would have considered perfectly correct): still less does he call his antagonist ‘an Argive *wretch*,’ or himself ‘a *bloodstained* exile.’ Those are ideas of a totally different state of society. Theoclymenus had killed a man of his own rank—nothing could be more regular; the relations of the slain vowed mortal vengeance—

regular again; and the prophet, not having power to oppose them, fled. Every thing was conducted with the strictest propriety; and Telemachus, the *πεπνυμένος*, with equal propriety, receives the man in difficulties without a word. On their arrival in Ithaca, the prince proposes to go to the farm in the country, while his sailors make for the town; on which, according to Pope,

Then Theoclymenus: But who shall lend,
Meantime, protection to thy stranger friend?
Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly,
Or yet, more distant, to some lord apply?

Protection? Fly? To some lord apply? This from Theoclymenus, of the house of Neleus by the female line; of Melampus by the male; a cousin of Nestor, ‘the great glory of the Grecians,’ and of the warrior-prophet Amphiaraus, ‘who perished at Thebes, betrayed for gifts bestowed on a woman;’ connected, of course, with the noblest of the heroic houses—he ask to what *lord* he should *apply*? as if he was a poet of modern day, looking for a subscription: or inquire, after having received the plighted friendship of Telemachus, whether he should *fly* for *protection* to his mother! The prophet said nothing of the kind. ‘(You are going to the country, your crew to the town.) Where, then, am I to go, my dear boy? Shall I go to the houses of any of the men who bear sway in craggy Ithaca, or straight to your mother and your

own house?’ This is the version of the Greek word for word: in modern phrase, ‘As I see you are engaged in business of your own, where am I to dine and sleep? Shall I stop at the house of any of your friends, among the surrounding gentry, or go straight and call upon your mother, and put up at yours at once?’ They soon after vowed eternal friendship, in consequence of the favourable interpretation given by the seer to an omen; and the stranger is instantly recommended to the care of a particular friend, with whom he soon makes himself quite at home (*Od.* xvii. 71-84). He, of course, is present at the fatal banquet given by the suitors, and there pronounces his prophetic malediction. Ctesippus had flung the foot of an ox, which he took off the table, at Ulysses, and missed him (could we not find, without going so far as the heroes of Odin, similar traits of manners elsewhere?), which called forth the angry rebuke of Telemachus, and the mild remonstrance of Agelaus, one of the suitors. The last insult had now been offered, and the hour of their fate was at hand. It came upon them in the midst of revel, when they were full of bread. Even Maximus Tyrius grows poetical in his criticism on this passage:—‘Seest thou not the suitors engaged together in youthful pleasures, eating fat goats, filling themselves with tender kids, listening to the sound of music, mixing wine, amusing themselves with quoits, and flinging javelins in sport? Who would not have

pronounced them happy in the midst of their gaiety? But the seer, inspired with a full knowledge of the future, says, "Wretched men, what evil is this?" &c.; for the evil was at their feet, and hard by.']

ΜΝΗΣΤΗΡΣΙ δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
 Ἄσβεστον γέλω ὤρσε, παρέπλαγξεν δὲ
 νόημα.

Οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελοίων ἀλλοτρίοισιν(¹).

Αἰμοφόρυκτα δὲ δὴ κρέα ἤσθιον· ὅσσε δ' ἄρα
 σφέων

Δακρυόφιν πίμπλαντο· γόον δ' ὤϊετο θυμός.
 Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε Θεοκλύμενος θεοειδής·

Ἄ δειλοὶ, τί κακὸν τόδε πάσχετε; νυκτὶ μὲν
 ὑμέων

Εἰλύαται κεφαλαί τε πρόσωπά τε νέρθε τε
 γούνα(²).

Οἰμωγὴ δὲ δέδηκε δεδάκρυνται δὲ παρειαί·
 Αἵματι δ' ἐρράδαται τοῖχοι καλά τε μεσόδμαι·

Εἰδώλων δὲ πλέον πρόθυρον, πλείη δὲ καὶ αὐλή,
 Ἰεμένων Ἑρεβόσδε ὑπὸ ζόφον· ἥελιος δὲ
 Οὐρανοῦ ἑξαπόλωλε, κακὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν ἀχλὺς.

AS Pallas bade, the suitor train
Into mad fits of mirth are thrown;
You scarce had deemed the jaws they strain—
So fierce the laughter—were their own.

2

The flesh they eat with blood o'erflows,
With gushing tears are filled their eyne;
And, while each heart impending woes
Presaged, uprose the seer divine.

3

'What is the fate of evil doom
Now threatening you, unhappy race?
I see that night in thickest gloom
Wraps every limb, and form, and face.

4

'Outbursts like fire the voice of moan,
Drowned are your cheeks with sorrow's flood;
And every wall and pillared stone
Is soaked and dabbled in your blood.

5

'Through hall and porch, full many a ghost
Crowds towards the mansion of the dead;
The sun from out the heavens is lost,
And clouds of darkness rushing spread.'

ὣς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἠδὺ γέ-
λασαν.

Τοῖσιν δ' Εὐρύμαχος, Πολύβου παῖς, ἦρχ' ἀγο-
ρεύειν·

Ἀφραίνει ξεῖνος νέον ἄλλοθεν εἰληλουθώς.

Ἀλλά μιν αἶψα, νέοι, δόμου ἐκπέμψασθε θύραζε
Εἰς ἀγορὴν ἔρχεσθαι· ἐπεὶ τάδε νυκτὶ εἴσκει⁽³⁾.

Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε Θεοκλύμενος θεοειδής·
Εὐρύμαχ', οὐ' τισ' ἄνωγα ἐμοὶ πομπῆας ὀπά-
ζειν·

Εἰσὶ μοι ὀφθαλμοί τε καὶ οὐ'ατα καὶ πόδες ἄμφω
Καὶ νόος ἐν στήθεσσι τετυγμένος οὐδὲ ἀεικής.

Τοῖς ἔξειμι θύραζε, ἐπεὶ νοέω κακὸν ὑμῖν
Ἐρχόμενον, τό κεν οὐ' τις ὑπεκφύγοι οὐδ' ἀλέαιτο
Μνηστήρων,

οἱ δῶμα κατ' ἀντιθέου Ὀδυσῆος
Ἀνέρας ὑβρίζοντες ἀτάσθαλα μηχανάσθε.

6

He ceased, and they with jocund cheer
Into glad peals of laughter broke.
Eurymachus addressed the seer,
And thus in taunting accents spoke :

7

‘Mad is the new-come guest. ’Tis meet
Instant to take him from our sight,
And lead him to the public street
Since he mistakes the day for night.’

8

Then thus replied the seer divine :
‘From thee no guide shall I request,
For eyes, and ears, and feet, are mine,
And no weak soul inspires my breast⁽⁴⁾.

9

‘Then from this fated house I go ;
Swift comes the destined vengeance on ;
None shall escape the deadly blow
Of all the suitors—no, not one.

10

‘Not one of those, who now so long
Have in this mansion held control,
With words of insult on the tongue,
And schemes of baseness in the soul.’

ὣς εἰπὼν ἐξῆλθε δόμων εὐναιεταόντων·

Ἰκετο δ' ἐς Πείραιον, ὃ μιν πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο.

Μνηστῆρες δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐν ἀλλήλους ὀρόωντες

Τηλέμαχον ἐρέθιζον, ἐπὶ ξείνοισι γελώοντες.

11

He went; and as a welcome guest,
Piræus' friendly halls he found.
The suitors, at the dizzy feast,
Each on the other glanced around;
And turned the stranger into jest,
Telemachus's heart to wound.

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 212.

Οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελοίων ἀλλοτρίοισιν.

Malis ridentem alienis. I have endeavoured to give what became the popular proverbial meaning of this phrase in Greece, and among the Romans, who interpreted Homer according to the more modern Grecians. They laughed so immoderately, and so unsparingly of their jaws, that we should not have thought them their own. They laughed as with other men's jaws, as people are sometimes charged with riding other men's horses, at a different pace from that to which they put their own. But I cannot help thinking the interpretation of Eustathius, that 'laughing with foreign jaws,' is something of the same kind of phrase as ἀχρεῖον ἐγέλασσε. She (Penelope; it occurs *Od.* Σ. 162) laughed not merely 'uselessly,' but in a manner that, so far from affording pleasure or use, was precisely of the contrary description. The suitors were evidently drunk, and did not know what they laughed or cried about. Here we have them roaring immoderately in laughter; but the jaws with which they laughed were no longer under their control,—they were as the jaws of other men. In the next line, their eyes are filled with tears, and an indefinable fear of misfortune falls upon them. The Pallas Athene, who had made their minds to wander (l. 346) was the deity who lay at the bottom of the flagons of wine they had been carousing. The conduct of the whole party in all particulars shews that they did not know what they were saying or

doing; and they, therefore, fall easy, and indeed almost unresisting, victims to Ulysses.

NOTE (2). p. 212.

Εἰλύαται κεφαλαί τε πρόσωπά τε νέρθε τε γούνα.

I have translated after 'γυῖα, the reading of Plato.

NOTE (3). p. 214.

Εἰς ἀγορὴν ἔρχεσθαι· ἐπεὶ τάδε νυκτὶ εἴσκει.

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. I think the meaning is plain. 'This fellow is mad. Send him away from us, into the street or market, where people congregate: it is necessary that he should be guided by the testimony of others, as he thinks that this is night. They will tell him it is day*.'

NOTE (4). p. 215.

And no weak soul inspires my breast.

Unguided, hence my *trembling* steps I bend.—POPE.

It is amusing to see how this misconception runs through all his translation.

[* The reply seems to shew that Eurymachus does not pretend to think of undeceiving Theoclymenus by the testimony of others, so much as of seeing him safely conveyed to some public thoroughfare. Dr Maginn had written, 'Instant to *chase* him from our sight,' which, with the following line, has been altered accordingly. ED.]



X.

THE STORY OF THE SWINEHERD.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XV. 389-483.

[ULYSSES, after having given a most mendacious account of himself, inquires from the hospitable swineherd the history of *his* adventures. The manner in which he introduces his inquiry gives a pleasant picture of the ordinary adventures of the time. Eumæus had told him that he was reared from childhood as a slave in the household of Laertes; on which Ulysses says,— ‘How strange it is, swineherd Eumæus, that you were tossed abroad to wander away from your country and your parents while still a child. Tell me, then, and accurately relate, was the broad-streeted city sacked in which your father and venerable mother dwelt? or did pirates carry you off in their vessels, finding you left alone among the sheep or oxen, and sell you to this master, who paid for you the regular price?’ There is something truly businesslike in the manner of this inquiry. ‘And the swineherd, chief of men, immediately replied’—]

ΞΕΙΝ', ἐπεὶ ἄρ δὴ ταῦτά μ' ἀνείρεαι ἡδὲ με-
ταλλᾶς,

Σιγῇ νῦν ξυνίει καὶ τέρπεο πῖνέ τε οἶνον,
Ἕμμενος·

αἶδε δὲ νύκτες ἀθέσφατοι· ἔστι μὲν εὐδειν,
Ἔστι δὲ τερπομένοισιν ἀκούειν·

οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ,

Πρὶν ὥρη, καταλέχθαι· ἀνίη καὶ πολὺς ὕπνος.
Τῶν δ' ἄλλων ὅτινα κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀνώγει,
Εὐδέτω ἐξελθών· ἅμα δ' ἡοῖ φαινομένηφιν

Δειπνήσας, ἅμ' ὕεσσιν ἀνακτορίησιν ἐπέσθω.
Νῶϊ θ' ἐνὶ κλισίῃ πίνοντέ τε δαινυμένω τε
Κήδεσιν ἀλλήλων τερπώμεθα λευγαλέοισιν,

O STRANGER, if it be thy will
My life's whole course to know,
Listen in silence seated still,
While with my tale the hours I fill,
Over the goblet's flow.

2

The long and tedious night's career
Leaves time enough for sleep,
Enough a pleasant tale to hear,
Which those who lend attentive ear
From slumber dull will keep.

3

Repose not till the hour assigned;
Much sleep is sorry cheer.
Let him who feels of drowsier mind,
Departing outward, lie reclined,
Until the morn appear.

4

When, with the porkers of his lord,
He from his meal may go;
We, seated here beside the board,
Eating and drinking, will record
Each other's tales of wo.

Μνωμένω· μετὰ γάρ τε καὶ ἄλγεσι τέρπεται
 ἀνὴρ,

Ὅστις δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πάθη καὶ πόλλ' ἐπαληθῇ.
 Τοῦτο δέ τοι ἐρέω, ὃ μ' ἀνείρεαι ἡδὲ μεταλλᾶς.

Νῆσός τις Συρίη κικλήσκεται, εἴ που ἀκούεις,
 Ὀρτυγίης καθύπερθεν, ὅθι τροπαὶ ἡελίοιο,
 Οὔτι περιπληθὴς λῆνν τόσον, ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ μὲν,

Εὐβοτος, εὐμηλος, οἶνοπληθὴς, πολύπυρος.
 Πείνη δ' οὔποτε δῆμον ἐσέρχεται, οὔδέ τις ἄλλη
 Νοῦσος ἐπὶ στυγερὴ πέλεται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν·

Ἄλλ' ὅτε γηράσκωσι πόλιν κάτα φῦλ' ἀνθρώ-
 πων,

Ἐλθὼν ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων Ἀρτέμιδι ξύν,
 Οἷς ἀγανοῖς βελέεσσιν ἐποιχόμενος κατέπεφνεν.

5

Sweet is, of perils past and o'er,
The story, treasured well,—
Of all the sufferings that we bore;
Our wanderings on a foreign shore,—
Such as I now shall tell.

6

Where turns the sun to set and rise,
All to Ortygia's north,
Thou may'st have heard that Syria lies,
An island of no passing size,
But excellent of worth.

7

With flocks and kine, with corn and wine,
It is replenished well:
There never famine makes to pine,
No maladies to wo consign
The mortals there who dwell.

8

When to the years that suit the tomb
Its aged sons attain,
Then Artemis and Phœbus come,
The Archer-gods, to seal their doom,
By painless arrows slain.

Ἐνθα δὴ πόλιες, δίχα δέ σφισι πάντα δέδασται·
 Τῇσιν δ' ἀμφοτέρῃσι πατήρ ἐμός ἐμβασίλευεν,
 Κτήσιος Ὀρμενίδης, ἐπιείκελος ἀθανάτοισιν.

Ἐνθα δὲ Φοίνικες ναυσίκλυτοι ἤλυθον ἄνδρες,
 Τρῶκται, μυρί' ἄγοντες ἀθύρματα νηϊ μελαίνῃ.

Ἔσκε δὲ πατρός ἐμοῖο γυνὴ Φοίνισσ' ἐνὶ οἴκῳ,
 Καλὴ τε μεγάλη τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ ἔργ' εἰδυῖα·

Τὴν δ' ἄρα Φοίνικες πολυπαῖπαλοι ἡπερόπευον·
 Πλυνούσῃ τις πρῶτα μίγῃ, κοίλῃ παρὰ νηϊ,
 Εὐνῇ καὶ φιλότῃτι·

9

Two are its cities, and the land
'Twixt them is parted free;
O'er both my sire with regal hand,
Ctesius, the godlike, held command;
Of Ormenus son was he.

10

And often the Phœnicians sought
This island o'er the main.
And their ship-famed men of wily thought
Full many a toy in the galleys brought,
To barter there for gain.

11

There chanced in my father's house to be
A woman of their land;
And tall was she, and fair to see,
And in works of art right skilfully
Practised was she of hand.

12

Her beauty made her fall a prey
To sailor arts ere long;
To bathe when she had ta'en her away,
In a seaman's arms in the ship she lay,
Won by his glozing tongue.

τάτε φρένας ἡπεροπεύει
 Θηλυτέρησι γυναιξὶ, καὶ ἢ κ' εὐεργὸς ἔησιν.
 Ἡρώτα δὴ ἔπειτα, τίς εἴη καὶ πόθεν ἔλθοι·
 Ἡ δὲ μάλ' αὐτίκα πατρὸς ἐπέφραδεν ὑψερεφές
 δῶ·

Ἐκ μὲν Σιδῶνος πολυχάλκου εὐχομαι εἶναι·
 Κούρη δ' εἴμ' Ἀρύβαντος ἐγὼ ῥυδὸν ἀφνειοῖο·
 Ἀλλὰ μ' ἀνὴρπαξαν Τάφιοι, ληΐστορες ἄνδρες,
 Ἀγρόθεν ἐρχομένην· πέρασαν δέ τε δεῦρ' ἀγα-
 γόντες
 Τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς πρὸς δώμαθ'· ὁ δ' ἄξιον ὦνον ἔδω-
 κεν.

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπεν ἀνὴρ, ὃς ἐμίσγετο λάθρη·
 Ἡ ῥά κε νῦν πάλιν αὖτις ἄμ' ἡμῖν οἴκαδ' ἔποιο,
 Ὅφρα ἴδῃ πατρὸς καὶ μητέρος ὑψερεφές δῶ

Αὐτοὺς τ' ; ἢ γὰρ ἔτ' εἰσὶ καὶ ἀφνειοὶ καλέονται.
 Τὸν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε γυνὴ καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
 Εἴη κεν καὶ τοῦτ', εἰ μοι ἐθέλοιτέ γε, ναῦται,
 Ὅρκῳ πιστωθῆναι, ἀπήμονά μ' οἴκαδ' ἀπάξειν.

13

Women are weak: the deffest dame

By like deceit may fall.

He asked, Who was she? Whence she came?

And at once did she as her dwelling name

My father's high-roofed hall.

14

'Rich Sidon is my native source,

Rich Arybas my sire:

As from the fields I bent my course,

I by a Taphian pirate-force

Was seized, and here, without remorse,

Sold for the stated hire.'

15

Spoke then the man, in whose embrace

She secretly had lain:

'Wilt thou with us thy path retrace,

To see once more thy natal place,

Thy parents' home again,

16

'Them to see? for they still survive,

Rich in abundant store.'

'Be it so; your offer I receive,'

She said; 'but ye some pledge must give

To bring me safe to shore.

Ὡς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπώμνον, ὥς ἐκέ-
λευεν.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὅμοσάν τε τελεύτησάν τε τὸν
ὄρκον,

Τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειπε γυνή καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·

Σιγῇ νῦν, μή τίς με προσανδάτω ἐπέεσσιν
Ἵμετέρων ἐτάρων, ξυμβλήμενος ἢ ἐν ἀγυίῃ,
Ἥ που ἐπὶ κρήνῃ·

μήτις ποτὶ δῶμα γέροντι

Ἐλθὼν ἐξείπη· ὁ δ' οἷσάμενος καταδήσῃ
Δεσμῶ ἐν ἀργαλέῳ, ὑμῖν δ' ἐπιφράσσετ' ὄλε-
θρον.

Ἄλλ' ἔχετ' ἐν φρεσὶ μῦθον, ἐπείγετε δ' ὦνον
ὀδαίων.

Ἄλλ' ὅτε κεν δὴ νηὺς πλείῃ βιότοιο γένηται,
Ἀγγελίῃ μοι ἔπειτα θοῶς ἐς δῶμαθ' ἰκέσθω·

17

‘Swear this with solemn oath and true,
And, sailors, yours am I.’
Then, as she bade, did all the crew
Take the firm oath in manner due,
And duly ratify.

18

‘Be secret now,’ the woman cried;
‘Should any from the ship
Henceforth to meet with me betide,
In market wide, or at fountain side,
Be closed to me his lip;

19

‘Lest some one to my master old
Should our discourse betray;
And he, suspecting from what is told,
Should bind me fast in prison hold,
And plot your crew to slay.

20

‘But keep the secret safely stored,
And your purchase of victuals ply:
When your full stock is laid on board,
Let some one to me, with speedy word,
At yonder mansion hie.

Οἶσω γὰρ καὶ χρυσὸν, ὅτις χ' ὑποχείριος εἴη·
 Καὶ δέ κεν ἄλλ' ἐπίβαθρον ἐγὼν ἐθέλουσά γε
 δοίην.

Παῖδα γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ἐῆος ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἀτιτάλλω,

Κερδαλέον δὴ τοῖον, ἀματροχόωντα θύραζε·
 Τόν κεν ἄγοιμ' ἐπὶ νηός· ὁ δ' ὑμῖν μυρίον ὦνον
 Ἄλφιοι, ὅπῃ περάσσητε κατ' ἀλλοθρόους ἀνθρώ-
 πους.

Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πρὸς δώματα καλά.
 Οἱ δ' ἐνιαυτὸν ἅπαντα παρ' ἡμῖν αὐθι μένοντες
 Ἐν νηϊ γλαφυρῇ βίοτον πολὺν ἐμπολόωντο·
 Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ κοίλῃ νηὺς ἤχθετο τοῖσι νέεσθαι,
 Καὶ τότε ἄρ' ἄγγελον ἦκαν,

ὃς ἀγγεῖλειε γυναικί.

Ἦλυθ' ἀνὴρ πολυΐδρις ἐμοῦ πρὸς δώματα πατρὸς,
 Χρύσειον ὄρμον ἔχων, μετὰ δ' ἡλέκτροισιν ἔερτο·

21

‘And gold with me I shall surely bear,
Whatever to hand may come;
And with willing mind, as a passage fare,
Shall bring you the boy whom as nurse I rear
In that rich man’s house at home.

22

‘He now can run abroad by my side,
And the child is sharp and smart;
Him then shall I to your vessel guide,
And a handsome price he will sure provide,
When sold at a foreign mart.’

23

She said, and then the house she sought:
In the isle for a year they staid.
Provision in store for their ship they bought,
And when the vessel was fully fraught,
Their messenger was sped.

24

Crafty was he whom the sailors sent
To take the message sure;
To my father’s house his way he bent,
And a necklace of gold with amber blent
He brought with him as a lure.

Τὸν μὲν ἄρ' ἐν μεγάρῳ δμῳαὶ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 Χερσὶν τ' ἀμφαφόωντο καὶ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὁρῶντο,
 ὦνον ὑπισχόμεναι·

ὁ δὲ τῇ κατένευσε σιωπῇ.

Ἦτοι ὁ καννεύσας κοίλῃν ἐπὶ νῆα βεβήκει·
 Ἢ δ' ἐμὲ χειρὸς ἐλοῦσα δόμων ἐξῆγε θύραζε·
 Εὗρε δ' ἐνὶ προδόμῳ ἡμὲν δέπα ἡδὲ τραπέζας
 Ἀνδρῶν δαιτυμόνων, οἳ μιν πατέρ' ἀμφεπένοντο—

Οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἐς θῶκον πρόμολον, δῆμοιό τε φῆμιν—
 Ἢ δ' αἶψα τριῖ ἄλεια κατακρύψας ὑπὸ κόλπῳ
 Ἐκφερεν· αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπόμεν ἀεσιφροσύνησιν.

Δύσετό τ' ἥελιος, σκιάωντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγνυαί·
 Ἡμεῖς δ' ἐς λιμένα κλυτὸν ἦλθομεν ὦκα κίοντες,
 Ἐνθ' ἄρα Φοινίκων ἀνδρῶν ἦν ὠκύαλος νηῦς.
 Οἱ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀναβάντες ἐπέπλεον ὑγρὰ κέλευθα,
 Νῶ ἀναβησάμενοι·

25

With searching hand and longing eye,
My mother and her train
Did there, as he stood in the palace, try
The trinket, promising to buy,
For its beauty made them fain.

26

He winked at the woman, and went his way,
Thus having made the sign.
With my hand in hers, I was led away,
Through the porch where many a goblet lay,
Left where they had met to dine.

27

My father had gone with every guest,
The public court to keep;
And she hid three goblets under her vest,
And I, with a foolish mind possessed,
Followed her to the deep.

28

Down sank the sun, and dark was the street,
And soon we came to the bay,
Where lay the Phœnician galley fleet;
They put us on board, and at once we beat
Fast over the watery way.

ἐπὶ δὲ Ζεὺς οὐρον ἵαλλεν.

Ἐξῆμαρ μὲν ὁμῶς πλέομεν νύκτας τε καὶ ἡμαρ·
Ἄλλ' ὅτε δὴ ἑβδομον ἡμαρ ἐπὶ Ζεὺς θῆκε Κρο-
νίων,

Τὴν μὲν ἔπειτα γυναῖκα

βάλ' Ἀρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα·

Ἄντλω δ' ἐνδούπησε πεσοῦσ' ὥς εἰναλίη κήξ·

Καὶ τὴν μὲν φώκησι καὶ ἰχθύσι κύρμα γενέσθαι

Ἐκβαλον·

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ λιπόμην, ἀκαχήμενος ἦτορ.

Τοὺς δ' Ἰθάκῃ ἐπέλασσε φέρων ἄνεμός τε καὶ
ὔδωρ·

Ἔνθα με Λαέρτης πρίατο κτεάτεσσιν ἐοῖσιν.

Οὕτω τήνδε τε γαῖαν ἐγὼν ἶδον ὀφθαλμοῖσιν.

29

Fair was the wind, vouchsafed by Jove;
Six days before the blast,
Day and night, in constant course, we drove;
But the seventh day was doomed to prove
That guilty woman's last.

30

Her Artemis' fatal arrows slew;
And with a noisy force,
She fell as plump as sea-coots do,
Into the sink, and then they threw
To the seals and fish her corse.

31

And sadly I was left behind;
But soon to Ithaca's shore
Wafted were we by wave and wind;
To Laertes by sale was I consigned;—
And now my tale is o'er.

*** I had intended to have written a few notes on the above, but, on reflection, I do not wish to encumber my readers with too much Greek. In brief, then, I have only to say, that though I have translated ὕεσιν ἀνακτορίην ‘porkers of his lord,’ according to the ordinary interpretation, I think the latter word has no connexion with ἀναξ; that Buttmann, as usual, is a blockhead, about ἀθέσφατος, which merely means *cursed*, as we say a *cursedly* long night; that τροπαί, l. 403, is a corruption—I have rendered it according to the best interpretation I could find, and the commentators on the passage, who find Homer guilty of geographical or astronomical mistakes, are very foolish persons; that there is a line wanting after l. 423; that ναῦται should be ναῦτα, l. 435; that 437 is an interpolation; that ὄμοσαν and τελεύτησαν, l. 438, should be in the singular number; that ὥς, l. 479, perhaps, should be φῆ; and that Turnebus’s note on ἀγανοῖς is trash, though backed by Heraclides Ponticus, and, in a measure, adopted by Clarke. Also, for ἀπώμνον, l. 437, read ἐπώμνον, after the manuscript collated by Thomas Bentley; and, *meo periculo*, for ἀματροχόωντα, l. 451, which has, in Eustathius, the various reading of ὁμοτροχόωντα, read οἰοτροχόωντα, ‘running alone.’

What a commentary could be written on the story beginning with l. 415, and ending with 484! Does any thing connected with human life change? All this story of Eumæus might have occurred on the coasts of old Calibar, in the slave-trade time, and, in spite of the zeal and energy of Governor Maclean, may occur at Cape Coast even at present.

XI.

THE BEATEN BEGGARMAN.

ODYSSEY. BOOK XVIII. 1-116.

[THE contest of Ulysses and Irus, which occupies the first 116 lines of the 18th *Odyssey*, is a favourite passage among the ancient critics, who evidently consider it to be, what in vulgar, but expressive language, we should call a capital piece of fun. Dionysius of Halicarnassus is inclined to trace to it the origin of comedy. ‘Hence [from Homer], perhaps, comedy had its origin. In the midst of his gravest and most sublime matters, we find laughter-moving episodes—as, for instance, when the beggarman Irus, in the *Odyssey*, is put up by the dissipated suitors to challenge the most noble Ulysses [γενναϊοτάτῳ Ὀδυσσεὶ] to a boxing match, and turns out to be only fit for laughing at.’ Some philosophy follows, not worth translating. Eustathius chuckles over the incident, though he is bound to think it not consistent with epic dignity. The poet, he remarks, who is grim (σκυθρωπός) and rough (ἄγριος) in the

Iliad, relaxes into ten thousand jocularities in the *Odyssey*; as nurses indulge children, so he gives the teat to his more tender and simple-minded hearers (ἡδέως τιτθεύει τοὺς ἀπαλωτέρους καὶ ἀπλουστέρους ἀκροατάς). This passage of the comment of Eustathius is evidently corrupt, but the meaning is as I have given it. The many allusions to Irus in the classical authors mark the popularity of the incident.

As I do not believe that Homer is σκυθρωπὸς or ἄγριος in the *Iliad*, I cannot think that he has *deviated* into good-humoured or rough jocularities in the *Odyssey*, for the benefit of the babes and sucklings of literature. The scene in the second book of the *Iliad*, where Ulysses belabours the impudent Thersites with a cudgel—for the σκῆπτρον of the heroic ages was nothing more—is essentially of the same character as the belabouring of the impudent Irus with his fists, in the *Odyssey*. He rebuked the one as a king, chastising an inferior with authority undisputed; the other, his disguised condition compelled him to meet as an equal, and to punish, not as invested with any conventional superiority, but as the man of courage punishes the coward. In both cases the braggart is the victim of his own insolence, and the feeling of the poet is in both identical.

What is and what is not epic and poetic dignity would waste a long volume to discuss. One thing is, however, very observable. Homer, Æschylus, Dante,

Shakspeare, Milton—I pass the inferior names of Hesiod, Euripides, Sophocles, Ariosto, Calderon, Camoens, Goethe, and a score of others—have been vehemently accused of bad taste, in admitting puns and trivial incidents into their poems. Many very respectable authors and critics have been so good as to extenuate, because *they* could not defend, practices so reprehensible. Did it ever strike these gentlemen, that what to the greatest minds of the world appeared not inconsistent with their splendid reveries, might not need defence, or regard attack from the meanest minds in that same world, viz. the critics of *goût*? No! *That* would be the last thought to cross the self-sufficient brains of the self-constituted authorities of ‘polite literature.’

In the following lines, Irus, a town-beggar, sees Ulysses, disguised as a mendicant, at the housegate of the royal residence of Ithaca, and wishes to drive off the intruder on his dues. The suitors indulge in the amusement of seeing the two beggarmen fight; and the result is consistent with *poetic* justice. I fear that in *real* life the sturdy beggar is not always unsuccessful against the true man.]

ἮΛΘΕ δ' ἐπὶ πτωχὸς πανδήμιος, ὃς κατὰ
ἄστυ

Πτωχεύεσκ' Ἰθάκης, μετὰ δ' ἔπρεπε γαστέρι
μάργη,

Ἀζηχὲς φαγέμεν καὶ πιέμεν· οὐδέ οἱ ἦν ἰς
Οὐδὲ βίη· εἶδος δὲ μάλα μέγας ἦν ὀράασθαι.

Ἀρναῖος δ' ὄνομ' ἔσκε· τὸ γὰρ θέτο πότνια μήτηρ
Ἐκ γενετῆς· Ἴρον δὲ νέοι κίκλησκον ἅπαντες,
Οὔνεκ' ἀπαγγέλλεσκε κιὼν, ὅτε πού τις ἀνώγοι·
Ὅς ῥ' ἐλθὼν Ὀδυσῆα διώκετο οἷο δόμοιο

Καί μιν νεικείων ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
Εἵκε, γέρον, προθύρου, μὴ δὴ τάχα καὶ ποδὸς
έλκη·

Οὐκ αἶεις, ὅτι δὴ μοι ἐπιλλίζουσιν ἅπαντες,
Ἐλκέμεναι δὲ κέλονται;

THERE came the public beggarman, who all
throughout the town
Of Ithaca, upon his quest for alms, begged up
and down;
Huge was his stomach, without cease for meat
and drink craved he;
No strength, no force his body had, though vast
it was to see.

2

He got as name from parent dame, Arnæus, at
his birth,
But Irus was the nickname given by gallants in
their mirth;
For he, where'er they chose to send, their speedy
errands bore,
And now he thought to drive away Odysseus from
his door.

3

‘Depart, old man! and quit the porch,’ he cried,
with insult coarse,
‘Else quickly by the foot thou shalt be dragged
away by force:
Dost thou not see, how here on me, their eyes
are turned by all,
In sign to bid me stay no more, but drag thee
from the hall?’

ἐγὼ δ' αἰσχύνομαι ἔμπησ.

Ἄλλ' ἄνα, μὴ τάχα νῶϊν ἔρις καὶ χερσὶ γένηται.
Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν προσέφη πολύμητις
Ὀδυσσεύς·

Δαιμόνι', οὔτε τί σε ῥέζω κακὸν οὔτ' ἀγορεύω,

Οὔτε τινὰ φθονέω δόμεναι, καὶ πόλλ' ἀνελόντα.
Οὐδὸς δ' ἀμφοτέρους ὅδε χεῖσεται· οὔδέ τί σε χρὴ
Ἀλλοτρίων φθονέειν· δοκέεις δέ μοι εἶναι ἀλήτης,
Ὡσπερ ἐγών· ὄλβον δέ θεοὶ μέλλουσιν ὀπάζειν.

Χερσὶ δὲ μήτι λήην προκαλίζεο, μή με χολώσης,
Μή σε γέρων περ ἐὼν στῆθος καὶ χεῖλεα
φύρσω

Αἵματος· ἡσυχίη δ' ἂν ἐμοὶ καὶ μᾶλλον ἔτ' εἴη
Ἀὔριον· οὐ μὲν γάρ τί σ' ὑποστρέψεσθαι οἶω
Δεύτερον ἐς μέγαρον Λαερτιάδεω Ὀδυσῆος.

4

‘’Tis only shame that holds me back; so get thee
up and go!

Or ready stand with hostile hand to combat blow
for blow.’

Odysseus said, as stern he looked with angry
glance, ‘My friend,

Nothing of wrong in deed or tongue do I to thee
intend.

5

‘I grudge not whatsoe’er is given, how great may
be the dole,

The threshold is full large for both; be not of
envious soul.

It seems ’tis thine, as well as mine, a wanderer’s
life to live,

And to the gods alone belongs a store of wealth
to give.

6

‘But do not dare me to the blow, nor rouse my
angry mood;—

Old as I am, thy breast and lips might stain my
hands with blood.

To-morrow free I then from thee the day in
peace would spend,

For never more to gain these walls thy beaten
limbs would bend.’

Τὸν δὲ χολωσάμενος προσεφώνεεν Ἴρος ἀλήτης·
 ὦ πόποι, ὥς ὁ μολοβρὸς ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγορεύει,
 Γρηῖ καμινοῖ⁽¹⁾ ἴσος· ὃν ἂν κακὰ μητισταίμην,
 Κόπτων ἀμφοτέρησι, χαμαὶ δέ κέ πάντας ὀδόντας
 Γναθμῶν ἐξελάσαιμι, συνὸς ὥς ληϊβοτείρης⁽²⁾.

Ζῶσαι νῦν, ἵνα πάντες ἐπιγνώωσι καὶ οἶδε
 Μαρναμένους· πῶς δ' ἂν σὺ νεωτέρῳ ἀνδρὶ
 μάχοιο;

ὣς οἱ μὲν προπάροιθε θυράων ὑψηλάων
 Οὐδοῦ ἔπι ξεστοῦ πανθυμαδὸν ὀκρίωντο.

Τοῖν δὲ ξυνέηχ' ἱερὸν μένος Ἀντινόιο,
 Ἢδὺ δ' ἄρ' ἐκγελάσας μετεφώνει μνηστήρεσσιν·
 ὦ φίλοι, οὐ μὲν πῶ τι πάρος τοιοῦτον ἐτύχθη·
 Οἶην τερπωλὴν θεὸς ἤγαγεν ἐς τόδε δῶμα.
 Ὁ ξεῖνός τε καὶ Ἴρος ἐρίζετον ἀλλήλοισιν
 Χερσὶ μαχήσασθαι· ἀλλὰ ξυνελάσσομεν ὦκα.

7

‘Heavens! how this glutton glibly talks,’ the vagrant Irus cried;

‘Just as an old wife loves to prate, smoked at the chimney side.

If I should smite him, from his mouth the shattered teeth were torn,

As from the jaws of plundering swine, caught rooting up the corn.

8

‘Come, gird thee for the fight, that they our contest may behold,

If thou’lt expose to younger arms thy body frail and old.’

So in debate engaged they sate upon the threshold stone,

Before the palace’ lofty gate wrangling in angry tone.

9

Antinous marked, and with a laugh the suitors he addressed:

‘Never, I ween, our gates have seen so gay a cause of jest;

Some god, intent on sport, has sent this stranger to our hall,

And he and Irus mean to fight: so set we on the brawl.’

Ὡς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀνήϊξαν γελώοντες,
 Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρα πτωχοὺς κακοείμονας ἠγερέθοντο.
 Τοῖσιν δ' Ἀντίνοος μετέφη, Εὐπείθεος υἱός·
 Κέκλυτέ μεν, μνηστῆρες ἀγήνορες, ὅφρα τι εἴπω·
 Γαστέρες αἶδ' αἰγῶν κέατ' ἐν πυρί·

τάσδ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ

Κατθέμεθα, κνίσῃς τε καὶ αἵματος ἐμπλήσαντες·
 Ὀππότερος δέ κε νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,
 Τάων ἣν κ' ἐθέλῃσιν ἀναστὰς αὐτὸς ἐλέσθω·
 Αἰεὶ δ' αὖθ' ἡμῖν μεταδαίσεται, οὐδέ τιν' ἄλλον
 Πτωχὸν ἔσω μίσγεσθαι ἐάσομεν αἰτήσοντα.

10

Gay laughed the guests, and straight arose, on
frolic errand bound,
About the ragged beggarmen a ring they made
around.
Antinous cries, 'A fitting prize for the combat I
require,
Paunches of goat you see are here now lying on
the fire;

11

'This dainty food all full of blood, and fat of
savoury taste,
Intended for our evening's meal, there to be
cooked we placed.
Whichever of these champions bold may chance
to win the day,
Be he allowed which paunch he will to choose
and bear away.
And he shall at our board henceforth partake
our genial cheer,
No other beggarman allowed the table to come
near.'

ὣς ἔφατ' Ἀντίνοος· τοῖσιν δ' ἐπιήνδανε μῦθος.
 Τοῖς δὲ δολοφρονέων μετέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσ-
 σεύς·

ὦ φίλοι, οὐπὼς ἔστι νεωτέρῳ ἀνδρὶ μάχεσθαι
 ἄνδρα γέροντα, δῦν ἄρημένον· ἀλλὰ με γαστήρ⁽³⁾
 ὀτρύνει κακοεργὸς, ἵνα πληγῇσι δαμείω.

Ἄλλ' ἄγε νῦν μοι πάντες ὁμόσσετε καρτερόν
 ὄρκον,

Μήτις ἐπ' Ἴρῃ ἦρα φέρων ἐμὲ χειρὶ βαρείῃ.
 Πλήξῃ ἀτασθάλλων, τούτῳ δέ με ἱφί δαμάσσει.
 ὣς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀπώμνον, ὡς ἐκέ-
 λευεν.

[Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ὁμοσάν τε τελεύτησάν τε τὸν
 ὄρκον,]

Τοῖς δ' αὖτις μετέειφ' ἱερὴ ἰς Τηλεμάχοιο·

Ξεῖν', εἰ σ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 τοῦτον ἀλέξασθαι, τῶν δ' ἄλλων μήτιν Ἀχαιῶν
 Δείδιθ'· ἐπεὶ πλεόνεσσι μαχήσεται, ὅς κέ σε θείνη.

12

They all agreed, and then upspoke the chief of
many a wile:

‘Hard is it when ye match with youth age overrun
with toil;

The belly, counsellor of ill, constrains me now
to go,

Sure to be beaten in the fight with many a heavy
blow.

13

‘But plight your troth with solemn oath, that
none will raise his hand

My foe to help with aid unfair, while I before
him stand.’

They took the covenant it had pleased Odysseus
to propose;

And his word to plight the sacred might of Tele-
machus arose.

14

‘If,’ he exclaimed, ‘thy spirit bold, and thy cou-
rageous heart

Should urge thee from the palace gate to force
this man to part,

Thou needst not fear that any here will strike a
fraudful blow;

Who thus would dare his hand to rear must fight
with many a foe.

Ξεινοδόκος μὲν ἐγών· ἐπὶ δ' αἰνεῖτον βασιλῆες,
 Ἀντίνοός τε καὶ Εὐρύμαχος, πεπνυμένω ἄμφω.
 ὣς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνεον· αὐτὰρ
 Ὀδυσσεὺς

Ζώσατο μὲν ῥάκεσιν περὶ μῆδεα, φαῖνε δὲ μηροὺς
 Καλοὺς τε μεγάλους τε, φάνεν δέ οἱ εὐρέες ὦμοι

Στήθεά τε στιβαροί τε βραχίονες· αὐτὰρ Ἀθήνη
 Ἀγχι παρισταμένη μέλε' ἤλδανε ποιμένι λαῶν.
 Μνηστῆρες δ' ἄρα πάντες ὑπερφιάλως ἀγάσαντο·

ὦδε δέ τις εἶπεςκεν, ἰδὼν ἐς πλησίον ἄλλον·
 Ἡ τάχα Ἴρος Ἀἶρος⁽⁴⁾ ἐπίσπαστον κακὸν ἔξει·
 Οἶην ἐκ ῥακέων ὁ γέρων ἐπιγουνίδα φαίνει.
 ὦς ἄρ' ἔφαν· Ἴρω δὲ κακῶς ὠρίνετο θυμός.
 Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὥς δρηστῆρες ἄγον ζώσαντες ἀνάγκη,
 Δειδιότα·

15

‘Upon me falls within these halls the stranger’s
help to be;

Antinous and Eurymachus, both wise, will join
with me.’

All gave assent, and round his loins his rags
Odysseus tied:

Then was displayed each shoulderblade of ample
form and wide.

16

His shapely thighs of massive size were all to
sight confessed,

So were his arms of muscle strong, so was his
brawny breast;

Athene close at hand each limb to nobler stature
swelled;

In much amaze did the suitors gaze, when they
his form beheld.

17

‘Irus un-Irused now,’ they said, ‘will catch his
sought-for wo,

Judge by the hips which from his rags this old
man stripped can shew.’

And Irus trembled in his soul; but soon the ser-
vants came,

Girt him by force, and to the fight dragged on his
quivering frame.

σάρκες δὲ περιτρομέοντο μέλεσσιν.

Ἀντίνοος δ' ἐνένιπτεν ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνό-
μαζεν·

Νῦν μὲν μήτ' εἴης, βουγαῖε, μήτε γένοιο,
Εἰ δὴ τοῦτόν γε τρομέεις καὶ δείδιαις αἰνῶς,
Ἄνδρα γέροντα, δύνῃ ἀρημένον, ἥ μιν ἱκάνει.

Ἄλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται·
Αἴ κέν σ' οὗτος νικήσῃ κρείσσων τε γένηται,
Πέμψω σ' ἡπειρόνδε⁽⁵⁾, βαλὼν ἐν νηϊ μελαίνῃ,
Εἰς Ἐχέτον βασιλῆα, βροτῶν δηλήμονα πάντων,

Ὅς κ' ἀπὸ ῥίνα τάμησι καὶ οὗατα νηλεῖ χαλκῷ
Μήδεά τ' ἐξερύσας δώῃ κυσὶν ὦμά δάσασθαι.

Ὡς φάτο· τῷ δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ὑπὸ τρόμος ἔλλαβε
γυῖα·

Ἐς μέσσον δ' ἀναγον·

18

There as he shook in every limb, Antinous spoke
in scorn :

‘Twere better, bullying boaster, far, that thou
hadst ne’er been born,
If thus thou quake and trembling shake, o’ercome
with coward fear,
Of meeting with this aged man, worn down with
toil severe.

19

‘I warn thee thus, and shall perform full surely
what I say,
If, conqueror in the fight, his arm shall chance to
win the day,
Epirus-ward thou hence shalt sail, in sable bark,
consigned
To charge of Echetus the king, terror of all man-
kind.

20

‘He’ll soon deface all manly trace with unrelenting
steel,
And make thy sliced-off nose and ears for hungry
dogs a meal.’
He spoke, and with those threatening words filled
Irus with fresh dread ;
And trembling more in every limb, he to the midst
was led.

τῷ δ' ἄμφω χεῖρας ἀνέσχον.

Δὴ τότε μερμήριξε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς,
 ἥ ἑλάσει, ὥς μιν ψυχὴν λίποι αὖθι πεσόντα,
 ἥ μιν ἢ κ' ἐλάσειε⁽⁶⁾ τανύσσειέν τ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ.
 ὦδε δέ οἱ φρονέοντι δοάσσατο κέρδιον εἶναι
 ἥ κ' ἐλάσαι,

ἵνα μὴ μιν ἐπιφρασsaίατ' Ἀχαιοί.
 Δὴ τότ' ἀνασχομένω, ὃ μὲν ἦλασε δεξιὸν ὦμον
 Ἴρος, ὃ δ' αὐχέν' ἔλασσευ ὑπ' οὔατος, ὅστέα δ'
 εἴσω
 ἦ ἔθλασεν·

αὐτίκα δ' ἦλθε κατὰ στόμα φοῖνιον αἶμα·
 Καδ' δ' ἔπεσ' ἐν κονίῃσι μακῶν, σὺν δ' ἦλασ'
 ὀδόντας,
 Λακτίζων ποσὶ γαῖαν· ἀτὰρ μνηστῆρες ἀγαυοὶ
 Χεῖρας ἀνασχόμενοι γέλω ἔκθανον.

21

Both raised their hands, and then a doubt passed
through Odysseus' brain
Should he strike him so, that a single blow would
lay him with the slain,
Or stretch him with a gentler touch prostrate
upon the ground:
On pondering well, this latter course the wiser one
he found.

22

For if his strength was fully shewn, he knew that
all men's eyes
The powerful hero would detect, despite his mean
disguise.
Irus the king's right shoulder hit; then he with
smashing stroke
Returned a blow beneath the ear, and every bone
was broke.

23

Burst from his mouth the gushing blood; down to
the dust he dashed,
With bellowing howl, and in the fall his teeth to
pieces crashed.
There lay he, kicking on the earth; meanwhile,
the suitors proud,
Lifting their hands as fit to die, shouted in laughter
loud.

αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς

Ἐλκε δὲ ἐκ προθύροιο, λαβὼν ποδὸς, ὅφρ' ἵκετ'
αὐλήν,

Αἰθούσης τε θύρας· καί μιν ποτὶ ἐρκίον αὐλῆς
Εἶσεν ἀνακλίνας· σκῆπτρον δέ οἱ ἔμβαλε χειρὶ
Καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
Ἐνταυθοῖ νῦν ἦσο, σύας τε κύνας τ' ἀπερύκων,

Μηδὲ σύ γε ξείνων καὶ πτωχῶν κοίρανος εἶναι,
Λυγρὸς ἐών· μή πού τι κακὸν καὶ μεῖζον ἐπαύρη.
Ἦ ῥα καὶ ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἀεικέα βάλλετο πήρην,
Πυκνὰ ῥωγαλέην· ἐν δὲ στρόφος ἦεν αὐρτήρ.
Ἄψ δ' ὅγ' ἐπ' οὐδὸν ἰὼν κατ' ἄρ' ἔζετο·

τοὶ δ' ἴσαν εἴσω

Ἦδὺ γελῶντες καὶ δεικανόωντ' ἐπέεσσιν·
Ζεὺς τοι δοίη, ξεῖνε, καὶ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι,
Ὅττι μάλιστ' ἐθέλεις καὶ τοι φίλον ἔπλετο
θυμῷ,

24

Odysseus seized him by the foot, and dragged him
through the hall,
To porch and gate, and left him laid against the
boundary wall.
He placed a wand within his hand, and said, 'The
task is thine,
There seated with this staff, to drive away the
dogs and swine ;

25

'But on the stranger and the poor never again
presume
To act as lord, else, villain base, thine may be
heavier doom.'
So saying, o'er his back he flung his cloak, to
tatters rent,
Then bound it with a twisted rope, and back to
his seat he went,

26

Back to the threshold, while within uprose the
laughter gay.
And with kind words was hailed the man who con-
quered in the fray.
'May Zeus and all the other gods, O stranger !
grant thee still
Whate'er to thee most choice may be, whatever
suits thy will.

Ὡς τοῦτον τὸν ἀναλτον ἀλητεύειν ἀπέπασας
Ἐν δῆμῳ· τάχα γάρ μιν ἀνάξομεν ἡπειρόνδε
Εἰς Ἐχετον βασιλῆα, βροτῶν δηλήμονα πάντων.
Ὡς ἄρ' ἔφαν· χαῖρεν δὲ κλεηδόνι διὸς Ὀδυσσεύς.

27

‘Thy hand has checked the beggar bold, ne’er
to return again
To Ithaca, for straight shall he be sped across
the main,
Epirus-ward, to Echetus, terror of all mankind,’
So spoke they, and the king received the omen
glad of mind.

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 246.

Γρηῖ καμινοῖ ἴσος· ὃν ἂν κακὰ μητισταίμην. .

I HAVE taken both interpretations of this word. In one meaning the old woman is called a chimney-hunter, because she is chatty, talkative, πολύλαλος; in another, because she is blackened with the ashes: διὰ τὸ ἐπιφαινόμενον μέλαν, ὥς οἶον ἐκ τινὸς ἀσβολῆς. I do not well understand the explanation given by Aristarchus and Herodian, quoted by Clarke from Eustathius.

NOTE (2). p. 246.

Γναθμῶν ἐξελάσαιμι, σὺς ὥς ληῖβοτείρης.

The scholiast informs us, that when swine are caught rooting the corn, their teeth are drawn for the offence. Ælian assures us that it is a special law in Salamis; adding, that it was supposed, that if swine ate green corn it makes their teeth rotten. Clarke says that this *explicatio* is 'satis inepta.' Perhaps so; but I do not think the law which enacted the toothdrawing of swine very wise. It certainly would not much tend to improve the quality of the pork.

NOTE (3). p. 250.

*Ἄνδρα γέροντα, δύη ἀρημένον· ἀλλά με γαστήρ.

Eustathius doubts whether this γαστήρ is that of Ulysses, or of the goat frying on the fire. The epithet κακοερ-

γὸς is supposed to settle the question in favour or disfavour of the former. We are referred to P. 286, γαστέρα . . . οὐλομένην, ἣ πολλὰ κάκ' ἄνθρωπος δίδωσι. Seneca says, 'Cum ventre humano tibi negotium est; nec rationem patitur, nec ulla prece flectitur populus esuriens.' The readers of Rabelais will remember the wonders of the court of Gaster, master of arts; and as he has taken the degree from *Persius*, I volunteer a translation of the introduction to the satires, in which that important functionary is dubbed *Artium Magister ingenique largitor*.

Nec fonte labra prolui caballino,
 Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
 Memini, ut repente sic poëta prodirem.
 Heliconidasque pallidamque Pirenen
 Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
 Hederæ sequaces: ipse semipaganus
 Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum.
 Quis expedivit psittaco suum Χαῖρε,
 Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis ingenique largitor
 Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Corvos poëtas et poëtridas picas
 Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

I never of the horse-hoof fountain
 Remember to have sipped the streams,
 Nor on Parnassus' two-topped mountain
 Slumbered to woo inspiring dreams,
 As to come forth at once a poet;
 But all the tribe of Helicon,
 Or pale Pirene, I bestow it
 To those who for their busts have won
 The well-earned wreath of ivy clinging:
 As for myself, but half a clown,
 My own rude verses I am bringing
 To join the sacred bards in town;

Who helps poor Poll to cry 'Good day, sir?'

Who to the jay our speech imparts?

The belly, of all wit the raiser;

The belly, master first of arts.

He 'tis who knows of tongues forbidden

Plainly the ready way to teach;

Shew us where shines a treasure hidden,

As bright shall shine our parts of speech.

The bard or bardess who more hoarse is

Than croaking crows or chattering pies,

Who will not then believe discourses

Most Pegaseian melodies?

Ulysses elsewhere speaks in angry terms of the belly, H. 216, οὐ γάρ τι στυγερῇ ἐπὶ γαστέρι κύντερον ἄλλο, &c.; a passage which offends the delicacy of Athenæus, who is followed by Bishop Blomfield in his note on Callimachus' Hymn, εἰς Δήμητρος καλάθον, l. 88. After the bishop has made a very unhappy attempt at an emendation, he proceeds to say, 'Notum est proverbium παχεῖα γαστήρ λεπτόν οὐ τίκτει νόον. Cæterum tota hæc descriptio [that of Erisichthon eating all before him] sordidissima est, et infra Hymni dignitatem longe posita. Callimachus, ut opinor, imitari voluit ætatis Homericæ simplicitatem. In *Odyss.* H. 215 seqq. Ulysses similia de se prædicat, quo nomine merito ab Athenæo reprehenditur, x. p. 412. C.' There is not the smallest similarity between the passages in Callimachus and Homer, as any one will see on inspection. Erisichthon, who, as a πανάμερος εἰλαπιναστὰς ἦσθιε μυρία πάντα, is a very different person from Ulysses complaining of the necessity imposed on mankind of attending under all circumstances to the call of hunger. Alcinous had just before suspected him to be a god. This Ulysses at once contradicts, and deplores that he is obliged to submit to the ordinary wants of human nature.

NOTE (4). p. 252.

Ἦ τάχα Ἴρος Ἄϊρος ἐπίσπαστον κακὸν ἔξει.

‘Irus will be un-Irused;’ he will no longer be able to act as our messenger—our male Iris. His occupation is gone. Ὁ μηκέτι ἐσόμενος Ἴρος ἀλλὰ τεθνηξόμενος.

NOTE (5). p. 254.

Πέμψω σ’ ἠπειρόνδε, βαλὼν ἐν νηϊ μελαίνῃ,

I have ventured to imitate the Greek form in ‘Epirusward.’ There is abundance of authority for it. What this ἠπειρος was seems not very clear; in the catalogue in the *Iliad* it is part of the dominions of Ulysses. Here it is evidently the Norfolk Island of Ithaca, and Echetus the Colonel Arthur of his time.

NOTE (6). p. 256.

Ἦέ μιν ἦκ’ ἐλάσειε τανύσσειέν τ’ ἐπὶ γαίῃ.

Ulysses, it will be seen, decides upon giving Irus only a *gentle* tap. What Homer’s idea of gentleness could have been it is hard to say; for this light touch smashes the man’s jaw-bone, knocks him down in a second, and leaves him vomiting red blood, howling, and kicking upon the ground, with his teeth dashed out, unable to rise. It may be remarked, that in the heroic boxing-matches, in Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, &c., the champions have no notion of *self-defence*. A single blow generally decides. Clarke is quite delighted with the *elegance* of this description. ‘Pulcherrimè rem depingunt et quasi ob oculos possunt hæc verba.’ The suitors who actually saw it felt, of course, infinitely delighted. They were ready to die of

laughing. v. 99. None of the scruples of Pope found their way into the heroes of these times. He says,—

Soon his life to save

The king resolves, *for mercy sways the brave.*

But it would be hard to find this any where in Homer. The king's mercy is no more than that he does not choose to kill Irus, for fear of his being discovered by the extraordinary display of skill and strength. In. l. 94, Ἀχαιοὶ is interpreted as the *suitors*. So else, when, as P. 413, &c. I suppose the word is a corruption. Would ἀγαυοὶ, the ordinary title of the suitors, be tolerable in such a construction?

XII.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF HELEN.

ODYSSEY. BOOK IV. 121-234.

AS I do not purpose continuing this series beyond the present ballad, I must not conclude without introducing the lady herself, who was the cause of all the wo,—the highborn Helen, the far-famed beauty for whom fell

The topless towers of Ilion,

and who has since been the theme of many a song. In my opening paper, I noticed the theory of the Chorizontes (οἱ χωρίζοντες), who maintained that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were written by different persons, grounding their opinions on the varying accounts which, as they imagine, is given of the conduct of Helen in the two poems. In the *Odyssey*, Δ. 261, she confesses that she followed Paris of her own accord, induced by the goddess of love; while in the *Iliad*, B. 356 and 590, she is described as having been carried off by violence, and detained in sorrow: which Nestor calls upon the Greeks to revenge, and which fills the breast of Menelaus with indignation.

The line in these two passages of the *Iliad* is the same :

τίσασθαι Ἑλένης ὀρμήματά τε στοναχάς τε.

Unfortunately, however, ὀρμήματα occurs nowhere else in Homer, or any other Greek writer; and it is very puzzling to decide upon its meaning. It is translated in the ordinary Latin version *raptum*, and must have been so interpreted by the Chorizontes. In the small Scholia, too, we find it explained by ἀρπαγὴν. Eustathius gives it the sense of a *voyage*; but then τίσασθαι would necessarily express the punishment of Helen; 'which,' as Buttmann gallantly says, 'is not to be thought of for an instant.' His own opinion is, that it signifies *any violent emotion of the mind*; but when we recollect the peculiar sort of revenge recommended by Nestor, it is impossible not to suspect that the word refers to something more than mental*.

Explain it, however, as we will, it does not countenance the theory of the Chorizontes. We need not have recourse to the metaphysical refinement of maintaining that the fascination of Paris acting on a weak woman was, and continued to be, a kind of violence committed upon her; all we have to do is to consider whence comes the complaint

* My opinion, however, is, that in one of the passages the line is interpolated. Some ancient critics, with whom Heyne is inclined to agree, wished to expunge it from the speech of Nestor, *Il. B.* 356. I incline against the other passage. The three lines, *B.* 588-90, are not in the spirit of the catalogue, or in accordance with the generally unobtrusive character of Menelaus. In the speech of Nestor the line in question has a peculiar fitness.

about these ὀρμήματα, whatever they may be. Nestor urging the Greeks to fight in what he wished them to consider the cause of Helen, would, of course, represent her as an injured, not a guilty, woman; and Menelaus, her husband, anxious to get her back again, would naturally desire to believe that she left him with reluctance, and continually sighed to return. In the *Iliad*, Γ. 173, &c., she says that she willingly accompanied Paris, as plainly as she says it in the *Odyssey*. In her own speeches she appears as the victim of love: it suits her Greek friends to represent her as the victim of violence. There surely is nothing unnatural, but directly the reverse, in these different views of her case.

We find, however, not indeed a difference, but a most delicate discrimination, between the Helen of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. In the former she is plunged in perpetual sorrow, mourning over her only daughter, her amiable friends, her famous brothers, whom she had deserted, and cursing herself, as the occasion of all the sorrow and misfortunes by which she is surrounded, from her first appearance to her last. In the *Odyssey*, we see her proud of port, magnificent in appearance, every inch a queen. Circumstances only are different—the woman is the same,—the one Helen of the one Homer. Her burst of grief on seeing, from the towers of Troy, her old friends now alienated from her, and of still more poignant lamentation, on *not* seeing among them her renowned brothers, the first of men on the turf and in the ring,

steed-taming Castor and stout-handed Pollux, is only natural. How soon is that sorrow checked, and the deep remorse she expresses for her lapse and its consequences forgotten, the moment that coming in ready obedience at his call she sees the man for whom she had abandoned every thing she had so lately lamented! how soon is her petulant speech of taunting reproach silenced, and how easily does she yield again at the first warm words of flattery and love! Is not this also natural?

When Paris is slain, she is transferred, according to the custom of those ages, to Deiphobus. The only passage in which she is introduced in company with her new husband occurs shortly after the lines which I am about to translate (*Od.* Δ. 271—289); and it represents him suspicious, as he well might be, of her movements, and urging her to deeds of treachery, in which he finds her no reluctant associate. But by this time the guilty love had departed, and she desires no longer to remain in Troy. The post-Homeric-writers—who, however, knew no more about the matter than ourselves—assign to her the part of betraying Deiphobus to death, in order to make her peace with Menelaus. It merely marks their opinion of the general treachery of her character; for we find nothing of it in Homer, who describes the house of Deiphobus as having been taken, after a desperate battle—*αἰνότατον πόλεμον*—by Ulysses and Menelaus. *Od.* Θ. 517—520.

Herbert, in conformity with the theory of his Nimrod, applies to her the character of ‘the accursed woman’ shut

up in the tower. I interpret Homer all through literally. Helen has no enchantment about her but the charms which Nature gave*. She is the beauty of Greece—the

* Anacreon, *Od. 2.*] I venture upon some paraphrastic mimicry of this untranslatable ode, placing it, with due appreciation of rank, in a note. I versify it in the favourite metre of Burns. If *he* had known a little Greek (a very little would have been necessary), and thought translation of Anacreon worthy of his genius, we might have had something Teian in our language, or, at least, in its Scotch dialect. As it is:—

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις,
 ὄπλας δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,
 ποδωκίην λαγωοῖς,
 λέουσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων,
 τοῖς ἰχθύσιν τὸ νηκτὸν,
 τοῖς ὀρνέοις πέτασθαι,
 τοῖς ἀνδράσιν φρόνημα
 γυναιξὶν οὐκ ἐπείχεν
 τί οὖν δίδωσι; Κάλλος.
 ἀντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασέων,
 ἀντ' ἐγχείων ἀπάντων
 νικᾷ δὲ καὶ σίδηρον,
 καὶ πῦρ, καλὴ τις οὔσα.

I.

Horns to the bull has heaven decreed;
 With hoof of vigour armed the steed;
 Gifted the hare with foot of speed;
 So toothed the jaw
 Of yawning lion, as to breed
 Terror and awe.

II.

To fish is given to stem the tide;
 To birds, on wing through air to glide;
 To men, with forethought to provide
 For every duty.
 Was aught for woman left beside?
 O, yes! 'twas beauty!

and slaughter on her account, admit, as they gaze upon her, that it is no wonder that nations should engage in all the woes of war. She was, beside, of the blood of the gods—of the highest blood, too; and ladies of heavenly birth claimed privileges not conceded to ordinary mortals, and had their claims allowed. In this war, the complaint of her Greek partisans was not that she had granted favours to Paris, but that she, the Jove-born, had been subjected to violence and rape. Had she remained quietly at home, her lapse would have been attributed to some immediate avatar of the gods; and Menelaus would have borne it with as much tranquillity as Amphitryon.

The Helen of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is in the main features of character essentially one. She is selfish, sensual, and splendid. In the *Iliad*, the uncertainty of her lot, and the surrounding slaughter, draw from her bitter complaints and unavailing wishes that she had never been born, or had perished in the waves before she came to Troy; but her griefs are selfish. We find her first coolly employed in weaving tapestry to picture forth the battles of the armies 'suffering woes' on her account: and when she learns that Paris and Menelaus are to fight in single combat to decide to whom she was to belong as wife, she feels, certainly, a slight emotion of soft remembrance of other days; but it does not make her forget the necessity of wrapping herself up in silvery sheen, and descending, with her handmaidens, in due state, to witness, as a scarcely concerned spectator, the scenes going on in the

plains. She is perfectly reconciled to the result of the conflict, whatever it may be. She thinks tenderly of her former husband—*i. e.* she is ready to return to him if he wins her, and to abandon her Trojan lover. She is found equally ready to fall into the arms of Paris when he comes back from the field. When she reproaches him for his defeat, her anger is embittered by the reflection of the disgrace it occasions to herself. (*Il. Z. 349, &c.*) As she had deserted her husband, she wishes that the man for whom the gods destined her had been one more worthy of respect, and more sensible of honourable impulses. So, when she mourns over the slain body of Hector, her sorrow flows principally from her conviction, that by his death she has lost a powerful friend, at a moment when she most wants a protector. (*Il. Ω. 773, &c.*) Her conduct to Paris is that of a finished coquette. She chides and upbraids him, but the next instant shares with him the pleasures of sensual love. Not only is she prepared, if the decision of the fight decrees it, to leave him for Menelaus; but she hints plainly enough (*Il. Γ. 400*), that if it were the will of Venus that she should go with any other favourite of the goddess in Phrygia or Mæonia, she might murmur at the arrangement, but would not think of disobeying.

In the *Odyssey*, we find her displaying the same external splendour, and the same indifference to the sufferings of others, provided her own feelings are gratified. We learn from herself, that she connived at the slaughter of

the Trojans by the hands of Ulysses, whom she welcomed and harboured when he entered the town as a spy; and from her husband, that she was equally ready to betray Ulysses himself, and his companions in the horse, to slaughter, as merciless at the hands of Deiphobus, by luring them to their fate by a treacherous imitation of the voices of their wives. She rejoiced, she tells us, in her heart, when she heard the shrill wailing of the Trojan women; because she now—now that Paris was no more—was anxious to return home; and not a word of compassion or remorse, except in general and unmeaning phrases, drops from her concerning all the misery she occasioned. Paris is never mentioned (perhaps on the principle of Haynes Bayly's song, 'Oh, no, we never mention her!'). The misfortunes of the war are freely treated, as if she were indifferent to all concerned; and if she sheds, in company with others, an idle tear over Ulysses, whose craft and deceit had chiefly attracted her admiration (*Od.* Δ. 257), she speedily banishes reflections that might disturb her, by the sweet oblivious antidote of nepenthe. Her selfish sorrows, in the *Iliad*, are replaced by a disposition for ease equally selfish. She is forgiven by her husband,—the time of deep emotion has passed away,—the bloody dream of war is over,—the sweet intoxication of sensual passion gone. She sits as queen in the halls of her native land; and though she sometimes uses words of regret or shame, it is plain that her heart is at rest, from feeling, that all is done—that whatever memories

she may retain for those who once stirred every passion, they shall not be permitted to disturb her present repose—that she is never again to witness scenes of reproach, danger, or dismay—and that where she now is none dare censure her, but, on the contrary, that all admitted to her presence approach her in profound submission to her rank and fame, or in unfeigned admiration of her peerless beauty and her excelling attractions.

She is perpetually applying to herself terms of condemnation; but from Homer, in his own person, we never hear a word of blame directed against her. It was no part of his task to compose sermons, or ethical treatises; but he gives his opinions in a way just as intelligible as if he had moralised through a whole volume. Helen, in the *Iliad*, is shewn in contrast with Andromache; in the *Odyssey*, with Penelope; and many and minute are the touches of distinction between the characters of the respective ladies—between the devoted wife, praying her husband not to rush into danger, no matter how honourable might be the occasion, and the sensual mistress, driving her lover to the combat that he might not disgrace her choice—between the afflicted woman, begging, in tones of pathetic eloquence, that her Hector should not abide the issue of a single combat, pressed upon him by every consideration of public honour and private feeling, and the haughty dame, whining, indeed, with a mixture of coquetry and selfish remorse, but coolly awaiting the result of a duel, in which her husband, to whose honourable

qualities she herself bears testimony, both in *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the man for whom she professed a fatal affection, peril their lives solely on her account, indifferent to the fate of the combat, and prepared to welcome the embraces of either—and, again, between the cautious and prudent lady, waiting, in widowhood and seclusion, long years, in the hope of her husband's return, subjecting herself to insult and annoyance, while she reared their son to manhood, though scarcely dreaming that her hopes would be fulfilled at last, and the *intrigante*, reckless of every thing but immediate gratification, abandoning home, and honour, and daughter, without scruple, living a life of luxury and splendour, professing love, but feeling none of its noble or soul-stirring emotions, at once braving the world and wooing its flatteries—between Penelope, chaste, upright, free from self-reproach, and careless of the female point of honour, and Helen, proud of bearing, but tormented by her own thoughts whenever she ventures to think, sincere, perhaps, for the moment, in the utterance of remorseful emotions, but confirmed by long practice in hypocrisy and deceit. Faithless and fair, an object of admiration more than of love, of pity rather than of condemnation for her errors, trusted by none, and complimented by all, the very splendour with which she is introduced, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, affords a striking contrast to the affectionate meeting of Andromache and Hector, and the modest demeanour of Penelope, called from her chamber to check a song reminding

her too sadly of her absent husband. These are the scenes in which these ladies are originally introduced in *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Her striking grandeur of appearance is one of the marks which incline me to believe that Homer intended to represent Helen as the character [not exactly of the accursed, but] of the false woman. It is a characteristic of the Cleopatras, the Olympias, the Clevelands, and other such ladies of all times and countries. It can be hardly worth while to write a dissertation on such a subject here; but it would not be hard to prove that gorgeousness of personal appearance is at once a cause and a consequence of that disposition which led Helen to err.

But she must not be waited for any longer. Adraste, and Alcippe, and Phylo, and Asphalion, are waiting in full pomp to introduce

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF HELEN.

[TELEMACHUS, and Pisistratus, son of Nestor, arrive at Sparta in quest of information after Ulysses; and they are there hospitably received by Melelaus and Helen. They arrive on prosperous occasion, which may be 'taken in the very words of Pope:']—

And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds—
Sparta, whose walls a range of hills surrounds.
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends,
Where sat Atrides, 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his son's and daughter's nuptial hour.

Hermione, the daughter of Helen and Menelaus, was wedded to the son of Achilles; and Megapenthes, whom it pleases Pope to call the offspring of a *stolen* amour [ἐκ δούλης] of great Atrides' age, to the daughter of Alector, by the same authority styled his *handmaid*. The visitors are astonished at the magnificence which they behold. Those who read the Greek Homer, not the English, from whom he was, according to the epigram, translated, will be as much astonished at many things in the following,—among the rest, at the title of 'seneschal' applied to the κρείων Ἐπεωνεύς.

The seneschal, rebuk'd, in haste withdrew;
With equal haste a menial train pursue:
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd.
Each to a crib with choichest grain surcharg'd:
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd.
With rich magnificence the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend:
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel train attends the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atrides sate:
Throned next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mould,
The burnished laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the king with hospitable port:—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;

The waste of nature let the feast repair,
 Then your high lineage and your names declare;
 Say from what sceptred ancestry ye claim,
 Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
 For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
 With signatures of such majestic grace.

Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
 The royal portion of the choicest chimes
 To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
 They share the honours of the rich repast.
 Sufficed, soft whispering thus to Nestor's son,
 His head reclined, young Ithacus begun:

View'st thou unmoved, O ever-honoured most!
 These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost!
 Above, beneath, around, the palace shines
 The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
 The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
 And studded amber darts a golden ray:
 Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
 My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.

It is, however, one of the best executed passages in Pope; for the splendour of the house of Menelaus is sedulously pressed upon our attention, and the stately versification of Pope does it justice. I have chosen for the following ballad a metre which, if properly managed, is capable of majestic utterance. It is the *trochaic tetrameter catalectic* of the ancients, if such designations be applicable to our style of verse. In our own ballads (I quote from memory, and will not guarantee my readings), that of

Do' you | kno'w a | Tur'kish | la'dy ||,
 How' she | lov'ed an | Eng'lish | ma'n.
 Go'ld and | je'wels | ri'ch as | ma'y be ||,
 Ro'yal | clo'thing | ha'd she | o'n.

In the classical *Pervilegium Veneris*:

Cras a' | me't qui | nun'qu' a- | ma'vit ||

Qui qu' a- | ma'vit | cra's a- | met.

Ve'r no- | vu'm ver | ja'm ca- | no'rum ||

Ve're- | na'tus | o'rbis | est.

Or in the hymns of that musical dialect which forms the link between the classical and the romantic metres, as:

Ta'ntum | e'rgo | sa'cra- | me'ntum ||

Ve'ne- | re'mur | ce'rnu- | i

E't an- | ti'quum | do'cu- | me'ntum ||

Ce'dat no'vo | ri'tu- | i, &c.

Or:

Ma'cte | ju'dex | mo'rtu- | o'rum ||

Ma'cte | re'x vi- | ve'nti- | um.

So'lve | vo'cem | me'ns so- | n'oram

So'lve | li'nguam | mo'bi- | lem.]

Εκ δ' Ἑλένη θαλάμοιο θυώδεος ὑψορόφοιο
 ἦλυθεν, Ἀρτέμιδι χρυσηλακάτῳ εἰκνῖα.
 Τῇ δ' ἄρ' ἅμ' Ἀδρήστη κλισίην εὖτυκτον ἔθηκεν·
 Ἀλκίππη δὲ τάπητα φέρειν μαλακοῦ ἐρίοιο·

Φυλῶ δ' ἀργύρεον τάλαρον φέρε, τόν οἱ ἔδωκεν
 Ἀλκάνδρη, Πολύβοιο δάμαρ, ὃς ἔναι' ἐνὶ Θήβης
 Αἴγυπτίης, ὅθι πλείστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται·

Ὃς Μενελάῳ δῶκε δύ' ἀργυρέας ἀσαμίνθους,
 Διοιούς δὲ τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα.
 Χωρὶς δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένη ἄλοχος πόρε κάλλιμα δῶρα·
 Χρυσέην τ' ἠλακάτην τάλαρόν θ' ὑπόκυκλον
 ὅπασσεν

FROM her perfumed chamber wending,
Did the high-born Helen go :
Artemis she seemed descending,
Lady of the golden bow ;
Then Adrasta, bent on duty,
Placed for her the regal chair ;
Carpet for the feet of beauty
Spread Alcippe soft and fair.

2

Phylo came the basket holding,
Present of Alcandra's hand ;
Fashioned was its silvery moulding
In old Egypt's wealthy land ;
She, in famous Thebè living,
Was of Polybus the spouse,
He with soul of generous giving
Shared the wealth that stored his house.

3

Ten gold talents from his coffer,
Lavers twain of silver wrought,
With two tripods as his offer,
Had he to Atrides brought ;
While his lady came bestowing
Gifts to Helen rich of price,
Gave a distaff, golden, glowing,
Gave this work of rare device.

Ἀργύρεον, χρυσῷ δ' ἐπὶ χεῖλεα κεκράαντο.
 Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἀμφίπολις Φυλὼ παρέθηκε φέρουσα,
 Νήματος ἀσκητοῖο βεβυσμένον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
 Ἥλακάτη τετάνυστο, ἰοδνεφὲς εἶρος ἔχουσα.

Ἐξετο δ' ἐν κλισμῷ, ὑπὸ δὲ θρῆνυς ποσὶν ἦεν.
 Αὐτίκα δ' ἥγ' ἐπέεσσι πόσιν ἐρέεινεν ἕκαστα·
 Ἴδμεν δὴ, Μενέλαε Διοτρεφὲς, οἵτινες οἶδε
 Ἀνδρῶν εὐχετόωνται ἱκανέμεν ἡμέτερον δῶ;
 Ψεύσομαι, ἢ ἔτυμον ἐρέω; κέλεται δέ με θυμός.
 Οὐ γάρ πώ τινά φημι εἰκότα ὧδε ιδέσθαι,
 Οὔτ' ἄνδρ' οὔτε γυναῖκα—σέβας μ' ἔχει εἰσορό-
 ωσαν—

Ὡς ὅδ' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγαλήτορος νῆϊ ἔοικεν,
 Τηλεμάχῳ, τὸν ἔλειπε νέον γεγαῶτ' ἐνὶ οἴκῳ
 Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ, ὅτ' ἐμείο κυνώπιδος εἶνεκ' Ἀχαιοὶ
 Ἥλθεθ' ὑπὸ Τροίην, πόλεμον θρασὺν ὀρμαίνοντες.

4

Shaped was it in fashion rounded,
All of silver but the brim,
Where by skilful hand 'twas bounded,
With a golden-guarded rim.
Now to Helen Phylo bore it,
Of its well-spun labour full,
And the distaff laid she o'er it,
Wrapt in violet-tinted wool.

5

Throned, then, and thus attended,
Helena the king addressed:
'Menelaus, Jove-descended,
Know'st thou who is here thy guest?
Shall I tell thee, as I ponder,
What I think, or false or true;
Gazing now with eyes of wonder
On the stranger whom I view?

6

'Shape of male or female creature,
Like to bold Odysseus' son;
Young Telemachus in feature,
As this youth I seen have none.
From the boy his sire departed,
And to Ilion's coast he came,
When to valiant war ye started
All for me—a thing of shame.'

Τὴν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη ξανθὸς Μενέλαος·
 Οὕτω νῦν καὶ ἐγὼ νοέω, γύναι, ὥς σὺ εἴσκεις·
 Κείνου γὰρ τοιοίδε πόδες τοιαίδε τε χεῖρες,
 Ὀφθαλμῶν τε βολαὶ κεφαλὴ τ' ἐφύπερθέ τε
 χαῖται.

Καὶ νῦν ἦτοι ἐγὼ μεμνημένος ἀμφ' Ὀδυσῆϊ
 Μυθεόμην ὅσα κείνος οἷζύσας ἐμόγησεν
 Ἀμφ' ἐμοῖ, ἀντάρ ὁ πικρὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυον
 εἶβεν,

Χλαῖναν πορφυρέην ἄντ' ὀφθαλμοῖιν ἀνασχών.
 Τὸν δ' αὖ Νεστορίδης Πεισίστρατος ἀντίον ἦνδα·
 Ἀτρεΐδῃ Μενέλαε Διοτρεφές, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
 Κείνου μέντοι ὅδ' υἱὸς ἐτήτυμον, ὥς ἀγορεύεις.
 Ἀλλὰ σαόφρων ἐστὶ,

νεμεσσᾶται δ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ,
 ὧδ' ἐλθὼν τὸ πρῶτον, ἐπесβολίας ἀναφαίνειν
 Ἄντα σέθεν, τοῦ νῶϊ θεοῦ ὥς τερπόμεθ' αὐδῇ.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ προέηκε Γερήνιος ἱππότα Νέστωρ,
 Τῷ ἅμα πομπὸν ἐπесθαι· ἐέλδετο γάρ σε ιδέσθαι,
 Ὅφρα οἱ ἦ τι ἔπος ὑποθήσσαι, ἢ τι ἔργον.

7

And Atrides spake, replying,
‘Lady, so I think as thou,
Such the glance from eyeball flying,
Such his hands, his feet, his brow;
Such the locks his forehead gracing;
And I marked how, as I told
Of Odysseus’ deeds retracing,
Down his cheek the tear-drop rolled.

8

‘While he wiped the current straying
With his robe of purple hue.’
Nestor’s son then answered, saying,—
‘What thou speakest, king, is true.
He who at thy board is sitting
Is of wise Odysseus sprung;
Modest thoughts, his age befitting,
Hitherto have stilled his tongue.

9

‘To address thee could he venture,
While thy winning accents flowed,
In our ravished ears to enter,
As if uttered by a god!
At Gerenian Nestor’s sending
Comes beneath my guidance he,
In the hope thy well intending
To his guest of help may be.

Πολλὰ γὰρ ἄλγέ' ἔχει πατρὸς παῖς οἰχομένοιο
 Ἐν μεγάροισ, ᾧ μὴ ἄλλοι ἀοσσητῆρες ἔωσιν,
 Ὡς νῦν Τηλεμάχῳ· ὁ μὲν οἷχεται, οὐδέ οἱ ἄλλοι
 Εἰς', οἳ κεν κατὰ δῆμον ἀλάλκοιεν κακότητα.

[I have condensed into two stanzas the substance of the lines from v. 168 to v. 218, as I fear they would seem tedious in this metre. I resume at 219.]

10

Many a son feels sorrow try him
While his sire is far away,
And no faithful comrade by him,
In his danger prop or stay.
So, my friend, now vainly sighing,
O'er his father absent long,
Finds no hand, on which relying,
He may meet attempted wrong.'

11

[Kindly Menelaus spake him,
Praised his sire in grateful strain,
Told his whilome hope to take him
As a partner in his reign;
All were softened at his telling
Of the days now past and gone;
Wept Telemachus, wept Helen,
Fell the tears from Nestor's son.

12

Gushing came they for his brother,
Slain by Dawn-born Memnon's sword;
But his grief he strove to smother,
As unfit for festal board.
Ceased the tears for wo and slaughter,
And again began the feast;
Round Asphalion bore the water,
Tendered to each noble guest.]

Ἐνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησ' Ἑλένη, Διὸς ἐκγεγαυῖα·
 Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπιον,
 Νηπενθές⁽¹⁾ τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάν-
 των.

Ὅς τὸ καταβρόζειεν, ἐπὴν κρητῆρι μιγείη,
 Οὐ κεν ἐφημέριός γε βάλοι κατὰ δάκρυ παρειῶν,

Οὐδ' εἴ οἱ κατατεθναίῃ μήτηρ τε πατήρ τε,
 Οὐδ' εἴ οἱ προπάροιθεν ἀδελφεὸν ἢ φίλον υἱὸν
 Χαλκῶ δηϊόωεν, ὃ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὀρῶτο.

Τοῖα Διὸς θυγάτηρ ἔχε φάρμακα μητιόεντα,
 Ἐσθλὰ, τὰ οἱ Πολύδαμνα πόρεν, Θῶνος παράκοιτις,
 Αἰγυπτίῃ τῇ πλείιστα φέρει ζεῖδωρος ἄρουρα
 Φάρμακα, πολλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ μεμιγμένα, πολλὰ
 δὲ λυγρά.

13

Then to banish gloomy thinking,
Helen on gay fancy bent,
In the wine her friends were drinking,
Flung a famed medicament :
Grief-dispelling, wrath-restraining,
Sweet oblivion of all wo ;
He the bowl thus tempered draining
Ne'er might feel a tear to flow.

14

No, not e'en if she who bore him
And his sire in death were laid ;
Were his brother slain before him,
Or his son with gory blade.
In such drugs was Helen knowing ;
Egypt had supplied her skill,
Where these potent herbs are growing,
Some for good, and some for ill.

NOTES.

NOTE (1). p. 290.

Νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἀπάντων.

WHAT the nepenthe may be has puzzled critics and physicians. It is generally supposed to be opium; others think it the sedative extract of hyoscyamus, monkshood, or some such narcotic plant. Shall I hazard a conjecture, ψεύσομαι ἢ ἔτυμον ἐρέω? The mixture which Helen gives her guests is intoxicating. The derivation from νη and πένθος, though plausible enough, as combined here with ἄχολον, is apparently an afterthought. It is, in all probability, an Oriental word adopted into Greek, and, by the Greeks, as in many other such cases, assumed as their own, and supplied, as a matter of course, with a Greek etymology. I need not go further for an example than Ἰησοῦς (Joshua) derived from ἰάομαι. As for the νη, that may be easily disposed of—either in the sense of value, or νεός—and then πενθες remains. Striking off the grammatical termination, we come to the root πενθ. This is the same word, with an aspiration, as πεντ, the root of πέντε, *five*. Now, πεντ comes directly from Sanscrit; and the Sanscrit has supplied us with another word, which originally, in India, *five*, is now the name of what jovial drainers of the bowl, who know nothing of its etymology, are in the habit of describing as our national liquor, viz. *punch*. A reference to no more recondite authority than Johnson's Dictionary will shew the Indian origin of this word, expressive

of the liquor of *five* ingredients. If my conjecture be allowed, the author, whoever he may have been, of 'Punch cures the gout, the cholic, and the tisick,' was unconsciously imitating one of the most famous passages of Homer, *Od.* Δ. 220, &c. I may here remark, that a familiarity with the use of drugs, as elsewhere of divination, ascribed to Helen by Homer, is another characteristic of ladies of her disposition.

NOTE UPON *φή*.

IN a hasty note on my 9th ballad, I threw out a suggestion that, in the 478th verse of the 15th *Odyssey*, *ὥς* might perhaps be read *φή*.

ἄντλῳ δ' ἐνδούπησεν πεσοῦσα φή εἰναλίῃ κήξ.

instead of *πεσοῦσ' ὥς*. The verse so read appears to me more harmonious, though the received text must be considered as well qualified to express the plump *souse* of the woman or the bird into the water. Buttmann, of whom I have more to say before I conclude this note, remarks, under the head *φή* (in Fishlake's translation, p. 534), that, 'throughout the whole of Homer, the simple *ὥς*, when placed before the noun in the sense of *as*, never stands otherwise than at the beginning of a sentence with a verb or a participle expressed, except in such cases evidently elliptic, as *Od.* *Ξ.* 441, *αἶθ' οὕτως, Εὖμαιε, φίλος Διὶ πατρὶ γένοιο, Ὡς ἐμοὶ*. In strict comparisons, on the other hand' [I must remark that Fishlake ought to have known that in English, at least, *ὥς* may be always translated *as*, just as in the other construction], 'where before the nominative or accusative it answers to the Latin *instar* with the genitive, we never find *ὥς* in any part of Homer as in that single (?) passage, *ὥς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης*. Every where else we have either the simple *ὥς* after the noun, as *θεὸς ὥς, λύκοι ὥς, δρυόχους ὥς*; or, where placed before the noun, we have *ὥστε*, as *ὥστε κρήνη μελάνυδρος, ὥστε λέοντες δύο, ὥστε γυναῖκας*; or *ἥύτε*, as *ἥύτε κούρη, ἥύτε νεβρούς, &c.*' This rule could be better and more briefly laid down, by

saying that ‘when $\acute{\omega}\varsigma$ is equivalent to *ceu* in Latin, it is placed after the noun, as $\lambda\acute{\upsilon}\kappa\omicron\iota \acute{\omega}\varsigma$, translated by Virgil *lupi ceu*’ [Virgil who, I suppose, knew the relative force of the Greek and Latin languages, did not think of employing *luporum instar* as the proper equivalent] ‘in other cases it precedes.’ Now, the line above quoted by Buttmann, $\acute{\omega}\varsigma \kappa\acute{\upsilon}\mu\alpha\tau\alpha \mu\alpha\kappa\rho\acute{\alpha} \theta\alpha\lambda\acute{\alpha}\sigma\sigma\eta\varsigma$ [read by Zenodotus, $\phi\eta \kappa\acute{\upsilon}\mu\alpha\tau\alpha$] is not the only example in which his canon is violated, as he carelessly supposes, for in the *Odyssey* we have $\acute{\omega}\varsigma \epsilon\iota\nu\alpha\lambda\acute{\iota}\eta \kappa\acute{\eta}\xi$. I suppose, if the rule be correct, $\acute{\omega}\varsigma$ is as much out of place before a noun adjective as a noun substantive, and therefore, with Zenodotus in the *Iliad*, would replace it by $\phi\eta$. (I own I do not like the unusual collocation of the adjective, and would have no objection to find a various reading for $\epsilon\iota\nu\alpha\lambda\acute{\iota}\eta$.) If it be deemed an act of ultra temerity to introduce the strange word $\phi\eta$, without hint or authority from ancient critics, scholiasts, or commentators, $\acute{\omega}\sigma\tau’ \epsilon\iota\nu\alpha\lambda\acute{\iota}\eta$ should be substituted, as *Il. B.* 459, $\acute{\omega}\sigma\tau’ \acute{\omicron}\rho\nu\acute{\iota}\theta\omega\nu$, 474, $\acute{\omega}\sigma\tau’ \alpha\iota\pi\acute{\omicron}\lambda\iota\alpha$, and a hundred other places.

But I am asked, What is $\phi\eta$? and I referred to Buttmann. $\Phi\eta$, then, is twice read in the sense of $\acute{\omega}\varsigma$ by Zenodotus, *me judice* a superior critic to Aristarchus—once in the passage above quoted. *Il. B.* 144, $\text{Κινήθη δ' ἀγορή, } \acute{\omega}\varsigma \kappa\acute{\upsilon}\mu\alpha\tau\alpha \mu\alpha\kappa\rho\acute{\alpha} \theta\alpha\lambda\acute{\alpha}\sigma\sigma\eta\varsigma$, where, except for the grammatical canon just mentioned, it could make no alteration, and, of course, is of no importance. In the other passage, *Ξ.* 499, $\phi\eta$ for $\acute{\omega}\varsigma$ is a decided improvement. Peneleus strikes off the head of Ilioneus, in whose eye was still sticking the spear by which he had been slain, and then

— $\acute{\omicron} \delta\grave{\epsilon} \phi\eta, \kappa\acute{\omega}\delta\epsilon\iota\alpha\nu \acute{\alpha}\nu\alpha\sigma\chi\acute{\omega}\nu,$
 $\pi\acute{\epsilon}\phi\rho\alpha\delta\acute{\epsilon} \tau\epsilon \text{ Τρώεσσι, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ἠΐδα.}$

If $\phi\eta$, according to received usage, be considered as $\acute{\iota}\phi\eta$, we must suppose that $\kappa\acute{\omega}\delta\epsilon\iota\alpha\nu$ is put for $\acute{\omega}\varsigma \kappa\acute{\omega}\delta\epsilon\iota\alpha\nu$, an

ellipsis never occurring in Homer, or, I suppose, in any body else; or translate *κώδεια* as if it were literally a human head, not the head of a poppy, according to the usage of some later poets, inclined thereto, in all probability, by their puzzled interpretation of this very line, and who are no authorities for Homeric language; but, by so interpreting it, we lose all the beauty and fitness of the simile. We must also believe that Homer used such language as this: ‘And he lifting [*it as if it were*] the head of a poppy, *said* and *spoke* to the Trojans, and *uttered* these words.’ Aristarchus felt the force of the objection derived from a tautology, which in any author would be offensive, but in Homer impossible; and, according to his usual custom in difficulty, struck it out. This mended the passage somewhat; but the other objection remains. Read, with Zenodotus, *ὁδὲ, φῆ κώδειαν ἀνασχών*—all difficulty vanishes, and the striking simile is preserved. ‘And he lifting it, as a poppy-head, addressed the Trojans, and uttered these boasting words.’

Much of the above is condensed from Buttmann. I quote what follows *in extenso* from his translator, Fishlake, pp. 532-534.

‘1. That Zenodotus, in order to help himself out of a difficult passage, invented a word totally unknown, I should hope will no longer be believed; there remains, therefore, only the opinion that he inconsiderately introduced into Homer the usage of some later epic, as Antimachus or Callimachus, to whom the old poet was a stranger. But the only scholium on the second passage says of Antimachus, in plain language, that he may possibly have misunderstood the language of Homer, and so have brought forward and introduced the *φῆ* into his own poems,—an inconceivable suspicion this against a poet of Plato’s time!

Surely, Homer's language was not then so obsolete, that at a period when the Greek language was in its zenith of life and vigour a poet could, from misunderstanding one single passage, have borrowed from him an unheard-of word, and immediately have taken it into use. $\Phi\eta$, therefore, was, in the time of Antimachus, a word of rare occurrence, it is true, but an undoubted one, and acknowledged to come from the old epic; and Hermann has, with the greatest probability, restored it (without any further critical traces to guide him than the thing itself, and the imitations given above) in one of the remains of the poetry, Hymn Merc., 241, where it is said of the infant Mercury, that, at the approach of Apollo, he retired quickly to his swaddling-clothes, and wrapped himself up in them.

*Δή ῥα νεόλλωντος, προκαλούμενος ἥδυμον ὕπνου
'Εγρήσσω ἐτέον γε.*

It is true that the text might remain as it is here for Mercury was really a new-born child; but the $\delta\eta$ stands in a part of the construction and of the verse, where it is contrary to all we know and feel of Greek. As soon, however, as, with Hermann, we write $\phi\eta$, 'just as a new-born child,' all is correct and beautiful. If Antimachus had in his mind some older passage, it was either this or a similar one; for the astonishingly mutilated words of that poet, which the scholiast quotes on *Il.* Ξ . 500, $\phi\eta$ γέρων οἶσιν, can hardly have stood any where but at the beginning of a verse, as thus:

Φῆ ῥα γέρων οἶσιν.....

'2. According to this, there is no doubt that as long as the syllable $\phi\eta$ stands in the second Homeric passage, it must be construed and explained as Zenodotus has done. For in answer to the observation, that Homer nowhere else uses $\phi\eta$ thus, I think it would be sufficient

to say, that such an unintelligible piece of patchwork as the sentence is according to the common reading does not occur again in all Homer. And do we not make Homer use, in every instance but one, $\chi\rho\acute{\eta}$, and in that one $\delta\epsilon\acute{\iota}$? in every instance but one $\eta\rho\chi\epsilon$, and in that one $\alpha\rho\chi\epsilon$? In our days, the objection, generally speaking, can no longer have any force; for as it is proved by Antimachus alone, that the construction with $\phi\eta$ existed in the old epic language, is it to be wondered at (even if Homer himself did not use it) that it should be introduced once or twice into Homer's poem by rhapsodists, who went on reciting through the whole cycle?

'3. This must be, therefore, in our text the established form for the passage at *Il. E.* 499; because it stands there correct to the very letter; because it is not only Greek, but old Greek; and because in explaining it away we make Homer talk unintelligibly. But how is it in the first passage? It is true that there is no absolute need of it there; but that very circumstance shews that we do Zenodotus an injustice, if we accuse him of acting from mere capricious fancy. Zenodotus could never have thought of writing $\phi\eta$ there, if it had not been a reading of his time; and as such it must, at all events, be treated with proper respect.'

The careless reading of Buttmann is evident in this passage. He gives Hermann the credit of having restored the word $\phi\eta$, in the line quoted from the Hymn of Mercury, '*without any further critical traces to guide him than the thing itself, and the intimations given above.*' It happens that the line has long been a subject of critical dispute and conjecture. The oldest editions have $\delta\eta\ \rho\alpha\ \nu\epsilon\acute{o}\lambda\lambda\upsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma$, but this construction of $\delta\eta$ is intolerable. Martinus recommended $\sigma\tau\eta$, or $\beta\eta$, or $\omicron\acute{\iota}\alpha$; which last was received by

several other critics. But Barnes, before Hermann was born, had proposed $\phi\eta \rho\alpha$, translating the passage '*videri utique voluit nuper lotus.*' Here I submit that, though he interprets, and, of course, accents the word in a different manner, he afforded Hermann a very intelligible 'critical trace;' and I further submit that a critic on Homer, who has not read Barnes, or, having read him, has forgotten what he wrote, is a very careless reader indeed. [I may remark, in passing, that Shelley seems to have read $\phi\eta$ in the sense of *as*, in his striking version of the Hymn to Mercury :

There he lay, innocent *as* a new-born child.]

It should be added, that Buttmann affords no great proof of learning or sagacity in representing the words quoted from Antimachus— $\phi\eta \gamma\epsilon\rho\omega\nu \omicron\iota\sigma\iota\nu$ —as being 'astonishingly mutilated,' or in proposing as their substitutes, $\phi\eta \rho\alpha \gamma\epsilon\rho\omega\nu \omicron\iota\sigma\iota\nu$. For to what could $\omicron\iota\sigma\iota\nu$ refer? The mending is easier. It is but a simple feature. Read merely $\phi\eta \gamma\epsilon\rho\acute{\alpha}\nu\omicron\iota\sigma\iota\nu$, *like cranes*—common objects of comparison in epic poetry.

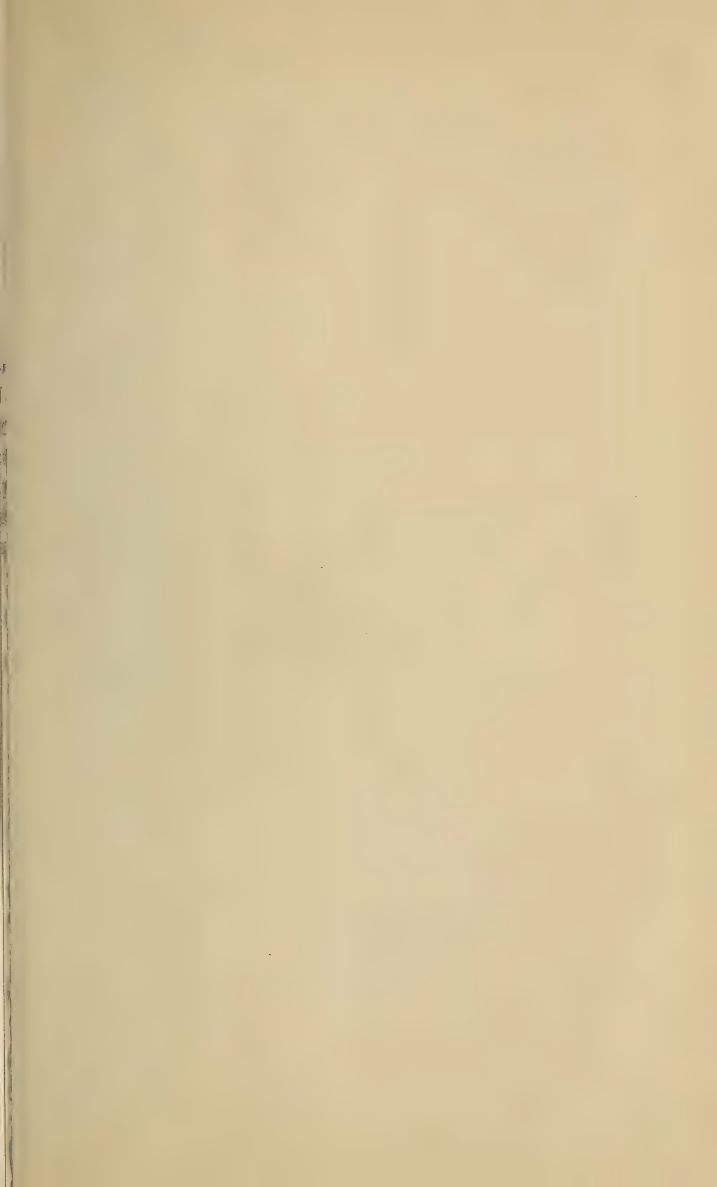
. I here conclude these ballads. Accident has confined the series to the *Odyssey*; but I must add, that I think it the older of the two Homeric poems; for which belief, in spite of Longinus, I could adduce some reasons; but I have taken up sufficient quantity of room already. And so I bid farewell to Homer, the POET. In the words of a sincere admirer, though a feeble follower, Silius Italicus:

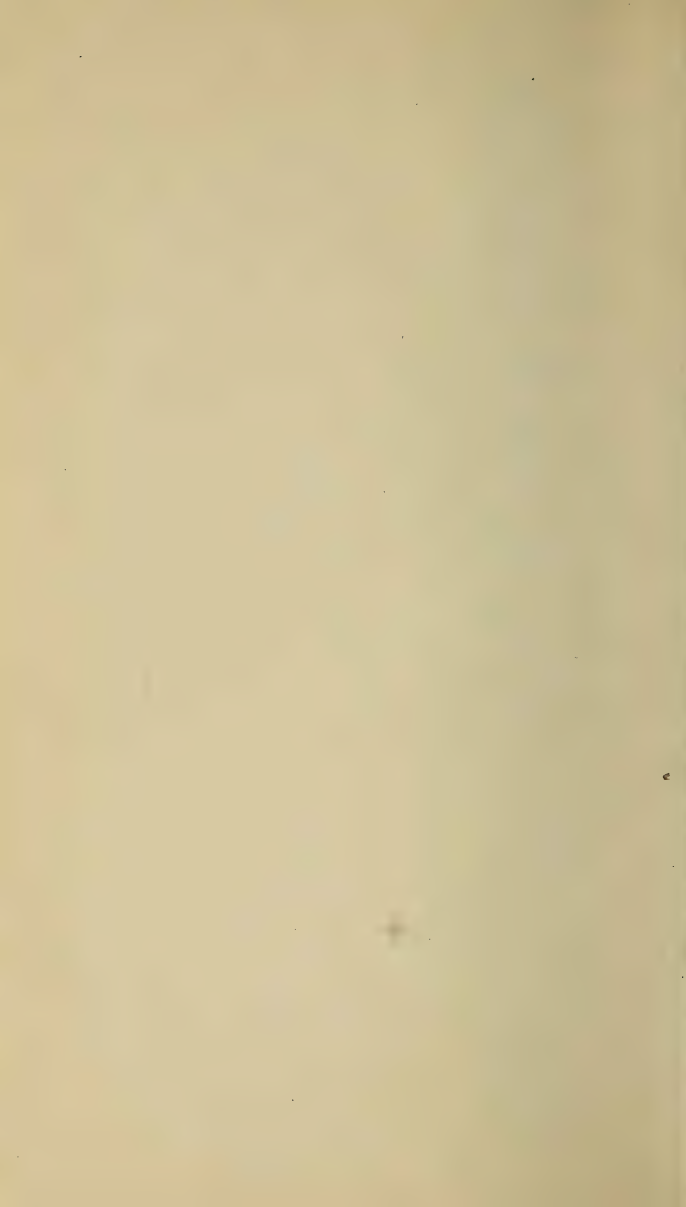
Meruit deus esse videri,
Et fuit in tanto non parvum pectore numen,
CARMINE COMPLEXUS TERRAM, MARE, SIDERA, MANES,
ET CANTU MUSAS, ET PHŒBUM ÆQUAVIT HONORE.

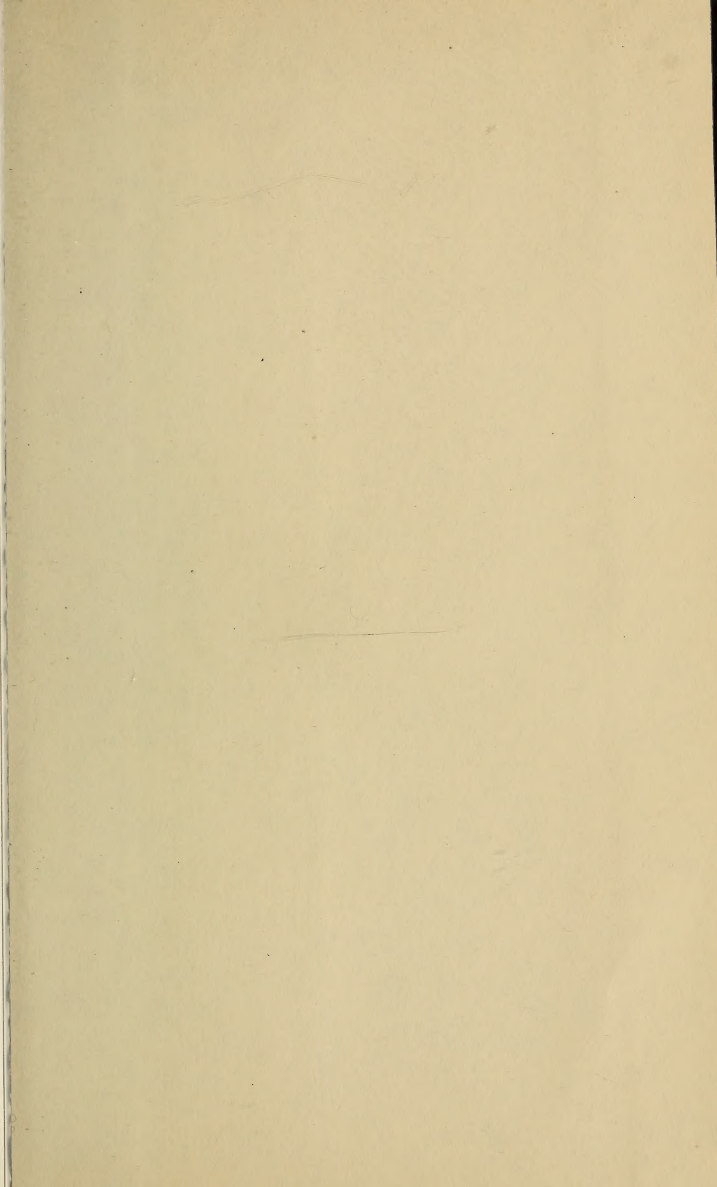
Punic. x. Lib. xiii. 786-9.

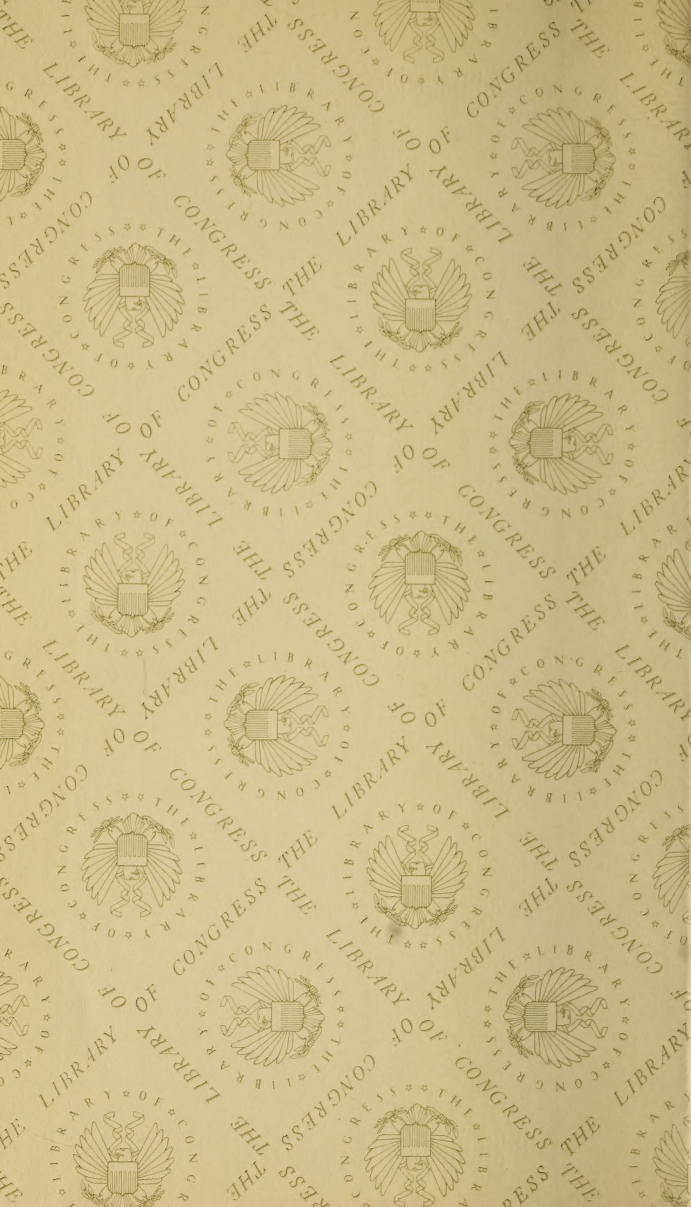
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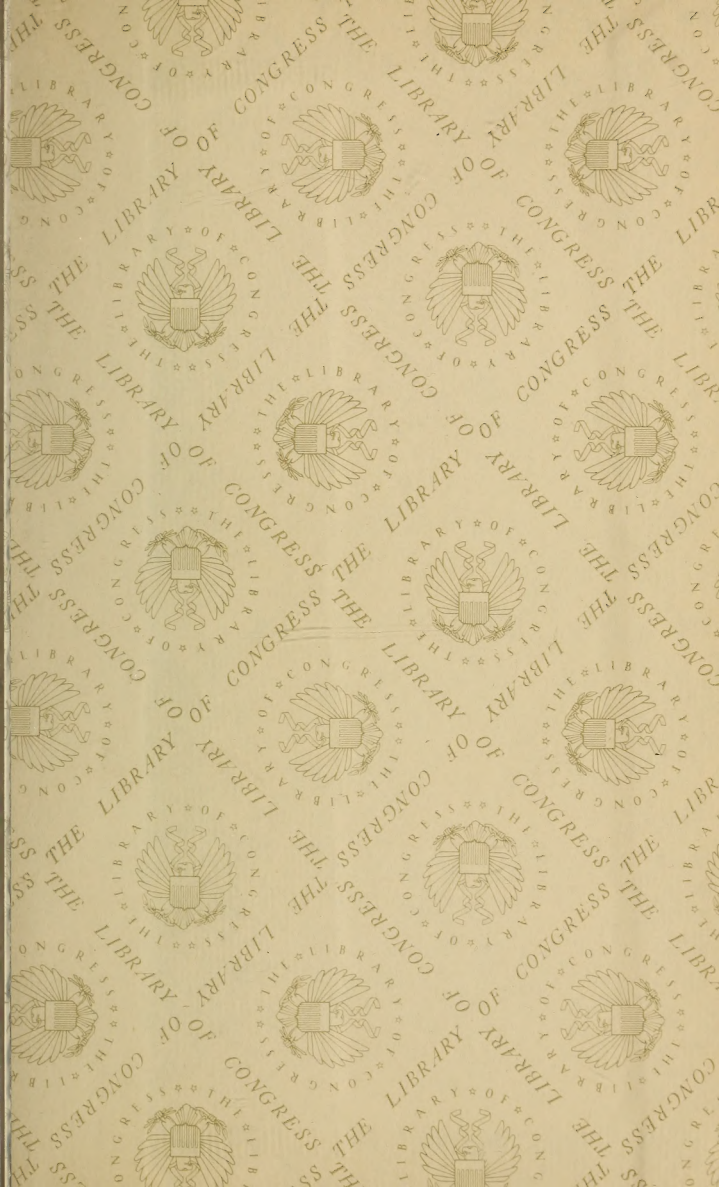
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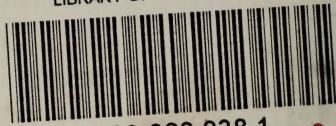








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